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75 CENTS PER YEAR

Published during the school year by The Students of The Arlington High School

Entered as Second-Class Matter November 9, 1917, at Boston, (Arlington Branch) Mass.
P. O., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Acts of
October 3, 1917, authorized June 6, 1919

Volume I.	ARLINGTON (Boston), MASS., JANUARY, 1924	Number 1
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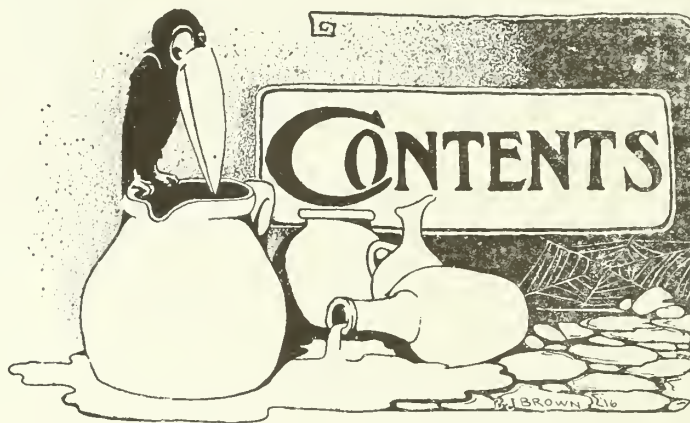
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Editorials

STANLEY V. TROY, '25, *Editor-in-Chief*

The CLARION is back! We hope this is glad news to all who have attended, are attending and will attend the Arlington High School. The publication of a CLARION means that those who have attended Arlington High know that the students of this school have reassumed a responsibility which has much to do with successful school life, for a paper not only binds the school body more closely together, but it also, through exchanges, enables us to see how neighboring schools are progressing.

Almost every high school of any size whatever publishes a paper. This is only one reason why the Arlington High School, one of the large reputable schools of Greater Boston, is attempting again to publish the CLARION.

As this is our first issue of the revival, we realize that the paper will have its poor qualities as well as its good ones. We trust, however, that our many errors will be remedied through your constructive and suggestive criticisms.

In this way, the paper will surely be a success, and you can all swell with individual pride when you furnish inquirers with the information that you helped the CLARION, either by clever stories, helpful suggestions, or interesting news, on its way to success. The editorial staff, Room 21, awaits eagerly your counsel.

S. V. T., '25.

In a collection of old mottoes and wise sayings I found the following one which appealed most strongly to me:

"'Tis no use to wait for our ship to come in unless we have sent one out." Because of its simplicity in principle and figure of speech, we are readily able to realize the frank and open truthfulness of the thought. Such a statement as this should make us pause a while, look our own selves squarely in the face, and ask, "Have I sent any ships out?" It is not to be expected or desired that, so soon in our lives, we send out the ship which shall start us on our life's work. But as the Senior Class, as the class which the school looks up to and respects for having surmounted all the difficulties which must be overcome before we become seniors, as a group which after graduation will represent the town and school in outside life, thereby casting upon our school a reflection of our selves as men and women, as such, I think it is our duty to be serious in our studies, to realize that we are here training ourselves for the big task of carrying out the problems of the world. In this way shall we send out our ships which shall sail back to us laden with cargoes of knowledge and steadfastness of character.

F. W. ANDRES, '24.

The pupils ought to be thankful for the many improvements which have

enriched our curriculums. Last year we had no idea that we should have this year a boy's basketball team, a new athletic association, a mandolin club, a winter club, gym classes, and an orchestra in the gym at recess. We all enjoy these many improvements and with the help and generosity of the school we hope to enjoy the CLARION.

DORIS J. MCCARTHY, '25.

To the Editors and Readers of the CLARION:

Now that the CLARION has returned, we hope that you will appreciate it, and be willing to work for and support it. From the enthusiasm that has been shown so far, we are sure that you will make it a great success. We heartily

support you, and wish the new CLARION the best of luck!

The Editors of the RED AND GRAY.

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A few moments will give you enough time to look through our advertisements. You must know that those who give us "ads." help support the CLARION, whether or not they gain any thing by it. Because of their generosity and thoughtfulness, we should in turn help our advertisers by patronizing them.

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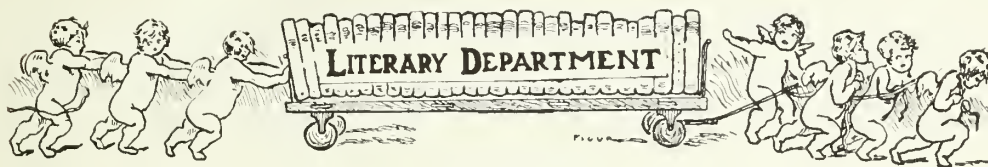
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Mr. G. B. C. Rugg, editor of The Boston Traveler's short story contest, has kindly sent the Literary Department some of the stories receiving distinction and honorable mention.

Only one of our students received distinction:

Stanley Troy, '25

Those receiving honorable mention are:

John Gruber, '24

John Devine, '24

Arthur Landers, '24

Marjorie Dick, '24

Charlotte Hickey, '24

Helen Joseph, '25

Esther Alden, '26

We are expecting that at some very near date Mr. Rugg will speak to us in Assembly. He has most kindly offered to explain and comment upon the

Contest, the results of which will be printed in the next issue of the CLARION.

Two of the stories will be found on the succeeding pages. We hope you will enjoy them. In the following issues the other stories which received honorable mention will be printed.

If, my dear reader, at any time you have the ambition of becoming an author, please don't hesitate but send your inspiration in on paper to the Literary Editor of the CLARION and let the whole school know that in our midst there is a budding author. But, meanwhile, please pass your judgment on the notable works of your schoolmates as found in this issue. If you have comments or criticisms, send them in too, as we have hopes for a comment column.

HELEN STOKES, '25.

Winning Distinction in The Boston Traveler Short Story Contest for High School Students of New England

Behind the Keys

Donald Graham leaned heavily against the stubborn iron bars which, for forty years, had stood as a barricade between him and freedom. So entranced in his thoughts was he, that he did not hear the warden approach. There was a startled look in his eyes when he beheld the man so near to him. With an encouraging look in his eyes, the warden said: "I have good news

for you, Graham. Your sentence is up, and you are free once more."

But Graham's thoughts were far away as the warden spoke. He thought of all the years he had spent in that little room of stone.

While he had been there, Myra, the only one who had trusted and loved him, had died. Her death was a terrible shock to Graham, and for weeks

he did nothing but call for her in his delirium.

The warden once more interrupted his train of thoughts, as, embracing Graham, he led him from the cell.

Graham a few hours later stood inside the house he had once called home. From the hall, he entered the parlor, and then, like a man seeing a phantom, he passed his hand over his face as if unwilling to believe what his eyes told him. His gaze rested on a beautiful mahogany piano, which stood at the opposite side of the room. He staggered forward until he was able to touch the wood, and read the name of the manufacturer on front. He stared long and hard at the names Brandon and Howe, which stood out so beautifully in gold letters.

Suddenly, with a curse on his lips, he picked up a large vase which stood near and hurled it into the names that seemed to mock and scorn him.

For fifteen years, Donald Graham had worked for Brandon and Howe, one of the largest piano concerns ever established. Graham was a very efficient worker, and when he asked a favor of his employers, they gratified his wish. He was to be married in a few months, and he wished to make all of the beautiful piano he would present his wife. A few days before his marriage an incident happened which changed the rest of Graham's life.

One day, while he was out varnishing some boards to complete the upper section of the piano, Robert Wheeler, the paymaster, entered his room with a bag containing a large sum of money belonging to the concern.

He had hardly entered the room when he received a terrible blow on the head, which rendered him unconscious. At this moment, Graham returned, and seeing the state of affairs, he rushed

at the stranger. Grabbing the bag from him, Graham threw it over his head, and then rushed at his opponent. By this time Wheeler had regained consciousness, and had staggered to his feet. The intruder seeing his danger, pulled a pistol from his pocket and fired at Wheeler, who fell with a bullet above his heart. Graham now ran forward. The stranger dodged and hit him on the head with the gun as he passed. All went black before Graham as he fell headlong at the feet of Wheeler.

When he came to himself he became aware that he was handcuffed, and, to his astonishment and dismay, was addressed as the murderer of Robert Wheeler.

At the trial everything was against him. He told his story to no avail. He had been found lying beside Wheeler with the gun in his hand. Wheeler had died with Graham's name on his lips. When asked about the bag, he told them that he had thrown it in the direction of the window. A search below the window revealed no bag, and now he was looked upon all the more as the guilty party. The verdict was guilty, and Donald Graham was sent to prison for a term of forty years.

Brandon knew that Graham had made the piano for Myra, so he completed it and sent it to her.

As Graham looked at it now it brought the memories back ever clearer in his mind. He glared once more at the names Brandon and Howe on front. The names seemed to mock him. Had not both men convicted and condemned him? All within him turned to hate as he thought of this. How could he live with this as a constant reminder of all he wished to forget? He would find a way.

Beside the fire-place stood a heavy

iron bar. Grasping it tightly in his hand, he smashed it into the very heart of the piano. As his mind left him, he grew wilder and like a fiend, he tore, shattered, and splintered the once beautiful piano into a pile of worthless wood. Suddenly he stopped, and knelt rigid beside the wreck. Slowly his hand slipped forward, and from the centre of the ruins, he drew a musty bag. The bag!

Once more Graham's mind returned, and again he thought back forty years. The bag had not gone out the window as he suspected, but had fallen in behind the keys of the uncompleted piano.

A hammering at the door started him from his trance. Wild thoughts entered his mind. The police had come

to take him back, but he would not go. He would die first.

Outside, Mr. Brandon and Mr. Howe were conversing with two officers.

"We have been trying to get in for fifteen minutes," said Howe, excitedly. "We were told at the prison, that he is here. Graham is ignorant of the fact that his innocence was proved when Ward confessed murdering Wheeler and throwing the blame on Graham."

The door was down in a trice and the quartette rushed into the room. Half-way they stopped horror-stricken, for over the wrecked piano frame with a dagger in his breast, lay the lifeless form of Donald Graham.

STANLEY TROY, '25.

*Winning Honorable Mention in The Boston Traveler Short Story Contest for
High School Students of New England*

An Amateur Detective

Ezra Lamkin, a six weeks' resident of New York City, earning thirty dollars a week, came across an advertisement, in a cheap magazine which read:

WONDERFUL OFFER!!

IF YOU ARE NOT EARNING ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK, clip the coupon below and send it to us, enclosing twenty-five dollars. We will send you without further payment, the wonderful book, *Detectives and Their Work, HOW to Become a Detective*. You will be enrolled in the great KETCHUM AND KILLUM DETECTIVE AGENCY! Consider the rewards you will receive in bringing criminals to justice. Do not hesitate! Clip the coupon at once. We shall only be able to keep this remarkable offer open for a short time.

After reading this advertisement, Ezra filled out the coupon and sent it with a money order. In due time he received a badge with the word DETECTIVE inscribed on it, and the two books. Then was he proud. He, Ezra Lamkin, out of six and one-half millions of people in New York City, he had been chosen and enrolled in the great *Ketchum and Killum Detective Agency*. Then he studied the newspaper to see if he could find something to do as a detective, and lo! just what he was looking for, he found. He read:

VALUABLE RING MISSING!

A very valuable ring consisting of seven three-quarter carat diamonds, eight one and one-half carat diamonds, and a five carat emerald, was stolen from Mr. H. Gordon Willis' collection

of antiques, which was on display at his home last evening. The ring belonged to the Borgia period. *Flint and Skinner's Detective Agency* arrested George Hanson in connection with the robbery, although they did not get the ring which, it is thought is in the possession of one of his accomplices.

After reading this article, Ezra went to the police station for more information. There, he saw a modishly dressed young lady whose plaintive voice was saying to the desk sergeant, "But he's innocent, can't you understand? My brother couldn't do such a thing and he wouldn't anyway. Even when he is proved innocent——"

"I'm sorry, Miss Hanson, but your brother will have to stay in jail until his trial."

The young lady turned and walked slowly out. She walked so slowly that *Ketchum and Killum's* representative had a good look at her. She was good looking, indeed to Ezra's eyes she seemed to be the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She went out the door and he followed her, forgetting what he had come for.

As she went down the street, she sobbed to herself, "If I only had some one to help me."

Although she had said it to herself, Ezra heard it, and stepping up to her, he said, "I'll help you if I can, I'm a representative of the *Ketchum and Killum Detective Agency*, and I'll show you my badge, in a more secluded place."

Miss Caroline Hanson turned to Ezra and sobbed, "Oh, will you, oh, thank you so much."

After properly introducing himself, Miss Hanson having been inspired with confidence, invited him to accompany her to her home where they could talk over the case.

At her home Miss Hanson said, "I

think I know who stole the ring. His name is Fuller and he is in the business of making cheap, artificial diamonds, etc. He has been suspected before, of crimes, but he has always been able to prove an alibi. With your help we might be able to catch him with the goods. I know he was at the exhibition of Mr. Willis' antiques and it's quite possible that he may be the thief. At any rate we might visit his house tomorrow. What do you think about it?"

"Well, personally, I think it sounds quite plausible and I'm willing to call on him, with you, tomorrow. Let us hope we'll get the ring back," was Ezra's reply.

The next day they set out by taxi, to a certain address in the Columbia Heights section of Brooklyn. Here, after dismissing the taxi they went up the steps of a brown stone dwelling. In answer to Ezra's ringing the doorbell a man of about forty years of age opened the door.

"Mr. Fuller," said Miss Hanson, "I wish to speak with you."

"Step in," came the reply. All three went into a living room.

"Mr. Fuller, I think it was you who stole the Willis ring. I want to search your house for it."

"No! by thunder! you can't search my house, neither can anybody else."

At this point Ezra said, "I'm from the *Ketchum and Killum Detective Agency*," at this point the huge nicked star was shown, "and I'm going to help search this house."

As he began his search, Mr. Fuller sprang at him to prevent his doing this, and a lively fight ensued, in the course of which a potted plant was knocked over and broken, and at the end of which, Mr. Fuller was knocked senseless by falling against the piano. While Ezra was tying him up, Miss

Hanson cried, "Here's the ring, on the floor by the broken flower pot." She picked it up while Ezra finished tying up the thief, after which he sent for a patrol wagon.

The police arrived and carried Mr. Fuller out from his house. The driver of the patrol took the ring from the would-be detective's hands and told him to appear in court the next morning.

Miss Hanson showered her friend with thanks as they drove back to town in a taxi. At Times Square they separated, Miss Hanson going to see about her brother's release and her escort going to *Flint and Skinner's Detective Agency*. When he arrived there, he found that it was already

known that the ring had been recovered by a rube detective.

He went into Mr. Flint's office and said, "I represent the *Ketchum and Killum Detective Agency*. I've just recovered the Willis ring, and I thought I'd tell you that you're not so much as you think you are."

Mr. Flint looked Ezra over and said, "Boy, there's no such agency. That's just a way to fleece some poor suckers out of twenty-five dollars; but if you want to be a detective, belong to a decent agency." So saying, Mr. Flint took the badge he had on his own coat and put it on Ezra's vest in place of the other one.

JOHN F. GRUBER, '24.

At the Movies

The movies are probably the cheapest and most popular (because of cheapness) form of amusement indulged in at present. Every one attends the movies because of the variety of showings. There is always the news reel, never mind how old the reel is, and we may have seen it a dozen times, but nevertheless there *must* be the news reel. The reel *must* bore us to death, we see ships being christened with —cider; we see the new way to extend the life of a bed bug, we see a cornerstone being laid for a building by a distinctive brick-layer in a tall hat. By this time we are interested in the conversations taking place around us, and forget about the pictures.

The feature picture is shown, at the same time one of our expressive neighbors lets every one know that she *seen* it. Then the plot is out, our neighbor begins the tale, "this gny had it in for that guy—; yuh, the one wid the stovepipe lid on.—Oh, she don't luv

him a-tall. As I wuz sayin', this gny played a dirty trick on the other gny and so the other gny kills him and he dies.—— Say, did some one tell me to shut up; why usher, I ain't said a word, it wuz that red head in front."

By the time this worry has been removed, we always have lost the plot of the story. The story is almost in our minds again when we hear another familiar sound. Crack—crack—crack. Sure, it is our old friend the peanut eater. With each "crack" our mind grows more and more intent on destroying the element. Hanging would be too gentle for him. Added to this, some rattle-brained person (dumbell) makes a dash for the seat in the middle of our row, missing only the little toe on the right foot. Our hat is the next disturbing thing. We had it a minute ago, but not now. Aimlessly we feel under the seat, bumping our head against the seat in front. People in the neighborhood endeavor to help us

until we blush green with embarrassment. The usher comes down with a flashlight; we stand up; and to our utter disgust and the neighbors' enjoyment it is found that we had put our hat under the seat.

After resuming our natural complexion, we sit back to enjoy the rest of the show. But not for long; the persons in front of us go out. Two other people take their seats. The one in front of us is very wide and built close to the ground. She takes off her fur coat, folds it up carefully, and lifts herself on top of the coat. At this we are almost vanquished, but only for a short time. There is one indentation in her anatomy which allows us a splendid view. Bah, she moves again. We try to keep pace with her shiftings in attempting to obtain a good view. At last she settles, allowing us one very

uncomfortable angle from which to see the screen.

A few seats down front are vacated. We attempt to gain one of them as a stronghold, but our last pests, much to our astonishment, are very nimble in procuring these seats. At last we are comfortable for all time. Nothing to bother us.——Not so. Our friend the news reel faces us again, and out we go much impressed by the varied program offered by human nature.

Naturally, we are very good-natured after being so amused. As we pass out (the door), we snicker at the enjoyment given to us by some irresponsible people's actions. But, alas, the snicker turns to a positive groan, and our heart sinks as we discover——the inevitable hat has been left under the seat.

A. E. LANE, '26.

The Great Black Rock

Rock in general is not considered worth a second thought, much less capable of having the emotions attributed to human beings. In fact, this particular part of nature is usually looked upon by man as an impediment, and its usefulness is often disregarded. However, I know of a rock which to me means more than an obstruction, and more than an ugly, compact mass of matter. It is my friend.

I have spent several summers at a beach not far from Boston; and, although it is overblessed with rocks of various shapes and sizes, they do not deter my family nor our neighbors from enjoying a daily dip in the ocean, and I do not think that we would trade our boulders for the finest sand. About a hundred yards out from our cottage

stands a gigantic black rock, towering high above any of its comrades, and this rock I have singled out as my favorite and have spent many an hour on its great flat top, reading or watching the tiny white sails slowly disappear over the horizon. Each day as the tide began to go out I would get into my bathing suit and wait until I saw the blunt, friendly top of the rock appear above the greenish white-capped waves, before swimming out to it to idle away an hour or two in its company.

I felt that this rock was human, that it liked to have company and, perhaps egotistically, my own most of all. We would sit together for hours, our dreams never shattered by unwelcome conversation, a sort of complete under-

standing, existing between us. We knew each other's moods, and respected them and, if one of us was tired, the other realized that the silence, broken only by the dull booming of the surf, was far more comforting to his companion than anything he could say.

This massive, unyielding block is stern, hard, yes, and ugly, yet my friend forever, never complaining, never self-praising, my word his bond, and my presence his consolation.

JOHN W. DEVINE, '24.

One of Ours

By

WILLA CATHER

I received a most agreeable surprise a short time ago. I decided to read "One of Ours," by Willa Cather, just because every one else was reading it and one likes to be able to say in a condescending tone: "Oh yes, I've read that. Ages ago! How did you like it?" when some one mentions a new book. Well, as I said, I began "One of Ours" more as a duty than anything else, and I expected to be bored to distraction. But the first word that caught my eyes was "circus" and I immediately knew I should like the book. That one word is about all there is of the circus, but once into the story Claude Wheeler, the hero, kept me interested.

He is a Middle Western farmer's son and seems to be the ugly duckling of the family. He dislikes his name; no one really understands him, and he has to fight all his battles alone. He tries to make his life count for something real, but after each attempt he feels that he has failed. He lacks self-confidence. The scene shifts from the western farm to the battlefields of France and there Claude works out his problem.

The story is so written that one must sympathize with Claude and love all who love him. The book is interesting and enjoyable and I'm very glad I read it. I can now face the world with a condescending glance when "One of Ours" is mentioned and, besides, I now know Claude and that more than pays me for reading the book.

DOROTHY HOWSE, '24.

An Alaskan Night

Not a breath, not a sound, nothing

Disturbs the stillness of the night;
Treeless, lifeless, windless, glistening,

The country stands all clothed in
white.

Silence reigns.

Great gaping cracks in the frozen
stream

Hold menace for all who venture
near;

The stars seem cold and gleam

Upon a night crisp and clear.

An Alaskan night.

And then, across the frozen land,

A cracking, terrifying sound
Snaps crisp like a command.

That is all. Far above the frozen
ground

Pale stars gleam.

Stars—cold, frosty, pale. There is no
moon

On such a night—an Alaskan night,
A night of fear, of death, of gloom.

Booms one lone sound from the glaci-
er's night,

Breaking the frozen silence.

Ever-changing, ever-awesome, ghostly,

Holding death within its hands,

The treacherous glacier calls con-
stantly;

It fascinates, it compells, it com-
mands.

Silence reigns. GRACE OGILVIE, '24.

Art in Your School

The Art Classes of your school are turning out work that is a credit to the school. Those pupils who are interested in this branch of the school life may choose any subject that they desire.

The girls are interested in Costume Designing, Interior Decoration, and Figure Drawing. The Costume Designing Classes are doing real professional work. However, they do no better than the Figure Drawing Class. In the class of Interior Decoration the pupils are planning the redecoration of the room to the left of the stage. This room, when finished, will serve as a lunch room for the teachers. Actually to see the visualized plan, the pupils work out scale models of cardboard.

For those who intend to continue their education in colleges are three classes; College Drawing, Technical Drawing, and the M. N. A. S. or Massachusetts Normal Art School Class. Because many colleges are requiring a knowledge of freehand drawing the first two classes were formed. The M. N. A. S. Class explains itself. In that class one finds the pupils who intend to study some branch of art work after finishing High School. They are planning to attend the Normal Art School or some other well known school of art. In this class they learn the principle of perspective, the principle of

ellipses, and similar subjects which are "all Greek" to the ordinary citizen.

That is not all—there are other classes in Pencil Sketching, Art Appreciation, Applied Design, and Commercial Advertising. Pencil Sketching is a training for patience. If you don't think so, join that class and try your luck! Art Appreciation is the class that benefits the pupil most of all, regardless of the fact that the benefits derived are not visible. Translating this statement we find that in that class is studied the History of Art, giving the pupil a knowledge of the art world, past and present. In Applied Design are worked out designs for the decoration of boxes, candlesticks, and objects of their type. As the name implies, the design is transferred on to the object for which it was drawn and colored in a perfect color harmony. Last, but not least, is Commercial Advertising. Here the pupil learns the fundamental principles of Advertising Art and learns to apply them in working out assignments. The work is for the most part posters and good posters they are.

If you are not interested enough in these classes to join one, won't you at least visit Room 30, from time to time, and see the work exhibited there?

C. A. HIGGINS, '25.

Library Notes

New Year's—new habits.*** Why not the reading habit?*** "In a corner of my house I have books,—the miracle of all my possessions, more wonderful than the wishing-cap of the Arabian tales; for they transport me

instantly, not only to all places, but to all times.*** Do you *like* to read?*** Do you make spare minutes count by going to the library and reading a chapter or two of that "corking" story you discovered there the other day?***

The fact that *The Covered Wagon* served as a background for the greatest of moving pictures is enough to recommend it.*** *Have you read Vandemark's Folly?**** It's the story of a boy who made up his mind to do things and did them,—even to driving cows instead of oxen.*** *The Dark Frigate*, by Charles Boardman Hawes is a rollicking adventure-tale of pirates and heroes adrift upon the high seas.*** *The Life and Letters of Louisa May Alcott* carries you with a thrill from her early days in historic Concord to the time of the publication of her first book,—the beginning of her success as a writer of girls' books.*** Did you know that her royalties from her books were never less than \$20,000 a year?***

Come and get acquainted with your library.*** Make your spare minutes count.*** Get the reading habit.*** Enjoy the world of books.*** Happy New Year!

M. S. GRAY.

If

(Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

If you can hockey play and not knock
senseless
Yourself and all your neighbors too;
If you can play and still remain attractive,
Your hair in place, your eyes not black
and blue;
If you can walk home brisk and lively
And on the morrow not of hurts complain,
Nor lean upon (when they are handy)
The banister—your friends—or cane;
If you can do these things and not
think always
Yourself most wonderful to be;
I'll take my hat off to you lassie
For doing something that is quite too
much for me.

DOROTHY BLEVINS, '26.

The Eight-Fifteen Scholar

I.

A dillar, a dollar,
An eight-fifteen scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at eight o'clock
But you'd rather come at noon.

II.

A dillar, a dollar,
Poor eight-fifteen scholar,
The New Year started wrong,
Full thirty scholars overslept!
—List' to the mournful song.

III.

A dillar, a dollar,
Sweet eight-fifteen scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
Why don't you stay all day in bed
And start next day at noon?

EDITH JOHNSON.

More than a hundred new books have been added recently to our high school library. A list of these books is posted on the bulletin board in the library, and the books themselves are ready and waiting for your inspection. The following, of especial interest perhaps, are among them:

"Outline of Literature," by Drinkwater.

"Where the Strange Trails Go Down."

"Square Women."

"Queens of England."fl

"Across the Continent by the Lincoln Highway."

"Cruise of the Cachelot."

"Rocky Mountain Wonderland."

"Boys' Book of Verse."

"Girls' Book of Verse."

The Traveler Short Story Contest

By GEORGE B. C. RUGG, A. H. S., '89
(*Traveler Short Story Editor*)

The Boston Traveler's Fifth Short Story Contest for high school students in New England was very successful. The Prize Stories averaged better than ever before, and all the stories showed a higher standard of English than in any previous contest.

The stories were tested by the double standard of Organic Substance and Artistic Form. Substance is something achieved by the artist in every creation, rather than something already present, therefore the test of Substance is how vitally compelling a writer has made his selected facts and incidents. The test of Form is how far the writer has shaped this living substance into beautiful and satisfying form by skillful selection of arrangement of his materials and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it.

There were 1,100 stories submitted to the contest. Of these, 154 showed both Substance and Form; they were marked "Very Good." 852 showed either Substance or Form, 400 being marked "Good" and 452 "Fair." 104 showed neither quality and were marked "Poor."

THE PRIZE WINNERS

First Prize, \$50.00. "The Coward," by Mary E. Wilson, 90 School Street, Belmont. Senior, Belmont High School.

Second Prize, \$35.00. "In Lee of Sequin," by Sallie E. Hicks, 46 Franklin Street, Milford. Senior, Milford High School.

Third Prize, \$20.00. "Saturday Night," by Mary Cogan, Perkins Street, Peabody. Senior, Peabody High School.

Fourth Prize, \$15.00. "The Chance," by Dorathea M. Willgoose, 10 Central

Street, Needham Heights. Senior, Needham High School.

Fifth Prize, \$10.00. "The Father's Ghost," by Gladys C. Slocum, East Rochester, N. H. Senior, Rochester, N. H., High School.

Sixth Prize, \$5.00. "The Promise," by Jeanne B. Desplaines, 77 East Street, Chicopee Falls. Senior, Chicopee High School.

Seventh Prize, \$5.00. "It Takes a Thief to Catch a Thief," by Anne Kramer, Washington Street, Canton. Senior, Canton High School.

Eighth Prize, \$5.00. "When Fortune Laughs," by Alden H. Smith, 122 Park Street, Brookline. Junior, Brookline High School.

Ninth Prize, \$5.00. "The Supreme Gift," by Letitia Moakley, 13 Hancock Avenue, Lexington. Senior, Lexington High School.

Tenth Prize, \$5.00. "Her," by Barbara Allen, 119 Griggs Road, Brookline. Senior, Brookline High School.

Disturbed Dreams

'Twas the night before midyears, and
all through the house
Only one creature stirred, but it wasn't
a mouse—

It was I in my bed rolling over and over
While all through my dreams thoughts
of midyears did hover.

While Caesar chased Pharoah for over
a mile,

The Germans sent Grant to explore
down the Nile.

I then beheld Plato with ten thousand
men,

And Nebuchadnezzar in the lion's den.
I called upon Pershing to bisect an
angle,

But he choked on a French verb and
started to strangle,

And then Mussolini came in with a
frown
And handed me five German marks and
a crown.
Then I thought I was taking the His-
tory exam,
When the door of my room blew shut
with a slam.
I awoke with a start, and saw with
surprise
That the hour was seven and I must
arise.
As a warning to all I record this tale,
So study beforehand; don't cram, or
you'll fail.

ESTHER ALDEN, '26.

Blue Water

by

ARTHUR STURGIS HILDEBRAND

Blue Water is the true story of the cruise of a yawl, told by one of the crew of three who impelled by their love for the sea for over a year made her their home and shelter in their search for enjoyment and adventure. Blue water is the Mediterranean—that luring expanse of water whose color is of the darkest and most constant blue and over which the sun is always shining and soft friendly winds are ever blowing.

They started—the three of them and an old English water dog who knew the ways of the seas—from Scotland, beating down the coast of Spain and thru Gibraltar and coasting along the shores of Southern Spain and Italy till they

reached the Isles of Greece. The ports they visit, the peoples they meet and see, and always the constant battling with the elements sometimes furious and wild, sometimes mild and quiet, all these things go to make a story of which one never tires.

F. W. ANDRES, '24.

A WORD ABOUT THE M. N. A. S.

The Massachusetts Normal Art School faces a broad and important future. It was established as a school for the training of art teachers. It must always exist for this purpose; in addition to this task it must squarely face its opportunity and duty in the training of artists and designers for the industrial needs of the state. Many of the students of former years turned to the commercial end of art and made good. The school has recognized its duty by the formation of classes in Commercial Design.

Recent legislation permits the school to grant the degree of Bachelor of Science in Education, thus raising it to collegiate grade. The growth of the school has been so great that it was found fitting to purchase twenty acres of land in the Brighton District of Boston for a new building. The plans for this building are now being drafted and it promises to be one of the best in the country.

This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the school.



Faculty Column

The faculty has been having visitors of late! The editors, wishing to obtain different viewpoints and opinions from the teaching staff concerning the revival of the CLARION, have been received cordially by all the teachers.

"It seems good to hear the name, CLARION, again. The paper not only gives the pupils a chance for self-expression but it also is a means of creating a school spirit. I shall make every effort to support the Junior Class in working out their plans."

MISS TREVEL.

"I am highly in favor of the CLARION and hope it reaches the highest point of success.

MISS SHEDD.

"The CLARION is worthy of revival and I feel sure that it will be superior to those of preceding years."

MRS. MOFFATT.

"It seems too bad to have missed the CLARION even for a year and I highly approve of the revival."

MISS BUTTERWORTH.

"Every high school needs and should have a school paper. I am very glad that the CLARION is to be revived, for I feel certain that there is school spirit and enthusiasm enough in Arlington High School to support a good, live school paper."

MISS HARLOW.

"A magazine written and published by the pupils of the high school, with records of school activities, bits of fun about each other, and notes concerning the welfare of graduates, is always an inspiration to other pupils, of interest to parents, and is appreciated by other schools. Let the good work go on."

MR. FOWLER.

"It is with great satisfaction that the faculty greets the CLARION. The noteworthy fact is that the *pupils* want the CLARION and have taken the initiative in reviving this school paper, so dear to the hearts of the students and graduates of Arlington High School. We are proud to know that this is a *pupils'* project, not a *teachers'*."

After all, isn't it *pupil activity* that counts most in *our* school as well as in *all schools*? Yes, there should be teacher activity, too, but it should occupy the background. Students, extend this spirit of self-activity to all forms of school work. Then you may prove for yourselves that teacher activity is far more helpful to you in the form of guidance and co-operation that it is in the form of a pushing apparatus."

MISS WAKEFIELD.

"How good to get back a real school paper, attractive in appearance as well as in content! It did seem too bad to have such excellent material presented in such an obscure manner. The English and Art Departments are sure to feel the effects of a new interest and secret ambition aroused by this kind of paper."

MISS GRAY.

"I am pleased to see the revival of the CLARION. I think it is a splendid idea providing the English teachers don't have to do all the work. If the pupils take part the paper surely will be a success."

MISS MURDOCK.

"To be or not to be, that is the question"—I overheard, one day, from a passing student, who, I found out, had been studying "Hamlet." In a way, then, I accounted for the quotation.

"It happened, at that particular moment, that an ambitious member of the new CLARION staff approached me for a written "something" for the first, new edition. And, in a moment of inadvertence, I agreed to do "something." I am very sure that the request came to me only accidentally, for, I happened to be "that convenient only one on the corridor" at an opportune time; somebody *must* write something; and, I live next door to where CLARION ideas take, and have taken, form. So, as a result, my writing is only accidental; therefore, below criticism.

"The conclusion of this amounts only to a question and answer superinduced by the quotation mentioned at the start.

"Without some immediate stimulus what high school student expresses himself, as a rule, in Shakespearean verse? Not a great many, we'll all admit! Perhaps, it is due to a natural apathy arising from things one must do. What ones of us will keep the CLARION going, now that it has been recreated? Shall we grow lazy and apathetic towards it again; or shall we advertise it, contribute to its financial support, and write for it ourselves? 'To be, or not to be'——that is the question. It depends on you for its solution."

MISS RILEY.

"The question is put to us, Do we want the CLARION back? There's a clamor of yeas. The noes have no hearing. Will we pay for it? The chorus is almost as loud. Will we write for it? A saddened murmur sweeps over us. The spirit is willing but a pen is so uncertain. Then, too, there's that

awful question even before we begin. What can I write about? If the CLARION comes back, we must make it worth while, but what can we write! We haven't been to Europe, we haven't met Mary Pickford face to face, nor seen ghosts, nor rescued anyone from a burning house. It's discouraging that none of these suitable things ever happen to us.

"But wait! How about the essays we've been heading? They discussed—losing a collar button, wearing old clothes, building a furnace fire, yet those bits got into the *Atlantic*. Isn't that encouraging? We have collar buttons, old clothes, furnaces, and a multitude of more interesting things. Think of the long coasts on the moonlit hills, the rhythmic swing over the frozen stretches, the sturdy struggle on the football field! Isn't these a wild, exhilarating joy in these things that our pens can catch? Then there's the day's work at school—heartaches and happiness, temptations and triumphs. Every boy and girl has lived through them all; and what one has really felt, the other fellow will like to read. Put them on paper and pass them on. Then, too, we all love fun. Isn't there all around us enough of bluffing, of vanity, of shy love-making, and comic conceit to fill our funny columns, if we keep our eyes open?

"Let's see how many of our glowing experiences, whimsical fancies, and odd flashes of humor we can capture for the honor of the CLARION and the entertainment of Arlington High. This is one way to make the return of the CLARION a success."

MISS TABER.

Club Notes

DRAMATIC CLUB

At the last meeting of the Dramatic Club last year, Florence Amann was elected president for the year 1923-24. The other officers were not elected until September:

PAUL WINTERS, *Vice-President*

RUTH REARDON, *Secretary*

BRENTON ROBERTS, *Treasurer*

The Dramatic Club has grown immensely during the past year. In the year 1922-23 there were but thirty-seven members. This year there are sixty-two members. The meetings are no longer held at the close of school, but the first period on Monday morning twice a month.

During the past three months the club has put on three plays: "Make Believe," in October; "The Medicine Show," in November; and "Miss Mercy," in December. After the examinations the club will begin rehearsals for its big play, which as yet has not been chosen. The money cleared from "The Romancers" of last year was enough to cover the expenses of the plays which have been put on this year. The club is gradually accumulating scenery and properties which are used again and again.

FLORENCE AMANN, '25.

WINTER CLUB

Of course you've heard about the Winter Club. It bids fair to be a howling success. We've had one hike and a skating party and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. And, by the way, girls, it seems to be a good way to reduce. Miss Treat herself said so!

MARJORIE MANNING, '25.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The Arlington High School has at the present time, five musical organizations.

The Mandolin Club, under the direction of Miss Theresa McDermott, played at the Robbins Memorial Town Hall, on December 5, 1923, and the excellent work was worthy of the many complimentary comments received.

The Girls' Band, which made its maiden appearance on Christmas Eve, under the direction of Theron D. Perkins, deserves the highest praise for its splendid accomplishment.

The High School Orchestra is showing a most satisfactory growth. Each student in the school who plays an instrument well is urged to join. The Orchestra can be the means of fostering and keeping alive that "school spirit" which is so vital to school welfare. Let us place our gifts where they will do the greatest good to the greatest number. Music, more than anything else brings a happy, joyful and democratic atmosphere to the school.

The Boys' and Girls' Glee Club sang Christmas Carols throughout the Building on the last day of school, before the Christmas Recess. The effect was very beautiful and we all felt better for having heard that song the angels sang, "Peace on earth, Good will toward men."

The High School Chorus, assisted by the other musical organizations, will give the Cantata "Rose Maiden," by Cowen, on May the tenth.

The Chorus this year is the best we have had for many years, and the Cantata promises to be well worth the loyal support of the Community as well as of the school. GRACE G. PIERCE,

ASSEMBLIES

We have had some fine assemblies this year. Among those that stand out in our memory is the Student Government Assembly in charge of Fred Ryer, with Phyllis Blake, Charlotte Hickey, Robert Thompson, Leslie Winchenbaugh and Brainard Hughes speaking.

Another impressive assembly was that on Armistice Day, with John Devine presiding and Marjory Manning, Fred Andres, Andrina Kenney, and Arthur Lane leading us to consider the significance of the day. The students were delighted on that occasion to hear Mr. Riley from the American Legion, Mr. Parker and Major Knowles from the Grand Army. Mr. Parker is an old and dear friend of Arlington High School students, and is always warmly welcomed.

The Thanksgiving Assembly was in charge of one of Miss Riley's Sophomore English Classes with Francis Keefe presiding, and Edith Chamberlain, Doris Munroe, Dorothy Sweetser, Charlotte Horton, Edna Kelley, Marion Gillis, Eleanor Rice, Fannie Adolphson, and King Rugg took part in the programme.

We have also had assemblies on thrift, prevention of accidents, and on January 8, Mr. Johnson, a Boston business man, spoke to us of the way high school students should apply for positions, and what a business man expects in an applicant. His talk was most helpful to Arlington High School students who are preparing to go out into the business world.

We also have had football rallies during a few of the assemblies, always enjoying at least one of Mr. Henriens's jokes. He seems to have an inexhaustable supply.

Since we enjoy these assemblies and

since the few that we have had were good, why can't we have assemblies more frequently and then so that each one may have a chance to speak from the platform and so that we may see how many geniuses there are among us.

Honor Roll

FIRST MARKING PERIOD, 1923-24

Highest Honor Group:

Lucille Fuller, P. G.
Winifred Connell, '24
Marion Robbins, '24

Second Honor Group:

Grace Ogilvie, '24
Jane Gilmore, '25
Hilda Roberts, '25
Louise Bradley, '26
Rachel Crosby, '26
Roswell Eldridge, '26
Virginia Hunt, '26
George Lawson, '26

Honorable Mention:

Franklin Sexton, P. G.
Walter Alsen, '24
Fred Andres, '24
Olive Edmonds, '24
Ethel Hamilton, '24
Charlotte Hickey, '24
Arthur Landers, '24
Arthur Lane, '24
Josephine Jerardi, '25
Edith Johnson, '25
Arthur Lindaw, '25
Janet MacLean, '25
Marjorie Pitcher, '25
Fred Ryer, '25
Lucille Weinstein, '25
Phyllis Blake, '26
Anna Burns, '26
Louise Easton, '26
Ruth Hopkins, '26
Elinor Hunt, '26
Francis Keefe, '26
Marion Mahoney, '26
King Rugg, '26
Catherine Twombly, '26



FIELD HOCKEY

The Field Hockey Girls have had a very hard but successful season. This is the first time for three years that the girls have succeeded in defeating Winthrop and winning the Championship. We feel that much credit is due Miss McCarthy, the coach, who has worked hard and faithfully all the fall.

The girls showed their strength at the beginning of the season by defeating Stoneham 4 to 0 and Winchester 4 to 0. They improved steadily during the fall and defeated Winthrop at the end of the season. This game was played on Manchester Field, Winchester. Thus, neither team had any advantage over the other.

This season ended happily with a banquet given to the girls by the women teachers of the school. There were a number of songs and poems read which were fitting to the occasion. Each girl was presented with a box of chocolates given by Mr. N. J. Hardy of Arlington.

The following is a list of games and scores played this year:

- Arlington, 3, vs. Dedham, 0.
- Arlington, 6, vs. Watertown, 0.
- Arlington, 6, vs. Wellesley, 0.
- Arlington, 3, vs. Lexington, 1.
- Arlington, 1, vs. Winthrop, 0.

Total score: Arlington, 19
Opponents, 1

The girls who received their "A's" are:

Margaret Smith, Captain
Ruth Wadman, Manager
Anna Hardy
Mary Ahearn
Fiona Braithwaith
Ruth Dugaan
Mary Mahoney
Grace Ogilvie
Pauline Giblin
Anna Fellows
Helen Lane

RUTH WADMAN, '25,
Manager.

FOOTBALL

When Coach Henricus called out the football candidates this fall, forty-one reported, forty of whom had never played on a school team before and the other, Walter Dale, a 1922 letter man.

With this material, Mr. Henricus, our new coach, began his effective system that put Arlington on the football map. A winning team this year could hardly be expected, but the improvement was so notable that the townspeople began to take interest. The business men of Arlington appreciated

the remarkable work of Coach Henricus and his squad of green, hard-working boys and gave to the school twelve red woolen blankets with gray A's on them. Nothing could have been appreciated more than this gift, and to those men who were so kind we extend sincerest thanks.

Only twenty-two men remained on the squad at the end of the year and only two of these will graduate. It is very evident that next year's team, captained by "Griffie" Roberts, should be fighting for top honors and avenge the defeats of 1923.

FOOTBALL SCORES

Arlington	0,	Dorchester	24.
Arlington	6,	Woburn	26.
Arlington	0,	Wakefield	6.
Arlington	7,	Winchester	7.
Arlington	6,	Watertown	6.
Arlington	3,	St. Joseph's	0.
Arlington	10,	Lexington	13.
Arlington	6,	Melrose	12.

FOOTBALL LETTER MEN, 1923

Daniel Scanlan, Captain
 Francis Hodgdon, Manager
 Griffith Roberts
 Edward Lane
 John Lane
 Alton Marsters
 Lloyd Marsters
 John Dale
 Walter Dale
 Harold Hamm
 Frank Goodwin
 Wilfred Harrison
 Joseph Crosby
 Charles Dennen
 Arthur Gaskill
 George Winn
 John Caniff

H. HAMM, '26.

CROSS COUNTRY

The Cross Country team had a most successful season for the fall of 1923, considering the fact that there were only two veterans on the team. These were Captain John Walsh and Frank Nazro. The fellows showed the right spirit in every race and should be given a great deal of credit. But this remarkable work could not have been done without the aid of Coach "Doc" McCarthy.

Arlington won her first race against St. John's Preparatory School and every other, except the championship race of the schools in the Mystic Valley League. The boys fought hard for this race and lost by a few points only. Stoneham was the victor, but Arlington was runner-up.

With every runner except Joseph Forest back for the fall of 1924, Arlington should have an exceptional team. Captain Walsh has been re-elected and Francis Vossahlik has been elected manager.

The letter men of the squad are:

John Walsh, Captain
 Donald Jones, Manager
 Frank Nazro
 Ellsworth Brown
 John Buckley
 Walter Nicoll
 Roy Maynard
 Charles Hale
 Joseph Forest

The results of the season's meets are:

St. John's Prep. School 29, A. H. S. 27
 Watertown High School 95, A. H. S. 31
 M. I. T. Freshmen 74, A. H. S. 15
 Boston University 25, A. H. S. 33

MYSTIC VALLEY LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP

Stoneham	Woburn
Arlington	Wakefield

ICE HOCKEY

The call for hockey candidates has been sounded and about thirty candidates turned out. Because there was little ice, the squad could not begin the practice and they had to keep in shape by chasing the cross country team around Spy Pond.

This year instead of having one coach the Arlington boys have men of the Alumni to give them points on the game, and "Joe" Duffey is acting coach.

Arlington should have an exceptional team, for there are five veterans back; Scanlon, Buckley, Nazro, Gowans, and Hutchinson. From the Sophs comes "Jerry" O'Neil, who has bright prospects in this sport, as he has in cross country. With such an outfit as this, the prospects are promising and should furnish many interesting and flashy games.

J. MacFARLANE.

Alumni Notes

Christmas vacation brought many of our graduates back to the school for visits. We were glad to welcome Lois Armstrong, Hamilton Rice, Emma Bourne, Helen Foster, Esther Draper, Emily Hicky, and Katherine Wells, all of 1923, and Dick Rideout and Neal Cargyll, ex-'25.

Some of the ex-A. H. S. students who have entered the blissful state of matrimony are Alma Lear, ex-'23, Irene Viano, and Laura Zeigler, ex-'24.

Jack Foster, "Molly" Bott, and Dick Rideout are wearing out their intellects at Exeter, attending all dances, etc.

Francis Donnelly, Ed Leary, Ed Hammond, and Freddie Danton, all of '23, are at Coburn Academy (when they aren't having a long vacation). We don't imagine it's very peaceful there.

Our Alumni is supporting Huntington! Leon Labreque, John Freeman, Harry Sherry, and Bill Miller (who, by the way, has been elected captain of the 1924 football team), Alfred Madden, and Kenneth Howe are studying *hard* there.

Bob Fall, '22, is working hard up at Dartmouth.

Francis Forrest is now somebody at Annapolis.

Jimmy Jones, '22, is making a hit at Bowdoin.

Linda Pray, '23, is at Normal Art.

"Chick" Hendricks, '23, is training her voice at Leland Powers.

Mary Lewis, '23, is developing her muscles at Sargents.

Helen Foster, '23, is at Smith.

Lundberg, '23, and Donovan, '23, just couldn't leave the dear old A. H. S.

The Alumni evidently haven't lost their love for athletics. Live games were played in the gym, January 4, both boys' and girls' teams against the Alumni teams.

The Alumni hockey game played New Year's Day resulted in a 2 to 2 tie.

Justin McCarthy, '17, ex-captain of the A. H. S. hockey team, sails this month with the American Olympic Hockey Team. Hurrah for Arlington!

Charlie Collins, '22, ex-captain of A. H. S. cross country team, was third man on Dartmouth's championship team.

Thanks to the Alumni, the hockey team has a staff of the best hockey players in the country for coaches.

Mary Lane, '23, and H. Martens, '22, are at Miss Wheelock's.

The Misses Darling, '22, Holmes, '23, Vaughn, '22, and Byram, '22, are at Katherine Gibbs' Secretarial School.

Louise Bacon, '23, is at Boston Conservatory.

"Sitty" Wellington, '22, and D. Osbourne, '22, are at Wellesley.

Emily Hickey, '23, is at Radcliffe.

Jack Burnham, '23, is convalescing from a minor operation, at home and learning the vegetable business from his kid brother Dick, also '23.

Sykes Hardy, '21, entered Dartmouth this fall and made the Dartmouth Freshman football team.

Walton Sears, Hamilton Rice, Ernest Snow, Donald Meekins, Allen Jeffry and Herman Doane, all '23, are at Harvard.

James Powers, '23, is at "Mass. Aggie."

John Sullivan, '23, is taking a special course at Boston College High School.

Billy Homer, '22, plays in the Harvard Band.

Mabel Belyea, shining light of 1923, is employed in Mr. Hicks' office at the Town Hall.

Leo Bernstein, '23, is taking a medical course at Tufts College.

Loretta Tynan, '23, is one of Frost's valuable employees.

The following letter was recently received by the Editor of the CLARION. It shows you that no matter where the Alumni are, they still hold an interest in Arlington High School, your school. You should, therefore, for the good of the Alumni, who made Arlington High what it is today, endeavor to make your representative, the CLARION, a success. We owe our best efforts to those who blazed the trail for us and gained for Arlington High the name she today possesses.

640 North Kingsley Drive,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Editor of the A. H. S. CLARION,
Arlington, Mass.

Dear Sir:

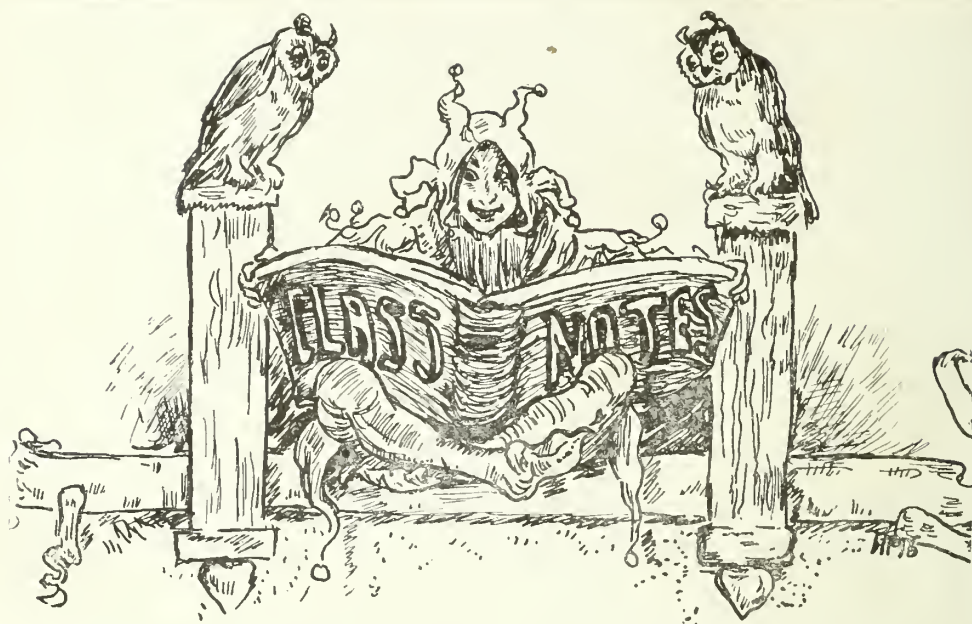
In a recent number of the Arlington Advocate, I noted a revival of the CLARION was contemplated. Allow me to add my congratulations! I should be very glad to support the project by subscribing. Kindly advise me how much a year's subscription and postage will be and I will send check.

I have been particularly interested in following the sports record of the High School and the Girls' Hockey team is especially worthy of praise for its splendid work in capturing the championship.

Good luck to you,

Sincerely,

INEZ W. ZECHER,
Class of 1918.



Please pass in all jokes on *tissue* paper, so that the editor will be able to see through them.

Good Advice!

Mr. Fowler: "What's the matter, Buckley?"

Buckley: "There's a tack in my seat. What'll I do?"

Mr. Fowler: "Sit on it."

Geography Teacher: "In what region does hay grow?"

Ambitious Soph: "In the ground."

Some Stunt

Hardy, translating in French III: "Baron Von Fincken put on the table his wine glass which he had just swallowed."

Did you know that Miss Treat has discovered the aconstic properties of chalk?

Miss Riley: "What were Whittier's poems mostly written on?"

Winn (absently): "Paper, I guess."

If the pupils in Latin III., Period II., didn't make any resolutions, at least they all "made one concession" the day after vacation.

O, Roger, why didn't you tell us before?

Miss Shedd: "Landberg, give me a sentence containing an idiom with avoir."

Landberg: "J'ai femme."

Just imagine!

Muriel Moody attending a wild party.

John Gruber spanking "Dinty Moore.

Arthur Landers getting FF on his report card.

Brainy Hughes at a funeral.

Miss Bullock letting any one enter the left hand door of Room 14.

A dance given in the gym.

Curt Forbes with rubber heels.

Our football team playing croquet.

Mr. Henrius not telling a funny story in his speech.

A chorus which isn't the best one Miss Pierce has ever had.

Poetic Soph: "Why are all the trees shaking with laughter?"

Superior Senior: "Worms are tickling their roots."

I see that the Juniors have started the CLARION. That will at least add to the list of jokes!

He knows where they belong!

No doubt we should all like to see the hockey team go to the Arena this winter, but we understand that Manager Settele has made arrangements to take them to Danvers.

Out of a Clear Sky

Miss Treat to B. Wunderlich: "Barbara, you are charged with the *Life of Johnson*."

To be sung after any Exam.

Now the day is over

Night is drawing nigh,

Each one sits and wonders

"Gee, did I get by."

Extract from Ohlman's work: "The professor rose to his feet on the floor."

Query—Where does he keep them usually?

A visitor once asked a Senior whether Mr. Hatch or Mr. Stickney reached the building first. He replied in this manner: "Well you see, Mr. Hatch at first was always last, but later he began to get earlier till at last he was first, though before he was behind. He soon got later again and got behind as be-earlier sooner or later."

Senior: "We have a new dish washer down in the lunch room."

Soph: "How do you know?"

Senior: "I noticed the difference in the fingerprints on my plate."

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
That the beloved mid-years are drawing near.

First we must study, then

Desperately cram,

And march bravely forward to take
the exam.

But why, my dear children, are you
looking so blue?

Your dearly loved teachers will not
surely flunk you.

So just keep up your spirits and let's
all begin

To review for our mid-years with a
confident grin.

JEAN KING, '24.

Famous Sayings

Miss Watts: "Where were you the third period yesterday?"

Miss Harlow: "Take a back seat."

Miss Shedd: "Frinstance."

Mr. Hatch: "Hey, you, go in the back door."

Miss Treat: "There will be no advance homework, except so on and so forth, etc., etc."

Miss Bullock: "OTHER Door."

Mrs. Graf: "Now, we'll wait until MacFarlane has finished talking before we go on—*Now* have you finished MacFarlane?"

MacFarlane: "No, I haven't begun yet."

Miss Butterfield: "You won't get *anywhere* in Latin unless you study."

Voice: "Except *out*."

"This match won't light."

"S'matter with it?"

"Dunno, it lighted all right a few minutes ago."

When shall we meet again?

Afternoon session at two sharp.

We don't know about "the one," Buster; but we've heard that blondes are fickle.

Our idea of nothing at all—A Junior Class Meeting.

Has Anybody Seen My Kitty?

Lost: A cat somewhere in Room 14, finder please return to Mrs. Graf.

"Bill," said a boy looking up from his writing, "do you spell sense with a 'c' or an 's'?"

"That depends," replied Bill. "Do you refer to money or brains?"

"Aw, I don't mean either of them two," was the reply. "What I want to say is, 'I ain't seen him sense.'"

Name three important Latin verbs:
Fecit, gessit and missit.

EXCHANGE.

Miss Funai, reading bulletin: "Short Senior Class Meeting at the close of school today."

P. Giblin: "Can I go?"

Really?

Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.

Results of Senior Class Election

Fred Andres, President; Panline Berry, Vice-President; Arthur Lane, Secretary; Parker Rice, Treasurer.

Mrs. Moffatt, Class Adviser.

Results of Junior Class Election

Alton Marsters, President; Daniel Scanlan, Vice-President; Edwin Wraga, Secretary; Margaret Merrill, Treasurer.

Mr. Henricus, Class Adviser.

Results of Sophomore Class Election

Griffith Roberts, President; Harold Hannum, Vice-President; Joseph Crosby, Secretary; Wilfred Harrison, Treasurer.

Miss Hadley, Class Adviser.

TO THE JUNIORS

We grave and worldwise Seniors,
Have much of which to complain,
And that is that the Juniors,
Are usurping our domain.

For they, proud souls, are doing
What Seniors long have done,
They're wrestling with the CLARION,
We hope they'll find it fun.

They say we lack school spirit,
And they will show us how
To print a paper of merit,
By the honest sweat of their brow.
ARTHUR LANDERS, '24.

TO THE SENIORS

The "grave and world-wise" Seniors
Are grumbling at their fate.
They think we "proud-souled" Juniors
Have started a task too great.

According to their grumbling,
We're wrong in what we do.
But why if they're school-spirited,
Did they not start things, too?

They had much time to ponder,
To plan, and then to work.
Have we not more school spirit,
To do the job they shirk?

We'll print a paper of merit
And find it splendid fun;
And we will never falter
In the task that we've begun.

C. A. HIGGINS, '25.

Exchanges

As this is our first issue under a totally new board of editors, please make allowances for all errors due to our ignorance. We want to know our faults, so that they can be remedied, and, since we cannot see our own faults, we are asking you to comment and criticize. We hope to have more exchanges later.

The Voice, Concord, Mass. You have a fine paper to represent you. Your athletics are written up very well, but can't you find more class notes and jokes? They make a splendid showing of school spirit.

The Bowdoin Quill, Brunswick, Me. We enjoy your stories immensely and welcome each edition.

The Imp, Brighton, Mass. Your stories are very well written and your Alumni Notes well taken care of. Why not make your class notes more personal? It increases the interest.

School Life, Melrose, Mass. You have a fine paper of which you may be justly proud. Your personal items are very good and a great deal of school spirit is shown throughout the paper.

The Chronicle, Hartford, Conn. Your large literary department shows co-operation on the part of the student body. We think the Directory is very fine. But don't you think it would be a good idea to have more class notes in your humor department, and also to put your jokes in a more conspicuous place? We nearly missed them.

The Burlington High School Register, Burlington Vt. Clever Editorials, *Register*, Mrs. Coolidge should be proud

of you. We certainly admire your poets for their poetry.

The Record, Newburyport, Mass. Best wishes for the new school house and may the boys all get the dancing fever. You've a good paper and your cartoons and drawings are marvelous.

The Lynn Classical Gazette, Lynn, Mass. You have a splendid paper with a well-written, interesting literary department.

The Argus, Gardner, Mass. We congratulate you on your paper. It seems the representative of a student body with plenty of school spirit.

The Clark Monthly, Clark University, Worcester, Mass. We have enjoyed your paper very much and we hope you continue to send it to us.

The CLARION gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following magazines:

The Olympian, Biddeford, Mass.

Bostonia, Boston University, Boston, Mass.

Stoneham High School Authentic, Stoneham, Mass.

The Cambridge Review, Cambridge, Mass.

The Clarion, West Roxbury, Mass.

Oak Leaves, Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Me.

Shurtleff Sharings, Chelsea, Mass.

The Torch, Howe High School, Billerica, Mass.

Red and Gray, Fitchburg, Mass.

The Oredigger, Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Col.

Center Junior High School Notes

At a recent meeting of the J. H. S. A. A., Richard Lombard was elected President of the Association and Joe. Donahue was elected Vice-President; Robert Goodale, Treasurer; and Ruth Hendrick, Secretary.

A few years ago when Hardy, Mills, Buzz Coolidge, and other gridiron and diamond warriors attended High School, there was a paper called the High School CLARION. This paper was rated among the highest of school papers in the greater part of New England. About two years ago this paper was discontinued on account of financial difficulties. Now, we have a chance to build it up again. Come on, people, dig down into the pocket books and wallets and try to bring the CLARION back to even a higher standard than before.

Three or four weeks ago Arlington Junior High School Athletic Association pins were given to the teachers to sell to the pupils. Now, out of the five hundred pupils only about one hundred and fifty pupils have bought pins. These pins are being sold so that we may have money to buy athletic equipment for the teams.

Now that the football and soccer season is over, we must look to other sports for excitement. The girls have started basketball practice with Miss Hoffman as coach.

There has been an arrangement this year about hockey teams. Each division in the school is going to have a hockey team. Much clean rivalry is

expected as soon as these teams get in action on the ice. A silver cup will be awarded to the winning hockey team to keep for one year.

At last the snow that we have so patiently awaited for covers the ground. Let's make use of it and have some skiing and snowshoeing.

Center Junior High is proud of its record of attendance, which is the best of any school in town. We hope to keep this high record throughout the school year.

The 3A jazz orchestra has been offered a chance to broadcast from Medford Hillside Station. Senior High people can look forward to good music in the Gym next year. S. GRAY, '27.

JOKES

One of our spirited faculty: "This is the worst recitation I have ever heard. I have done three-fourths of it myself."

First student: "Your recitation this morning reminded me of the City of Quebec."

Second Student: "How's that?"

First Student: "Built on a bluff."

C an't beat it;

L ook, stop and laugh;

A ll subscribe,

R ead the school news,

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O ur school paper

N eeds your support.

Well, I guess this will have to be my clo'es line. E. SMITH, '27.

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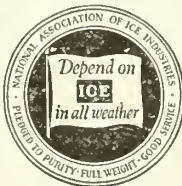
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Arlington High School Clarion

75 CENTS PER YEAR

Published during the school year by The Students of The Arlington High School

Entered as Second-Class Matter November 9, 1917, at Boston, (Arlington Branch) Mass.
P. O., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Acts of
October 3, 1917, authorized June 6, 1919

Volume I.

ARLINGTON (Boston), MASS., FEBRUARY, 1924

Number 2

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Editorials

Woodrow Wilson, twenty-eighth President of the United States dead? Only a few short years ago, this man, at the height of his fame, was leading our country in its fight to make the world safe for democracy! It was a long hard fight, full of nervous strain and discouraging events, but Wilson never faltered in his purpose to carry out his ideals. The struggle, however, sapped the most brilliant mind of all those who have held the highest executive office of our country. At last the end came—Woodrow Wilson is dead. He sacrificed his life for his country—what more could anyone ask? Whether on the actual field of battle or not, he served his country. With deep sympathy the country forgets its political feeling and unites to mourn the passing of a true and great American.

A. OHLMAN, '24.

At one time Mr. Gammons suggested that the pupils conduct assemblies dealing with people or subjects that would be interesting to the school. That was the last heard of the matter. Men are invited to speak to the school on diverse and interesting subjects. Why not let some of our *home talent* do the same? There is plenty of it, so why not take advantage of the opportunity before it is too late? Some day we may be paying high prices for the opportunity to hear some of our esteemed and gifted classmates. We believe that the English classes should be divided into groups to conduct assemblies. This is all we are going to say now but we hope that the near future will see the Arlington High School students conducting assemblies worthy of the school.

A. E. LANE, '24.

In the last issue of the *Clarion* in the account of the banquet given the girls' field hockey team, the statement was made that each girl had been presented with a box of candy by Mr. N. J. Hardy. This was an oversight which we deeply regret, for it was Mr. W. C. Hardy who gave the candy and to whom we now give our belated thanks.

H. JOSEPH, '25.

Mid-years are over! We sigh with a relieved air, as we settle down to study again in an I-should-worry manner. Don't get caught napping! Finals aren't so very far away.

M. MANNING, '25.

We wish to apologize most sincerely to the Menotomy Trust Company for our error in printing the wrong advertisement last month. We hope the present one is entirely satisfactory. We are very grateful for the kindness with which Mr. Bishop has accepted our grave error.

H. B. STOKES, '25.

Getting Out a Paper

Getting out this paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes, folks say we're silly,
If we don't, they say we're too serious;
If we publish original matter, we lack variety;

If we publish things from other papers,
we are too lazy to write;

If we stay on the job, we ought to be
out hustling for news;

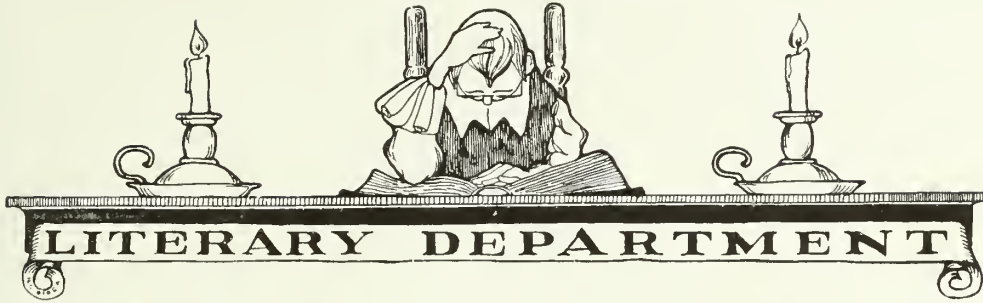
If we are out hustling for news, we are
not attending to the business in our
own department;

If we don't print contributions, we don't
show proper appreciation;

If we do print them, the paper is filled
with junk;

As likely as not some fellow will say we
swiped this from another paper.

So we did.



One of the stories receiving honorable mention in the Boston Traveler's Short Story Contest.

REMEMBER THE 13th!

The medium's black eyes, freely darkened by artificial shadows, peered searchingly into a large glass crystal, translucently showing many colored tints and various shapes. Suddenly her gaze theatrically sharpened and she spoke in a low stagy-like voice to a young man, sitting opposite her, who was hanging on her words with greatest interest.

"Beware of the 13th!"

The young man jumped, his hair bristled. Hastily he stuffed some money into the medium's hand, grabbed his hat, and plunged from the room.

The medium stared after him and in a voice minus the stagy quality said, "Well, I'll be d-n!"

Meanwhile the young man had gained the street without mishap and was nervously mopping his brow. The message, which he had just received, startled him; yet in a way why should it? For a week now he had been receiving the same message, written on a little white card. "Remember the 13th!" And that was why he had gone to the fortune teller's. Plainly he saw in his mind the black letters. Like mountains they loomed up in his sight. Then he cautiously looked around.

Was that tall man with the week's beard following him, or perhaps this flapper was a murderer in disguise! A hot sweat poured from his body. His knees knocked. Was he to be murdered, shot, or poisoned, or perhaps he was only to be robbed. That was a relief in itself.

Yes, perhaps he was only going to be robbed. Calmed by this assurance, he steadied himself and walked on.

A little later with the sweet young thing nestled beside him, talking something in poorly assumed baby talk about her big, strong man, he puffed out his chest and felt ready once more to face the worries of the world with courage. Even a strand of the sweet young thing's bobbed hair, which got in his eye did not unnerve him.

But day by day passed and still the young man received his unnerving message. "Remember the 13th!"

Two weeks before the 13th even the sweet young thing's baby talk was not enough to calm him, and every night before he went to bed, he looked under it and in the closet for any suspicious person.

A week before the 13th the young man was a nervous wreck. Day by day his flesh fell away and he became so thin and pale that the sweet young thing became alarmed and persisted that her big, strong man did not love her any more.

Then, the 13th arrived. The young man had decided to stay in bed all day with his door tightly locked, but thoughts of a murderer coming up the fire escape and murdering him without any one's being the wiser caused him to get up. His whole frame shook so that he was hardly able to button buttons. He slid cautiously down the stairs and slipped out of the house. Sweat gathered on his brow and his knees knocked alarmingly.

Suddenly a shot rang through the air. The young man jumped, his hair rose to its full extent. After he had picked him-

self up from the ground, he hastily felt over his body for the wound. Finding none, he looked around and saw a car, the owner of which was jacking up his back wheel. So that was where the noise had come from. He looked sheepishly around to see if any of the passersby had observed his antics. Then with his frame twitching at every nerve, he walked on.

Suddenly a black car drew up to the curb; a tall, dark, mysterious looking individual stepped out and advanced toward the young man with a rapid stride.

This was too much. With a blood curdling yell, the young man galloped down the street and fell into a man hole into which some men had just been putting coal. The mysterious stranger stared after him and said in a bewildered tone, "And I was only going to ask him where number thirteen was!"

* * * * *

When our hero came to, he found himself smelling strongly of antiseptics and felt the sweet young thing holding his hand. Half unconsciously he murmured, "Remember the 13th!"

"Oh, you dear!" gushed the sweet young thing, "to think that you knew all along that it was I who was sending the cards to remind you of my birthday!"

ARTHUR LANDERS, '24.

"A DESPERATE VOW"

"A sail! A sail! three points off the starboard bow." Down from the lookout floated these cries, half savage with a strange exulting ring. The lone figure on the quarter-deck stiffened and a look of hope fired the steel gray eyes. Hope, aye, would it ever be more than a vain, uncertain longing. Those sails, those sails from whose mast the Jolly Rover defiantly flew, would they ever cross his horizon? Would he ever be able to match his skill against that of the beast-like, devilish being who called himself the Lord of the High Seas? If the great God was good—yes. His time of vengeance would come, and then—.

The crew sprang into action; the Revenge altered her course, all canvas was spread and the mate, a huge glass under his arm, made his way aloft and joined the lookout in the attempt to discover the character of the distant craft.

The mate, the only old man aboard, spoke, a quality in his voice unusual from one of his class, "'Tis good we sighted sail today, for the master be getting strangely silent and I've seen that wild look come into his eyes as when he came home, back three years ago, and found the plantation and all he held dear ruined. When I had to tell him about his father's terrible death, the boy became a man, and swore a desperate vow and prayed long and wildly to the God he worships. And so we'll sail these seas till Red John and his pirate crew have paid, paid with every ounce of blood that's in their rotten hearts. For the captain will never give up, and may his God watch over him in his quest."

"Aye, and never will he lack stout hearts to help him," rejoined the lookout quietly.

Before the sun dropped below the horizon the old mate made out the strange ship to be a Dutch trader. And time passed with its many disappointments and broken hopes.

The rolling sea, the heaving deck, the lone figure on the quarter-deck, and high above, above the bellying sails and the creaking spars, on the topmost crosstree of the towering mainmast—the lookout. Above the whistle of the wind the scream of the man was heard, "A sail! A sail! off the port bow. She sails to cross our course."

The men dropped their work and turned toward the quarter-deck. But John Hackenley, their captain, had joined the lookout and through a powerful glass he viewed the distant craft. He slid back to deck, his glowing face firing the crew before he spoke.

"Men, she ventures to cross our course and her appearance warrants her doing so.

She takes us for a harmless merchantman, an easy mark for cutthroat piracy. Strip the decks for action! for we shall meet the beasts ere long, and, so please God, it will be Red John."

As the vessels neared each other, John Hackenley with the aid of a powerful glass made out a form on the stranger's quarter-deck, a being, large, powerful, stripped to the waist, showing a torso covered with bristling red hair—in truth—Red John. In the same breath the young captain cursed the man and thanked God for his goodness in placing him within his reach. The approaching ship, true to pirate form, fired a shot across the *Revenger's* bow, hoisted the Jolly Roger and awaited the surrender of the merchantman.

It was time now, time to reveal the true identity of the *Revenger*. "Hard a lee! and up, men, to your guns!"

With a wild cry they obeyed their leader. The *Revenger* swung around and filled away on the other tack. The young master felt the quivering of the hull, the straining and creaking of the tackle, and sensed the life in his craft. His God, his ship, his men, what aids in his fight.

Like two great birds the two ships manoeuvred about, firing broadsides with disastrous results. But Red John was quick to see that he had met his match in Hackenley, and that his only hope was to board the *Revenger*. Just what Hackenley wanted!

"As they come over the rail, show 'em blood m'hearties."

The two ships came together, grappled and hung together as one. Over the sides the pirates hurled themselves, and over their own dead they sprang, for only by force of numbers did they gain the *Revenger's* deck as the first ones fell under the deadly fire of those fifty gallant hearts.

And while the two crews fought, fought as he had dreamed they would, till the deck was slippery with blood and they no longer fought like or resembled men,

but gory beasts, John Hackenley called aloud for Red John. Chancing to look toward the pirate ship lying alongside, he saw on the poop-deck the beast himself, looking on, unscarred while his men fought. A heat of rage passed through the young captain's body and with a hoarse cry he sprang, over the fighting crews and onto the pirate's quarter-deck.

"Red John, you black-hearted red devil, your soul rots and you must die." With a cry, half sob, half prayer, the boy sprang at the pirate chief. He wanted to feel the hairy throat between his fingers and then to crush the life out of the ugly red body. And he wasn't to be denied! Through his gritted teeth he hissed into the pirate's bleary face, "You killed my father, gave him a terrible death, he was noble, you a beast." Could Red John hear? Couldn't he squeeze a little harder? Ah, there he had him. And with Hackenley's last ounce of strength Red John lay limp and lifeless in his hands. Never again would he wreck, ruin and destroy.

F. W. ANDRES, '24.

MY PHYSICS TEACHER

He is a cute little man with a brown, bristly smudge on his upper lip which is his pride and joy. Short in stature, both ways, he is nevertheless a man of action. Clad in a gray suit of excellent texture, with his short arms waving with dramatic effect as he emphasizes a point to be remembered, he has now the heart of the class as a student body. He has a way of twisting his small mouth and of wrinkling his face which Al Jolson couldn't effect. At times my heart beats with great rapidity, when I observe him in such a spell, for I fear that the day may come, when, in demonstrating the methods of placing the wonders of nature on paper, he may mistake his moustache for some sort of foliage, such as spinach or celery, and then have a lunch.

With the voice and expressions of a comedian, this man leads us in class to

that which we desire, namely knowledge of life. He is a well-read personage, as is shown by his daily recitals of the jokes and quips of the day. None of his classes are dead. He himself teaches us how to live right and sets the example by a cheery smile, a snappy anecdote of sparkling brilliance, or a warm handshake of friendship. He is the most interesting man I have known.

EDWARD O'CONNOR, '24.

ON THE FINE ART OF TALKING ABOUT NOTHING

Everyone of us probably has at least one acquaintance who is well-learned in the fine art of talking about nothing. For hours this loquacious friend may issue forth words upon words, meaningless nothings, yet all the while he keeps us interested in his monologue. We can talk if we have something to say; he can talk at all times, on all subjects, and when he has nothing at all to say.

The first step in learning the art of talking about nothing is to be able to talk about any subject at all—whether we know anything about it or not. As we start our training, a fire or an accident will give us something about which to talk. As we continue and finally become very proficient, a mere stick of wood will provide us with plenty of conversation for thirty minutes or longer. A car passing by will inspire us to greater heights of eloquence—also greater lengths—and once we are started there is no stopping.

That is the next point. We must learn to never stop talking while we have any breath at all. If we have no one to listen to us, we mustn't stop. It really doesn't matter, because we are talking about nothing. What difference does it make if anyone hears us or not? Of course, it is pleasant to have an audience, but it isn't absolutely necessary.

The next thing for us to learn is not to have too much consideration for other people. They probably would like to say something, but one of the rules of the subject is that we must not let anyone else get a word in edgewise. We were talking, we are talking, and we're going to keep on talking. We have a great deal to say about nothing and we're going to say it.

Another rule is that we must never let a chance go by when we can practice this useful art. I say useful, for we can make great use of this knowledge of ours. If used with discrimination and great care, we might be able to convince people that we really are talking about something after all. I have a friend who has glided through quite a few classes in this manner. We can gain a reputation for knowing a great deal on all subjects, whereas we really know nothing.

We must cultivate an inexhaustible vocabulary of flowery, descriptive, and unusual words. Don't our most eloquent friends startle us by their unexpected knowledge of such words? So must we acquire the same habit. It adds greatly to the interest of our monologues and impresses more firmly on other's minds our deep knowledge.

We must cultivate a varied style, not always light and easy, not always humorous, not always serious. We must combine the three, and give our listeners a little variety.

When we have learned all these things, we shall be versed in the fine art of talking about nothing. Of course, we must enjoy this pastime and have a natural talent for it. If we try hard, we too may expound for hours about absolutely nothing at all.

Grace Ogilvie, '24

SOPHOMORE WISDOM

Many times have I had reason to doubt the ability and achievements of the

learned sophomore, but these doubts have always been quieted by the astonishing wisdom exhibited by the sophomores with whom every school appears to be over-run.

I have said that every school appears to be over-run with numerous representatives of that class of peculiar people known as sophomores, and again I assert that self-evident fact. A true sophomore is conversant on each and every topic that may be brought to discussion, and, of course, he is always slightly better informed, and more likely to be right, than his associates; and surely, no one would ever accuse a sophomore of being bashful. Far from being so afflicted, he delights in offering unsolicited advice, and entering into conversations where it is very evident that his presence is not desired. Is it possible to exist for a longer period of time than five minutes without seeing a lordly sophomore stroll nonchalantly by? I doubt it.

When one has failed, or been successful, in the doing of some special task, the sophomore is always present to tell whoever will listen, just how "he" would have done it to prevent a failure, or to be more successful. It is readily seen that no one has attained the acme of education but the well-informed and highly talented sophomore. Considering this fact, who is there that is capable of questioning, or judging, his ability and achievements? I, for one, will never attempt such a stupendous task.

WM. M. BENJAMIN, '24.

Faculty

IMPRESSIONS FROM EUROPE

If I could make but one wish for the pupils of the Arlington High School it would be that they might make a visit to the Old World, for one's education can not be really complete without beholding with one's own eyes those places where so much of the world's history has been made, where most of the

great works of art are to be seen, and where great cathedrals, monuments and ruins at every turn remind one of the reality of peoples and nations of the past. How easily lessons of history would be learned if studied on the Palatine Hill overlooking the Roman Forum or in the beautiful gardens behind the Royal Palace at Versailles, or beneath the gray shadows of the old Tower of London! How quickly one's difficulties with languages would disappear in a land where no English is heard and the musical language of the French people is the only one with which he is in contact! And what an inspiration to study art in a land where art predominates, and where the works of Michaelangelo and Botticelli and del Sarto are so abundant as they are in Florence and in Rome! Ah, yes, those studies which here in school seem at times to be very irksome would take on a new aspect if we could but view them from across the Atlantic, where one's vision of life becomes broadened as it can in no other way.

It was the pleasure of the writer to visit several of the countries of Europe during the last school vacation, and the editing class of the Clarion has asked me to write a few impressions brought from the other side. This is indeed a most pleasant task, for my wandering in foreign lands was but the realization of a childhood dream, and the recollections brought from the trip are what make it worth while.

The most often repeated query regarding Europe has been, "What country did you like best?" but so attractive is each in its turn that the question is not easily answered. The first country visited was France, and the poppies blown by the gentle breezes over Flander's Fields seemed to be nodding their heads as if to assure us that we should like France best. And indeed one is strongly tempted to agree when he reaches Paris, that City of Pleasure, where the beauty of its triumphal arches and its boulevards make

it a city most dear to the hearts of all travellers.

And then, Belgium and Holland made a very strong claim upon our affections, so picturesque were the numerous wind-mills silhouetted against the sky and so quaint were the costumes of the contented peasant folk.

However, if one is looking for natural beauty, of course he will say without hesitation that glorious Switzerland stands at the head of the list, with its lofty peaks covered with snow even in July, and the placid little lakes which act as mirrors for the surrounding rugged cliffs. This is indeed a country of exquisite beauty and one can never forget the countless little chalets high up there upon the mountain sides where dwell the sturdy mountaineers apparently contented in their lowly homes.

But wait, we haven't seen Italy yet and not to see Italy is not to see Europe. In natural beauty it may not be the rival of the land we have just left in our imaginations, but there is a particular charm which age and history have lent to this land of Michaelangelo and Dante and the Caesars. The romance of Venice, the dignity of Florence and the historical interest in Rome altogether leave much affection in one's heart, that he very reluctantly admits that he likes another country as well.

Sunny Italy is very dear to me but even then it must take second place, for there is no place in all Europe quite so near to my heart as England. The countryside of this little island kingdom is a delight to the eyes, but most of the interest lies in her towns and cities where old universities and great cathedrals, blackened with age and crowded with memorials to England's great dead, hold one as if in a spell. But best of all, however, is the old mighty city of London, the low roar of which reminds one of the great size of this metropolis. Years of sight-seeing might be enjoyed in this great place, but, however short one's

visit may be, he never fails to go to the Tower of London which has been rightly called the saddest place on earth. Then the very streets, squares, and parks of London make it a city in which one longs to linger. It is, however, impossible for me to express in a few lines the strong appeal that England makes to me, but so charming is her countryside and so interesting her towns, that I must admit a little stronger affection for this our Mother Country than for her neighbors on the mainland of Europe.

When asked what impressed me most in Europe, I have said that for man-made structures nothing could surpass the cathedral at Milan. For natural scenery, I have indelibly inscribed upon my memory the sight of the Jungfrau as that snow-clad peak gleamed in the light of the fading day long after night had closed down upon us in the valley. Of course the great cities are impressive each in its own way. To the Bostonian, Milan has a very homelike atmosphere. Florence is famous for the perfection in its art galleries. Venice is a dreamy city where my evening experience in a gondola listening to the "musica" upon the Grand Canal will long remain in my memory. Rome is a city of grandeur, Paris pleases one with its beauty, Brussels is a "little Paris" where thoughts of Napoleon and Waterloo predominate, and Amsterdam appeals to one as the cleanest city in the world. Rotterdam seems like the busiest city in the world, and London as the metropolis of the English speaking world.

A sad impression brought from this great city was of the appalling poverty of the lower classes of people, and while this situation has always been remarkable in London, it was, as I saw it, intensified by burdens of heavy taxation imposed by the war. "We must pay our debt to America" the people of Britain were saying, and I heard nothing but the warmest friendship expressed for our own land and its people. But the most

visible token of England's love for America came on that day in very early August when it became known that our chief executive had been called to his reward, and there were few dry eyes among American tourists that day as we saw our national banner flying at half-mast from nearly every large building in the city. Pictures of our late President Harding were soon displayed in store windows, and a great gathering in Westminster Abbey at the time of his funeral expressed the love and esteem of our Mother Country for us. And after seeing England and her people, it is easy for the American to return her love and say that there is no great city in all Europe which grips the heart quite so strongly as does London.

And so my comment ends as it began, with a wish that every pupil may sometime enjoy the pleasure of a European trip, to know the pleasures of living two weeks in a veritable palace floating upon the waves of the Atlantic, to experience the thrills of climbing in an electric train nearly to the snow-line of the Alps and later rush at the rate of a mile a minute through a tunnel six thousand feet beneath the summit of a mountain in passing through St. Gothard Tunnel. I wish that they might know the joys of riding through Fleet Street and Trafalgar Square on the top of a London "bus," or up the Champs Elysees in a queer little Paris taxi, or out on the Appian Way in a sight-seeing car driven at such reckless speed that you are certain that your last hour has come. And, last but not least, I wish that all might get from first-hand knowledge a little idea of educational advantages and bigger opportunities open to the youth of our land, America. Then they would know what I mean when I say that, delightful as Europe may be as a place to visit, after all we live on the right side of the Atlantic Ocean.

ALBAN FOWLER.

ADAM'S RIB

The source of man's trouble was one of Adam's ribs. This is generally conceded to be a fact by most of the members of the Athletic Association, but they have left to me the thankless and intimate task of proving which rib. Like most book agents, I am a person of few words, and I won't keep you more than two or three hours, so please be impatient with me while I make known to you my indestructible arguments on this subject.

After much research work in the gymnasium, I have come to the conclusion that there are three possible results or solutions obtainable, and I will show you a unique process of deduction whereby I eliminate two of them. The three heretofore mentioned results are as follows:

The rib in question is either—

(1) One of Adam's common, ordinary, every-day ribs.

(2) One of his non-sinkable floating ribs.

(3) Or, possibly, a spare rib.

Solution number three (3) is hardly probable, for even with my limited experience I can clearly see that the result of the transformation of a part of the first victim was anything *but* spare, and I don't mean *maybe*.

(Contestant number three (3) eliminated by unanswerable reasoning. Supreme Court decision.)

I must now turn to the regular rib, or the one which can always be found in the same place except in extreme cases. I maintain that ribs of this sort are a known quantity; there is no theory attached to their existence, especially in persons of my avoirdupois; and I hardly believe that from one of these staid, respectable, and usually dependable members of Father Adam's anatomy, that that questionable quantity known as the weaker sex was produced. No, I know a rib as well as the next one, but a woman is harder to

(Continued on page 18)

Club Notes

ART DEPARTMENT NOTES

A collection of Japanese prints was shown in Room 30 the week of February 4th. The Japanese have certainly mastered the theory of design spotting.

Poster contests will keep up busy for some time to come. To date there have been five contests announced. They are being held by the following: Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank, Thrift Posters; Eastern Arts Association, Convention Poster; E. A. A., Program Cover; and the annual contests for "Be Kind to Animals" and "Accident Prevention" weeks.

Every drawing pupil, regardless of whether he or she took Commercial Advertising or not, was required to make a thrift poster. All the pupils co-operated and the result is a fine collection of posters.

If you think it is "all play and no work" to make a poster, ask some of the contestants in the Thrift contest.

Have you visited Room 30 lately?

C. A. HIGGINS, '25.

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club was organized as usual this year under the supervision of Miss Pierce. As yet the boys have not engaged in any activities except the singing of carols on Christmas Eve. Meetings are held every Wednesday and the boys are looking forward to a concert to be given in the Town Hall soon. The following boys make up the Glee Club for the season of 1923-24: Tenors, Walter Alsen, Joseph Ennis; Second

Tenors, Brainerd Hughes, Daniel Hooley, Carl Settele, John Devine, Procter Michelson; Baritones, Fred Brackett, Claude Higgins, Robert Thompson; Basses, Francis Hodgdon, Kenneth Call, Kenneth McMahon.

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council is another feature introduced to the school this year. The object of the Council shall be to bring about a closer coöperation between the student body and the teachers in all school matters in order that the greatest mutual satisfaction may be obtained. The council is composed of the principal of the school, the faculty advisers of the three classes, and one member from each Sophomore home room, two from each Junior home room, and three from each Senior home room. These students are to be elected annually by popular vote. The following are the officers and members of the Student Council for 1923-24: F. W. Andres, '24, President; Marjorie Manning, '25, Secretary; Pauline Berry, '24; Prentice Bradley, '24; Marjorie Lombard, '24; Anna Fellows, '24; Charlotte Hickey, '24; Grace Ogilvie, '24; Parker Rice, '24; Margaret Smith, '24; Philip French, '25; Ruth Dugan, '25; Daniel M. Hooley, Jr., '25; Donald Jones, '25; Alton Marsters, '25; Daniel F. Scanlon, '25; Robert E. Thompson, Jr., '25; Albert Brooks, '26; Joseph Ennis, '26; Charles Hutchinson, '26; John J. Lane, Jr., '26; Frank Nazro, '26; William Riley, '26; John D. Storey, '26; Rachel Crosby, '26.

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HOCKEY

The first game scheduled for this season was with Cambridge Latin, our last year's rival. This game was postponed. The first real game played was with Brookline and the followers of this sport claimed an easy victory for the visitors. However, our boys thought differently and when the final whistle blew the game was ours—3-2.

On Jan. 9 the team went to Danvers to play St. John's Prep. The ice was soft and at the end of three periods the score was 1-1. Two five-minute periods were played, during which the opponents made a lucky goal. Although defeated, the boys showed up well and played most of the game in St. John's territory.

The next game was played with Belmont. The ice was in excellent condition and our boys showed their superiority by defeating Belmont 4-0.

Then the postponed game with Cambridge Latin was played off. Cambridge Latin jumped into the lead with two goals, but Arlington could not be downed so easily, for, in the last nine minutes of play, they scored three goals making the score 3-2.

Then at Newton Arlington had to bow in a 5-2 defeat, partly because of the little chance to practice and partly because of the superiority of Newton.

The game with Melrose was postponed because of ice.

The team next played Rindge and

suffered another defeat. Rindge got an early start of two goals and our boys had to content themselves by holding Rindge to 2-0.

The team then went to Exeter. Exeter has had practice almost every day and showed it by their great teamwork. It took Arlington some time to get on to Exeter's tricks but towards the end of the game, Exeter needed all their practice to stop the onslaught of the Arlington boys. In the first period Exeter got 3 goals; in the second, 2; in the third, none; and in the fourth Arlington got one goal. Suppose the game was longer? Who can tell? It was said that that was the cleanest game played there, which speaks well of our boys.

CARL SETTELE, '24, Mgr.

INTER-CLASS TEAMS

Again the spirit of rivalry has filled the minds of A. H. S. students, and as a result the inter-class teams of basketball for both boys and girls, baseball, hockey, and track for boys, and indoor baseball and basketball for girls have been started to see who can hold the upper hand. As there are no Freshmen this year, the Sophomores have to take their "licks" at the far superior Juniors instead of picking on the Green Freshmen. No letter men or men who expect letters can compete, so this gives those who are not the stars on the famous A. H. S. teams, but who are

pretty good, a chance to make a team. This holds good for the girls also.

This plan was brought up because it was thought that it would arouse the much talked about school spirit. To talk on school spirit is one way to arouse it, but it is a far better plan to kindle the flame by rivalry. That is why the games should prove interesting.

Back up your classmates on your teams!

The captains of the Senior and Junior teams were elected on Feb. 11, and on the following day the Sophomore's leaders were chosen.

The results are as follows:—

Boys' Basketball—Seniors, J. Harrington; Juniors, R. Perkins; Sophomores, P. Peirce.

Boys' Baseball—Seniors, G. Hadley, Juniors, J. Marsters; Sophomores, J. Canniff.

Hockey—Seniors, J. Forrest; Juniors, J. Walsh; Sophomores, K. Matheson.

Track—Seniors, E. Hopkins; Juniors, E. Wraga; Sophomores, G. O'Neill.

Girls' Basketball—Seniors, M. Smith; Juniors, E. Rourke; Sophomores, D. Blevins.

Girls' Indoor Baseball—Seniors, M. Mahoney; Juniors, E. Lowder; Sophomores, H. Lane. J. MacFarlane.

NOTICE

In the last issue of the *Clarion*, G. O'Neill's name was left out of the list of Cross-Country letter men. He certainly earned his letter and deserves credit. We are sorry that this has happened and we thank those who brought the matter to our attention.

If anyone should find an error we would be very thankful if they reported the same to the Athletic Editor.

BOYS' BASKETBALL, 1924

The first call for candidates for the boys' basketball team was issued by Coach Henricus, the last week in December. About twenty promising candidates reported. For the most part they were green, but they showed the necessary spirit—just what Coach Henricus was looking for. After the first week of practice, the squad was cut, and the nucleus of what was to be a very fast team, remained. Dan Hooley was then elected manager and "Fanny" Keefe was chosen captain. Then the schedule was made out as follows:

Wed., Mar. 18, Lexington at Arlington
Fri., Jan. 4, Alumni at Arlington.
Fri., Jan. 11, Arlington at Medford.
Fri., Jan. 18, Arlington at Lexington.
Fri., Jan. 25, Arlington at Wellesley.
Sat., Feb. 2, Arlington at Beverly.
Wed., Feb. 6, Reading at Arlington.
Wed. Feb. 13, Arlington at Reading.
Wed., Feb. 20, Winchester at Arlington.
Tues., Mar. 4, Medford at Arlington.
Fri., Mar. 7, Somerville at Arlington.
Wed., Mar. 12, Lexington at Arlington.
Tues., Mar. 18, Wellesley at Arlington.

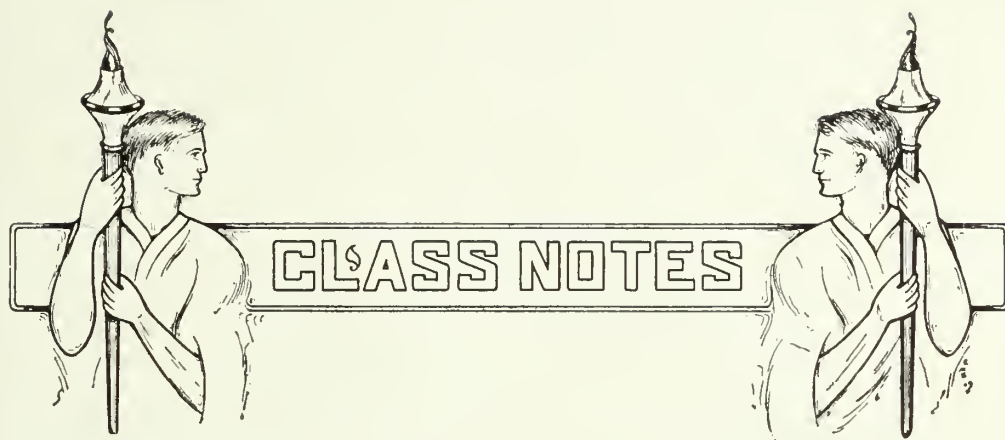
Our girls' basket-ball team has shown fine playing thus far, losing but two games.

The scores of the games played are as follows:

Arlington 25	Watertown	10
Arlington 36	Wellesley	47
Arlington 23	Winchester	13
Arlington 22	Dean Academy	24
Arlington 39	Melrose	16

At the Melrose game, especially, the players demonstrated their ability in passing.

On February 14th the team played a return game with Wellesley in which we were defeated 59-26. We missed Mary Mahoney, our captain, but feel that we were clearly and well outplayed.



Seniors were born for great things
 Juniors were born for small ? ? ?
 But no one can fathom the reason
 Why Sophies were born at all.

Junior: "See this pencil—well this is a famous pencil."

Soph: "Is that so? How's that?"

Junior: "This is the pencil Cleopatra used to Mark Antony."

Scanlan: "Where are you going?"

Sanborn: "To a Chemistry Exam."

Scanlan: "Going to take the acid test, eh?"

Mrs. Graff: "To-morrow take the life of Johnson."

Ennis: "How?"

Girl (at lunch counter): "Where is that paper plate I gave you with your pie?"

Harrington—"Oh, I thought that was the lower crust."

Nothing Like Being Cheerful

Perkins (on receiving French exam.): "Gee, it looks like a Christmas card."

LEAP YEAR NOTES

Will a poetess propose to Henry (Moore) Longfellow?

Some of the girls are contemplating

marriage. They have the "shingles" on their roofs.

No wonder so many pupils are late.
 'Sleep year.

The teachers have been bitten by the leap year "bug."

They're proposing more afternoon sessions.

Why not propose better car service?

Perhaps the Juniors will propose to the Seniors better spirit toward the new CLARION.

C. A. HIGGINS, '25.

Extracts From a Few of Our Brilliant Seniors' Themes

A dinner was served and afterwards it turned into a discussion of literature.

—Ralph Hardy.

He was smooth shaved, all but a short, thick, Auburn whisker.—O'Connor.

He has an egg-shaped forehead which extends to the back of his neck between two parallel lines of light fuzzy hair.

—Penard.

Hazel blue eyes.—R. Davis.

Partially bald head and a rather large noise.—Anon.

His face contained a natural beard which gave way only to a broad smile.

—A. Lane.

What is more perfect than a horse with a snappy canter and a good hunting ground.—A. Keim.

And this from a "Sophie"

Chatham is a small town on the Cape confronted by the ocean in which Joseph Lincoln has his summer home.

Lapides graves ab agris ad murum portabuntur.

"The grave stones were carried from the field to the wall."

Miss Shedd: Lane, second person plural, dire.

Try It.

Senior: (entering coat room) "Oh, it's early, just look at all the coats that aren't here."

Comments From a Stranger!

"I have enjoyed this issue so much that I am anxiously awaiting the next. When is it coming out?"

Miss Funai: "Higgins, are those your feet?"

Higgins: "No, I'm holding them for another fellow."

Mrs. Graf: (translating) "Caesar's soldiers again killed the enemy."

Scannell: "Gee, how many lives did they have?"

Some extremely brilliant and interesting answers were given in the English Mid-years. Here are a few:

Charge, Chester charge,

On, Stanley on, were the last words of *Andy Gump*.

It's too bad Mr. Stickney has no one to dance with. He does look lonesome.

We don't expect that of you, Phyllis!

Miss Blake: (After geometry class) "What's the use of my taking geometry? I'm never going to be a protractor or a conveyor."

I Love Me!

S—Superior

E—Energetic

N—Nimble

I—Intelligent

O—Obedient

R—Reliable

Getting Excited, Ralph?

Mrs. Moffat: "Hardy, please stand to answer my question. You are a much better looking boy standing."

Hardy: (after standing) "er—er—will you please repeat."

Miss Hutchins: (in assembly) "Come now, everybody sing."

Student body: "Fear not, we are with thee."

There are some fine French scholars in Miss Shedd's 12.30 class. Anybody wishing to be tutored in that language may apply to any pupil in that class.

Happy Thought!

We suggest some lorgnettes for Jane Gilmore.

Go To It, 26!

We have heard that the Sophomores are appreciated in our school. They were the backbone of a fighting football team. They are also the nucleus of an excellent basketball team. We wonder if they will continue on their present basis. If they do, they'll make history for the A. H. S.

It would be well for someone to tell the Sophies, that in A. H. S., P. G. is not the name of a soap.

The Exception!

Inquisitive Student: "Are men descendants of apes?"

Miss Jewett: "I don't know about you, but I'm not."

Song Hits of A. H. S.

"Aggravatin' Papa"

Signing deficiencies

"Two Time Dan".....Scanlan

"Doos I, I'll Say I Doos".....Study ? ?

"An Old Fashioned Girl"

Mayday Redmond

"Cut Yourself a Piece of Cake"

In the lunchroom

(Better use a saw)

"Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses"

Corey Morash

"Somebody's Wrong"....Most all of us

"Just a Little Blue" Right after Reports

"I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave"

Curt' Forbes

Arlington has something to be proud of. We have Helen Hastings, a wonderful high jumper.

She not only breaks the record and takes the cake, but she breaks the rope and takes it with her.

A short examination to show the mental condition of the faculty.

1. What color is wall Paper?
2. How many calls on a phone?
3. Who killed the Dead Sea?
4. How much is enough?
5. When is now and then?
6. How high is up?
7. Where does your lap go when you stand up?
8. Who sells milk along the Milky Way?

Note: We don't expect you to answer them all but go slowly and do the best you can. You have nothing to fear. Keep calm.

Teacher (after long discussion concerning the words "lady" and "woman"): "Does one say 'the lady teachers of a school' or 'the women teachers'?"

T. T. (reflectively): "It makes a difference what you think of them."

Mrs. Graf: "What is the masculine of 'laundress'?"

Hamm: "Chinaman!"

Somewhat Confusing

Pupil: "What is my history mark?"

Teacher: "The first letter of the alphabet."

Pupil: "Oh!"

Teacher: "No, the *first* letter."

Pupil: "I. C."

Comment: U. C. he doesn't C. yet.

The efficiency tests that are being conducted in the gym have drawn considerable attention. As these tests are to be made compulsory to everyone in the school, the opportunity for class competition immediately arises. The class with the best average of marks will, therefore, be victorious. This affords a fine chance, Seniors, to show your mettle. Let's pull together and everyone do his best, that's the only way. All right, now, *Let's Go, Seniors!*

PRENTICE BRADLEY.

Miss Jewett's Biology pupils have a large supply of what we call "super-human" knowledge. Their Mid-Year's exams contained many convincing proofs of the fact. Here are a few examples:

Symmetry is the side of the earthworm toward the earth.

Because of inertia you can shoot a bullet through a window without leaving a hole.

Regeneration is the young when they are adults.

I don't know what an East Indian typhoon is, but there is only one in captivity.

A delicate test for an acid is to breathe on lime juice.

All animals are not free swimming.

Toxin is something taken to prevent catching a disease.

Human persons move by arms and legs.

Forests have many dangers. The greatest is fire which is being fought against gallantly by our forest conservatories.

Respiration means to keep going; transpiration, to die out.

A worm has a head attached to the body.

A bug has a head, abdomen, and postulate.

The worm is the first stage, the bug the second, and the caterpillar the last.

Four duties of a root are to produce the flower, anther, stigma, pistols.

Jokes

Ed Lan

"The love he bore to learning was his fault."

We understand in Latin III that a certain person is translating "Quirites" as "Brothers." We hope they, the "Quirites," appreciate the kinship.

Someone has said that, generally speaking, people can be divided into two classes—the notables and the not-ables. In connection with the "Clarion" and its contributors, (especially in the Class Notes Department) there should be *no* not-ables. You should make yourselves notables by showing class spirit and individual spirit and handing in *many, many* class notes. Your efforts will be greatly appreciated, I know.

A former Class Notes Editor.

There's not much credit in being always at your post if you're merely leaning against it.

Teacher: Johnny, can you tell me what is wrong with this sentence? "The horse and cow is in the field."

Johnny: Yes, ma'am. Ladies should come first.

POEMS

I

Raise a cheer now for the Juniors,
Oh ye Seniors, wise and smart;
For surely you are willing
To say they've done their part
In giving our school paper
Once more, a splendid start.

We "Sophs" who follow after
In the dear old A. H. S.
Are with them strong and willing,
And we're going to do our best,
To make the *Clarion* better
'Til it far excels the rest.

So come on, everybody!
And work with all your might;
Bring in poems and stories,
Class news and sayings bright;
Leave printing to the Juniors,
But get busy now and write.

DOROTHY BLAVINS, '26.

II

Miss Treat asked us to write a poem
And here is my awful attempt,
I think it will convince you
That I ought to have been exempt!

The softened rays of the setting sun,
Ruby red and pink—and gold,
Turn my thoughts adrift backward—
Last night—my feet were cold.

That's my contribution
To this poetic sphere;
I was *not* born a poet
So my friends take cheer.

JOHN DEVINE, '24.

III

The joys of owning your home are many,
So say the real estate signs—
But I've had experience and therefore
know better
Than to be fooled by those tricky lines.

It's either the furnace, the ashes, or coal,
The lawn, or the rest of the junk,
Until I've decided without a doubt,
The "own your own home" stuff is bunk!

A. LANDERS, '24.

On the "Clarion"
"Gee! Isn't it great!"
I can hear you say,
"I can hardly wait
'Til next Clarion day."

That's quite all right,
But far better still
Is to write and write,
And its pages fill.

It isn't quite fair
For you to shirk,
And not ever share
A bit of the work.

Come on, out, and aid!
Let's make it the best
Of all the ones made,—
Apply same to the rest.

G. OGILVIE, '24.

We noticed that when Canty and the
Reading player fell on their heads in the
Gym, that Canty was the first to recover.
This is one of the advantages of having a
solid head.

Higgins (reading sentence from book):
"What shall I do to be saved?"
"Miss Funai: "Read the right sen-
tence."

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hats, and shapes.

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Grace Champlin
William Dahill

Olive Edmonds
Ethel Hamilton
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MID-EXAMINATION HONOR ROLL, 1924

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Virginia Hunt

Mildred Adams
Edith Patterson
Marjorie Pitcher
Anna Burns
Edward Cheatele
Florence Draper
Louise Easton
King Rugg
John Scannell
Lena Asarkof

ADAM'S RIB

(Continued from page 9)

understand than Mah Jong, and if you've ever tried to play this Oriental contribution to our advanced civilization without a pair of regulation chop-sticks, a laundry man's dictionary of profanity, and the patience of a cigar-store Indian, you will appreciate this fact.

(Contestant number one (1) discarded after six seconds of furious debate by the executive, legislative, and judicial departments of Student Government.)

With but one solution left, I must prove to you that this is the one which unquestionably did the dirty work. Contestant number two (2) also (II) is listed as a non-sinkable floating rib. Meditate my friends, upon it. Does this not seem to breathe the essence of romance to you? Picture it floating around lazily, restlessly, never satisfied, choosing its own course and never thinking of the other ribs which might be inconvenienced to say the least, when possibly the guest-room isn't ready for this unexpected visitor. Isn't that just like a woman? Always doing the unexpected. Fellow heathens, it is not difficult to see an unmistakable resemblance between this vain, frivolous, fickle, self-satisfied little floating rib, and woman. My countrymen, I could go on to show more clearly why this solution of the problem which has perplexed man for so long is correct, but that would be sheer waste of time and elbow-grease. I know that the intellects of my readers are so magnificently developed that further explanation is unnecessary, would even insult their powers of grasping worldly problems instantly, and therefore, I consider that I have proved sufficiently that Adam's contribution to Equal Rights and Leap Year was none other than a floating rib.

J. Devine, '24.

Ambitions!

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others buy it.

PARNASSUS ON WHEELS

By Christopher Morley

"Parnassus on Wheels" is a thoroughly enjoyable little book. It can be read in a very short time, but is not soon forgotten. Because it is written in the first person, it rambles without offending, and is extremely free and colloquial in style. But for all its freedom and rambling, every bit of the story is necessary. The unfolding of the plot proves to be as surprising as it is fascinating. (Helen McGill, who tells this story, is of such a personality that she draws unprejudiced characters for us.) It is a danger in first person stories, that if the narrator does this he seems unnatural; she could even draw a complete picture of herself, without either slighting it or puffing herself out. The adventures of "Parnassus" catch and hold our imagination immediately—and we want a "Parnassus," a "Peg," a "Professor," a "Peg," a "Professor," a "Book," and an endless curving road for ourselves.

MARJORIE H. DICK, '24.

LEAP YEAR!

With fear and trembling did I remove December 31, 1923 from the calendar. January 1, 1924 ushered in Leap Year—and I was an eligible bachelor! Do you wonder that I trembled? Leap Year—the year that women reign supreme—when mere man does not venture from shelter for fear of being captured. Think of the cruelty of it! Laws are passed for prevention of cruelty to animals. Is not man an animal? If Leap Year came any oftener than every four years, man would soon become extinct. There really is no way to escape. When a strong and rugged Amazon bears down upon you and pops the fateful question in such a way that one must say "yes" or "no," I ask is there any mortal man courageous enough to say "no"? There is not! Do you wonder then that throughout the year of 1924 I walk in fear and trembling?

Pauline Crowe, '25.

On Tuesday, February 12, all the pupils of the school enjoyed the special exercises in memory of Abraham Lincoln, our ex-President and hero of the Civil War. The first assembly was for second and third year classes. The school sang "The Star Spangled Banner," Charles Goodwin read the Lincoln Day Proclamation by Governor Cox, and the school sang "America the Beautiful." Then Mr. Matthews introduced the Rev. Don Ivan Patch of the American Legion, who spoke to us about some of Lincoln's traits of character. He showed us how much it would improve our lives if we should follow Lincoln's example. After this very interesting speech, Del Everett led the school in the flag salute, and the exercises closed with the singing of "America."

Immediately afterward, the first year classes had the privilege of hearing addresses not only from the Reverend Mr. Patch, but also from two Past Commanders of Post 36, G. A. R., Alfred H. Knowles and Henry Clark. These Grand Army veterans gave interesting reminiscences of Lincoln as they had seen and known him in Civil War days.

Solon Gray was elected manager of the baseball team.

Division III D has organized an athletic club for the boys and girls of Room 2. The officers are as follows: President, Fred MacArthur; Secretary, Minnette Savage; Treasurer, Roland Anderson. The money collected by the treasurer for dues will be used to buy equipment for those who take part in the various sports. Ronald Rogers is our stenographer and typewrites all our notices. There will be a social at the end of the month, to which all the members of the club will be invited. Roger Clapp and Fred MacArthur are arranging a rare program.

The Broadcast, Jamaica Plain High School—An interesting paper, but why don't you have an Exchange Department?

Exchanges

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!

—Robert Burns.

We want to hear about ourselves,
From all our friends around;
To know our virtues and mistakes,
To others how they sound.

The Mirror, Dedham, Mass.—You certainly have a fine paper. We enjoy your Literary Department immensely, especially the story "Kathleen Mavourneen." You have a very good Joke Department, but why not have more alumni notes?

The Palmer, Palmer, Mass.—Your paper is very compact, and we like its appearance. When you have so much material for your Literary Department, why don't you separate your poems and jingles from your stories? Your joke cut is very good; why not try some more?

The Echo, Chatham, Mass.—You have fine poems, but why not make your Literary Department smaller and let some of your rising poets try their luck at writing jokes?

The Kent's Hill Breeze, Kent's Hill, Me.—You have a very fine paper and its most outstanding feature is quality. Your Literary Department shows careful selection, and your "Quips and Cranks" are fine. Your cut for School Notes Department is the best yet. We were also glad to see George McClellan's picture in the football picture, from this we see that he is the same shining light that he was at old A. H. S.

The Philomath, Framingham High School—You have a good paper, clever jokes, and your Corner of Verse is mirth-provoking.

The Index, Elmira Free Academy—A newsy paper, which a Literary Department would improve.

The Agassiz, Cambridge, Mass.—A very clever paper, and a readable Literary Department.

Center Junior High School Notes

The following reporters have been elected by the four third-year divisions to gather news for the Junior High School section in the *Clarion*: Elizabeth Smith, III A; Natalie Eldridge, III B; Bernard Cadigan, III C; Fred MacArthur, III D.

They will be glad to receive contributions of news items or class jokes from the first and second-year classes as well.

The weekly assemblies this year have been very interesting. Every room is going to have a chance to show its ability in entertaining. Several plays have been given during these assemblies. Some have been based on historical facts, while others have been decidedly humorous. A well-planned program is enjoyed every Friday.

ATHLETICS

Our hockey team, whose captain is Richard Lombard, has been considerably hampered by the lack of ice. This is due to the extremely mild winter. The team finally played our greatest rival, Western Junior High. As both teams were undefeated, it caused more interest than usual. The game ended in a 2-2 tie, after playing an over-time period. Del Everett of Center was the outstanding star of the game. This game will be played off as soon as possible. Our boys

CLUBS

Tryouts for the Dramatic Club were held on January 30. From the large number of applicants only twelve were chosen. Miss Cunningham, Miss Hett, and Mr. Matthews were the judges.

At a recent Athletic Association meeting letters were awarded to the following boys for football: Edward McHugh, Frederick Sheppard, Lawrence Longee, Arthur Lane, Joseph Higgins, Joseph Beasley, Fred MacArthur, Robert Ahearn, Reynold Awalt, Ralph McEwen, and Arthur Douropulos.

GAMES PLAYED

J. H. Center 8, vs. W. J. H. of Somerville 7.

J. H. Center 26, vs. W. J. H. of Somerville 16.

J. H. Center 8, vs. J. H. S. of Wattertown 32.

J. H. Center 21, vs. S. J. H. of Somerville 23.

J. H. Center 56, vs. W. J. H. of Arlington 11.

Great things may be expected from this girls' basketball team which has just been formed:

Hazel Barker, jumping center.

Elizabeth Smith, forward.

Beatrice Bennett, forward.

Ruth Cannell, guard.

Anna Butler, guard.

Alice Walker, side center.

Substitutes: Esther Elfstrom, Helen Waite, Emily Rowntree, Dorothy Hilliard.

The III-D hockey team played some fast games with III-A and a few outside teams. III-A triumphed in both games, but each member of III-D played his best. The first game was the better, the score being 7 to 3; the score of the second was 7 to 1.

CLASS JOKES

Teacher: "What would you do if you went into a room filled with carbon dioxide?"

Pupil: "You wouldn't."

One may expect almost anything in the English class.

Teacher (asking for principal parts of verbs): "Donald, *swear*."

Absent-minded pupil: "Er—um—it's against my principles."

Teacher: "Give the principal parts of the verb *think*, Kenneth."

Kenneth: "Think, thank, thunk."

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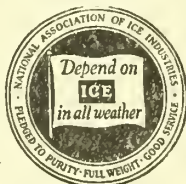
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Arlington High School Clarion

75 CENTS PER YEAR

Published during the school year by The Students of The Arlington High School

Entered as Second-Class Matter November 9, 1917, at Boston, (Arlington Branch) Mass.
P. O., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Acts of
October 3, 1917, authorized June 6, 1919

Volume 1.

ARLINGTON (Boston), MASS., APRIL, 1924

Number 3

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Editorials

When the plans of Student Government were put before us, it seemed to most of us that this organization was really in the control of the few, namely, those on the Student Council and Executive Committee.

But stop and think for a moment or two! Doesn't Student Government really depend on the co-operation and support of each and every individual? Isn't it only when we co-operate with our representatives in carrying out the laws of the constitution, that it becomes "a government of the students, by the students, and for the students?"

Since we have been allowed to assist in governing ourselves in the school we are part of, we must make a success of it, for, with such a responsibility, the greatest asset, with which we can carry on our work in the years to come, is imprinted on our character—Self Reliance.

Then, too, the eyes of all the schools of Greater Boston are on us. To fail in this undertaking would only lower our reputation, whereas, to succeed would show every one that we are not only *willing to*, and *do* keep our standard up, but that we can take up a new idea and *put it across*.

J. MacFARLANE, '25.

The spirit in which the Junior Class revived the CLARION and the remarkable degree of success with which they have accomplished their object are most commendable. We are proud of the Juniors for what they have done, but, of late, we have become a bit wearied of the repeated remarks of a few members of this class who, overestimating the importance of their act, are forever harping on their wonderful show of spirit and the consequent lack of

spirit shown by the Senior class, a most unworthy and unwarranted reaction from such a splendid achievement. The CLARION, in its two issues so far, has had the unstinted support of the Senior Class. Without this support, these issues would have been woefully slender. F. W. ANDRES, '24.

Have not we, the people of the United States, as much pride as other countries. We have the foremost country to live in and have everything to make us content and yet we do not respect our country to guard our flag. The day of the worst snow storm this year our flag was at full mast while it was snowing, sleeting, and raining. On another day the flag was up most of the morning at full mast—*upside down*.

If we do not take more care of our flag, there will be an order from the "American Legion" which will demand that we take proper care of our flag in front of the school.

PEMBROKE BROWN, '25.

When the reports of the highest honor group for the second marking period were read by Mr. Gammons, almost every one thought, "What about the Juniors?" Not one Junior name was read from the list. When the reports of the second honor group were read, only four Junior names were read and one of those was that of Dorothy Howse, who is taking two years in one, making her really a Senior. Very few Junior names were on the Honorable Mention List, either. We give to the Seniors and "Sophs" all the credit due them and we thank the Juniors who saved our class from a "white-wash," but shame on those Juniors who really should have their names among the

honored few. Just because some of them worked hard and revived the CLARION is no reason that we should rest on our laurels. So, make it a point, classmates, to have your names among those honored in this coming term and then in the final lap, come through with a burst of speed and take the top honors in your last race as Juniors.

J. MacFARLANE, '25.

TO THE SOPHOMORES

Sophomores! Where are your shining talents? In the first issue of the CLARION you had pages and pages of them. In the second they dwindled alarmingly. In this issue they seem to be almost invisible.

The Juniors have crowned themselves with glory by bringing back to life our CLARION. The Seniors have more than outshone themselves by giving their efforts toward making the CLARION the best. But the Sophomores! Are you losing your splendid reputation of being the most brilliant class mentally as well as physically? You are the hero-class in athletics—you started out to be the hero-class in literature. If you don't get busy and write, you'll lose your glory. Don't let the other classes pull you down from the heights of success where you have resided even since you entered this school.

Write for the CLARION!

H. STOKES, '25.

WHY NOT?

We believe that we are as good as any high school in Greater Boston, do

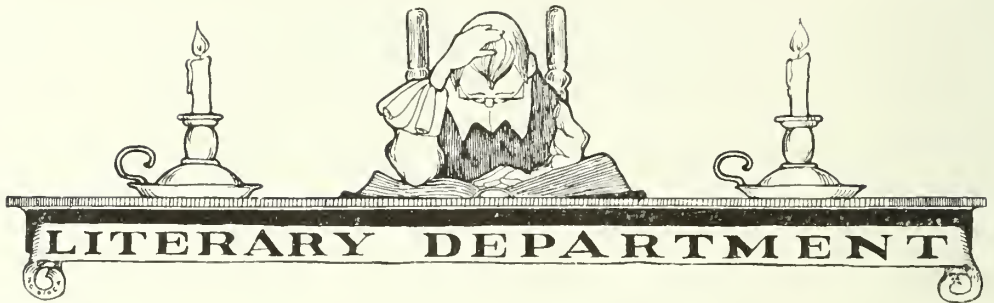
we not? Yes, of course, we believe this ourselves, but do any of our neighboring high schools hold us as a standard? If not, WHY NOT?

"It pays to advertise," say the modern adage, and very wisely. It applies, not only to business, but to high schools, and ours is one among them. High Schools advertise themselves by their extra-curriculum activities. All prominent high schools have a number of wide awake outside organizations. These activities determine the social standing of a high school even more than scholarship standards do, because they advertise it more widely.

How do we advertise our high school? By athletics, to be sure, but must we depend upon athletics alone to defend our standing, our School Honor? Are you, the majority, who are not engaged in extra-curriculum activities content to let your school spirit wane and sag until it finally disappears beneath the surge of selfishness and laziness? Do you not feel the weight of the responsibility that the school places upon your shoulders to uplift its honor, and its standing?

If you do—then WHY NOT organize debating clubs that will be capable of representing our high school against the best of Boston? WHY NOT organize a French Club, an English Club, a Science Club, an Art Club? WHY NOT support the Dramatic Club, the CLARION, and the Glee Club by your earnest assistance and membership? They need *you*, the School needs *you*, and *you*, for *yourself*, need these things in order to fully enjoy your school life.





THE DEATH KNELL

It was a freezing winter evening in the little village of Collens, but the air was still, making, over the countryside, an almost tangible silence.

The bell-tower stood outlined, sturdy, but beautiful against the fading sunset, when the old sexton hobbled across the snowy square. Slowly he approached the tower and unlocked the door; up the wooden staircase he toiled, and, lifting the trap at the top, emerged into the space open to the weather, where hung the bell.

The Bell was the sexton's special charge, and he loved it as a friend; for forty years he had had sole care of it, and no hand but his had tolled or chimed it during that time. The bell was beautiful in itself, graceful and mellow-toned, given by the founder of the little country chapel beside it. The tower was of stone, built with a strong foundation, and of sturdy Roman architecture. In the summer the glossy, green leaves of a clinging ivy transformed it into a thing of beauty.

The old man paused beside the bell, and gazed out of one of the apertures in the stone. Not far away twinkled the lights of a city, and he watched them intently. For years it had been his custom to visit the bell at sunset, even in extreme weather.

* * *

It was an hour later, and the sexton's wife was wondering what de-

tained her husband. Suddenly out into the crisp, cold winter air a clear sound rang. The village people listened and speculated, the bell was tolling very, very slowly. Breathlessly they counted the strokes, at the seventieth toll there was a silence. Who could be dead? A little group of villagers assembled around the tower, waiting for the old man to appear, but he did not come. Finally they entered, cautiously, and after fruitless calling, a man crept gingerly up the stairs. There was a flash of his lantern above, then a stifled cry. Pressing closer they heard an exclamation, and then the investigator, his face pale with horror, summoned them up.

On the floor, close by the bell, lay the sexton frozen stiff. On his upturned features was a peaceful smile, and his eyes were mercifully closed in death. The people stared aghast but that was not all. On the stone wall were letters, white against it, as if seared with fire, and the letters spelt this message.

"And the bell shall toll again; beware, it shall be a sign of death, and a warning to his descendants. And the number of strokes shall be as the years of his life."

With one accord the people dropped to their knees and crossed themselves, but the spell passed, for the cold numbed even the strongest man.

"But who tolled the bell?" asked some one, as they dispersed reverently.

Ah! there was the mystery; who, indeed, had tolled it? Moreover, it was discovered later that the tongue of the bell was rigid, and the beautiful mellow tones were evidently lost forever.

But the next generation grew up, and it became a mere legend—that a quarter of a century ago the mysterious death of a sexton had occurred in the tower, likewise words were seared into the wall, and the bell had become tongue-tied.

The sexton's son, now a prosperous farmer of fifty odd years, knew that the legend was true. He, too, revered the bell, and grieved when its beautiful tones no longer echoed through the valley. He remembered them well, for he had been thirty years old at the time of his father's death. But the bell tower was closed and deserted and the bell hung high on its lofty position, lonely and weather-beaten.

One still summer evening a strange thing happened. It was hot and most of the villagers were out enjoying the night air. A sound echoed down the valley, and the people recognized their lost bell. To the sexton's son, listening breathlessly to its wonderful accents, it seemed a fulfilment of all his dreams. But the bell was tolling! On and on, fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four—. Then the knells ceased, and the tongue of the bell was rigid as before, and the people were reminded of its meaning: "*—it shall be a sign of death, and the number of strokes shall be as the years of his life.*"

With awe, the people gathered, and talked it over. The sexton's son was fifty-four, doubtless this was a warning, but what could it mean? He was not yet dead.

But the prophecy was fulfilled that very night. No, whit afraid, but rather, comforted by the sound of the lost bell, the sexton's son passed away

in sleep. He was deeply mourned, for he had been the best of men, generous, kind-hearted, and pious.

His married son, with a little boy, would be next, thought the people. In terror they waited, knowing what his fate must surely be, for he was a sailor. They tried to persuade him to remain at home but he, being made of the stuff of his forefathers, demurred.

"Dear friends," he said, "since the bell must toll for me, why should I try to elude my fate? Death must come, sometime. I go when it is God's will."

One voyage he made, and returned. But when he went away again, handsome and blithe, his young wife parted from him with tear-dimmed eyes, for she knew that this was the end.

And again the bell tolled. Scarcely two months after his departure came the warning. With mournful clangor the bell pealed forth its strokes; twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two. Then the sad news, all on board lost, the wreck washed into shore. And the young wife hated the bell, as did her son, John Sandors.

Another half century passed. The bell still remained fixed in its position, and the foundations of the tower did not weaken.

John Sandors was half forgotten by the village people. Rumors reached his birthplace to the effect that he was a rich and prosperous man, but nothing was known. At last, one day the village had exciting news, John Sandors was coming home. Tired with a lifetime's work, unhappy in spite of his wealth, depressed, and disgusted with life in general, John Sandors was indeed coming home. But those who saw him were disappointed: with cold glances he repelled them, not deigning to recognize a single old friend or schoolmate.

An elderly cousin was keeping house

for him. Even in this peaceful spot he was not at ease, but whatever his emotions, they were all hidden beneath an inscrutable mask. His hate for the bell, newly awakened at sight of it, had now changed to disdain, and he liked nothing better than to ridicule it. An invisible hand tolling it as a sign of his death—bah!—nonsense! But, nevertheless, such thoughts made him uncomfortable, even as thoughts of death, for he had not led a good life.

One night he sat in his living room, holding in his hand a letter; leeringly he read it through.

"John Sanders:—I do not deign to call you sir, nor stoop to call you dog. You may be pleased to know that because you lied to me, and took my money, therefore depriving my wife of the operation necessary to preserve her life, she died—too late for help, in awful agony. I will say no more. But you will be punished! 'Vengeance is mine' saith the Lord, 'I will repay.'"

With a shout of laughter Sanders dropped the note and went out onto his porch in the evening air. Across the road the bell tower stood, plainly silhouetted against the rising moon. With another burst of laughter, Sanders pointed a derisive finger at the old bell.

"Look!" he shouted scornfully, "Ho-ho, as if an old legend, cooked up by a town of fools could scare me! Look at it, behold it, the wonderful, marvelous—" but the words died on his lips. The bell was moving, actually swinging back and forth, while the solemn peals echoed over the country-side.

He staggered forward, white and shaking, his hands clutching at his throat. To his terrified senses the bell, in spite of its solemnity, had a triumphant peal. Death! Death! He shuddered, as if smitten with ague. In all his fifty-nine years, had he ever

done one good deed, or gone out of his way for anyone? His rapidly blurring brain succumbed to blind terror as he listened to the dreaded death knell. Indeed, vengeance was fast overtaking him. What after death? At this horrible thought he went into a convulsion, and with frightfully distorted features, his eyes starting from his head, he clutched the ground, and tore his hair, with screams and shrieks of terror. Fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven—. And at that knell he lay, huddled in a miserable heap, his soul fled. Fifty-eight, fifty-nine—.

Then, the last of the descendants dead, the bell, with a last wild clang of utter triumph, wrenched itself from its socket, and plunged straight down, hundreds of feet into the earth, never again to be seen or retrieved by mortal man.

THE VISIT TO BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

Three exultant and somewhat jubilant pupils followed the beaten path to the car stop on Thursday morning, March sixth. Although Mr. Gammons accompanied them in a very happy mood, he did not bear the same triumph that overwhelms a student upon putting it over the other fellow. A day off—pretty soft!

These lucky ones were the members of the Investigation Committee of the Law and Order Committee appointed to help solve its many perplexing problems. They were: Prentice Bradley, Senior representative; Marjorie Manning, Junior representative; and William Riley, Sophomore representative. The Committee was delegated to study the Student Government as established in the Brookline High School.

Arriving only a few minutes before recess, we received a very cordial welcome from Mr. Akers, the principal,

who seemed pleased to have an opportunity to exhibit the working of the Student Government to outsiders. In his office, he and Mr. Gammons openly discussed the situations arising from student participation, which is a great success at Brookline. No one could be more in favor of such a proposition than Mr. Akers.

While we were engaged in this discussion, the recess bell rang. Following the advice of Mr. Akers, we went to the door to observe the manner of passing. The Marshals were at their posts to direct the filing and see that no congestion or disorder occurred. The students were allowed to pass two abreast and talk freely; however, very unlike us, they did not loiter, but passed in a business-like manner. The fewer the rules, the fewer to violate is the system at Brookline, and the freedom enjoyed there, is respected by everyone.

Knowing that we wished to see everything of interest, Mr. Akers took us through the buildings, pointing out and explaining to us many things.

Brookline High School is composed of two main buildings, the old and new, but they are so well and uniquely joined as to seem like one. The Gymnasium and Manual Training departments occupy separate buildings, forming quite an imposing group, and the park in front, where the Class Day Exercises are held, makes an attractive Campus.

The new building was built with the prospect of further expansion in mind, therefore to add a new section would be a comparatively simple matter. One wing of this building is given over entirely to the auditorium, with the lunchroom directly beneath it. There are a great many tables in the lunchroom, which are most convenient. Marshals keep the immense room in order, and keep the counter lines moving in

a systematic manner. Like the lunchroom, the auditorium embodies every modern accomplishment. The lighting, seating arrangements, stage and its scenic effects for performances of all kinds, and balcony, are probably without parallel in any High school of New England. The hall, alone, seats thirteen hundred, while the stage is the third largest in any building in Boston. There were countless other things of interest that impressed us, but their full effect can only be gained by a visit to the school.

Upon returning to the office, we found the Captain of the Marshals waiting to explain to us the Student Government of Brookline High School. His talk was very interesting, and much of it deserves our later careful consideration. Student Government has been an organization at Brookline for the past six or seven years, and so its present achievements rise from a firm foundation and many years' experience. Their Student Government is modeled after the government of the United States with its Executive, Judicial, and Legislative departments; Brookline, likewise, has its Marshals, Court of Justice, and Teacher-Student Council.

The Marshals are students of the High School, elected by the classes. There are five Freshman, ten Sophomore, fifteen Junior, and twenty Senior Marshals who, with the Captain of the Marshals elected from the Junior group of the preceding year, make a total of fifty-one. As we have seen before, their duty is to enforce the traffic and lunchroom regulations. When a Marshal sees a student committing an offense, he orders the student to report to the Captain of the Marshals within twenty-four hours. The Captain will then tell the student where he made his mistake; or if the case is serious, he will bring it before the Teacher-Student

Council, which refers the matter to the Court of Justice.

The Court of Justice consists of nine pupils and one faculty advisor. A Chief Justice is elected by a popular vote of the entire school, from a list of candidates nominated by the Teacher-Student Council. The four Class Presidents automatically become members of the Court, while the remaining four are Marshals, each Class group electing a member. The Court of Justice punishes all serious cases of Student misbehavior. The approval of the principal is necessary before the punishment or suspension from school can be passed, otherwise all punishments are entirely in the power of the Court. The Captain of the Marshals automatically becomes the prosecuting attorney, while the defendant has an attorney, appointed by the Chief Justice. Both attorneys are given the stand, then they and the defendant are dismissed; whereupon the Court decides the punishment for the case.

The Teacher-Student Council is the Legislative body of their Student Government, all regulations and by-laws being made by it. It is composed of nine teachers and nine students. Eight of the teachers are elected by the faculty, while the ninth is the Athletic Coach. The student membership is the same as in the Court of Justice, except the Chief Justice, who is replaced by the Captain of the Marshals. The Council meets regularly once a month, at which time any complaint or suggestion is brought before the Council. Because both the faculty and student body are represented in the Council, the closest co-operation results—to the good of the students and the School.

Our trip was at an end. We had seen and studied all that the school had to offer. Our impressions were vivid, and in pondering them the desire to improve and perfect our own

high school, kindled in the spirit of everyone of us. Brookline is a big city and the advantages there are innumerable. They were ten years nearer to modern perfection than we when they built the new building. Nevertheless, should a committee from some other high school visit us, they would find many things of interest, and recognize our superiority over them in a great many particulars. Our building is one, of which we may be justly proud; far above the average in towns the size of Arlington. But—it was not the building that we desired to improve—it was your attitude and spirit. Student Government at Brookline was put through by the students; so was it here. They *support* what they voted for. They *help*, rather than hinder and cause trouble for the Marshals and members of the Council. That same spirit should prevail here. Honor your school by respecting the Council that you yourself elected, by obeying the Constitution that you yourself adopted and by following this advice of Kipling:

It's not the individual,

Nor the army as a whole;

But the everlasting teamwork

Of every bloomin' soul.

PRENTICE BRADLEY, '24.

THE LEAP YEAR LASSIE

The leap year lassie leaps along,

She seeks unlucky prey;

So watch your step and take your time

Lest you get in her way!

She may be blond, perhaps brunette,

With eyes of blue or brown;

It matters not what type she is,

She'll try to track you down.

She spreads her net o'er young and old,

And works toward visioned goal;

The man who falls within her snare,

Is one whom we'll console.

C. A. HIGGINS, '25.

THE PROFESSION OF TEACHING

Today the world is observing the birthday of one of the greatest teachers of all times, a man who is called by many America's greatest educator and her "foremost citizen." Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, is ninety years old today and for over sixty years he has been active as a teacher and an educator. His record is a great honor to the profession.

While all who take up teaching for a life work cannot expect to reach the heights to which he has climbed, every teacher can profit much from his example. His life is an inspiration to those who are now in the profession and to all young people who may become interested in it.

It is because I hope that more worthy young men and young women in our school may become interested in the teaching profession that I have decided to write about the occupation of the teacher. After I was graduated from High School, I had to decide what work I was going to do, just as boys and girls today have to decide that same important and difficult question. To a certain extent I came to my decision to become a teacher because of the things which I believed then and believe now to be true of this kind of work. Let me briefly state them.

The importance of the teacher's work is very great. Next to the parents, teachers have the greatest opportunity to influence the lives of pupils. They are real leaders and they must be clear thinkers and enthusiastic workers.

Teaching is a man's size job. To be sure the women teachers greatly outnumber the men teachers at present because of certain social and economic reasons. But I believe that the time will come when there will be many

more men teachers. People sometimes make the mistake of thinking that the teacher's day is one of five and a half or six hours. Practically a good teacher spends much more time than this on his work. He must correct papers, plan work for the next day, become acquainted with current events and with new ideas being advanced in the profession. He must give much of his time to co-operate with many outside activities that are closely allied to the school work such as thrift, Red Cross, Christmas seals, etc.

To one who measures success by material things only the teaching profession seems to present few and small advantages. However the salaries of teachers have generally been increased during the last few years and they will undoubtedly be increased still more. Because of the long summer vacation, teachers have an opportunity to earn additional money. I know of many teachers who spend a large part if not all of their summer vacation in doing work which pays them well. But there are other advantages in being a teacher. The social standing of the teacher is good. There is much satisfaction in knowing that one is looked upon as a worthy member of society by one's fellow-men. And I think the greatest satisfaction comes to the teacher who knows that he is doing a real service to mankind. Of course the conscientious worker in any profession or industry may get this same satisfaction but I believe that there is no joy equal to that which comes from the association with boys and girls, helping them to solve their problems and trying to guide them in their progress. The greatest rewards that have come to me in my work have been the sincere expressions of appreciation of my interest and help by boys and girls

who have been under my supervision and the genuine feeling of friendship which they have shown toward me.

It is only fair that I should mention some of the disadvantages of teaching. I have already indicated that the salaries are not large as compared with those in some other professions and in business. Also the work is very wearing upon the nerves. As in other professions a long time of preparation is necessary before taking up the work. The public, as a rule, does not fully appreciate teachers which makes it more difficult for them to do their best work and to enjoy it as much as possible. However, I firmly believe that the advantages greatly outweigh the disadvantages.

If a person contemplates becoming a teacher, he should ask himself certain questions. Not everyone is qualified to do this kind of work. As a writer says "Laying the foundation stones of learning and character is a responsibility not to be taken lightly." Have you a strong and pleasing personality? Have you the power of leadership? Have you a sense of refinement? Can you adapt yourself to the child in school and to the world outside? Can you impart knowledge which you have assimilated? Have you a strong constitution and good health? Have you plenty of courage? Do you like children? If you can answer most of these questions in the affirmative, you will be justified in taking up teaching as a profession. Once you have become a teacher, it rests with you whether you will get into a rut or will continue to grow better and more useful.

HERMAN GAMMONS.

The boys are rehearsing for a concert to be given in the Senior High School Hall soon. It bids fair to be a great success.

Club Notes

ART DEPARTMENT NOTES

The Thrift Poster contest was judged as follows: First Prize, ten dollars, to Mabel Tenney; Second Prize, five dollars, Mary Schrode; Honorable Mention to Hilda Frost, Lena Asarkof, C. A. Higgins, Wilfred Harrison, and William Curtis.

After the judging, the posters were taken to the bank for exhibition and there the people of Arlington judged them again. Many thought the posters in the High School class the work of professionals. Much of the credit must go to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Hannah for their untiring efforts.

The Art Department is grateful to Mr. Wilson D. Clark, Jr., Treasurer of the bank, for his co-operation.

The Safety First Poster contest is on. Watch your step!

A group of Normal Art School Seniors visited Room 30 recently.

MANDOLIN CLUB

Some time ago the Mandolin Club played before the pupils of the Senior High School. The club was organized in October, 1923, and some of the players knew nothing of the mandolin. They played very well and great credit is due to Miss McDermott, the director of the club. We are expectantly waiting for the Mandolin Club to play again as we certainly enjoyed hearing it the first time. It is going to play at the Teachers' Entertainment Wednesday, March 26th, at the Town Hall.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

On Monday, March 3, the boys elected the following officers for 1924: Brainerd F. Hughes, '24, president; John W. Devine, '24, vice-president; Kenneth K. Cull, '25, secretary; Walter A. Olsen, '24, librarian.

Exchanges

*O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!*

—ROBERT BURNS.

We have seen with thankful hearts, the increase in our exchange list; we are very glad of this for we realize the value of keeping in touch with other schools through their papers, also because of the helpful comments we receive. Although we are not able to comment on all exchanges in each issue, the "CLARION" is none the less grateful to all who have sent magazines.

Sassamon, Natick, Mass. Yours is a very good paper but why not start an exchange column and make it even better?

Shurtleff Sharings, Chelsea, Mass. Your paper is very "different" and we are very much interested in watching its progress.

The Clarion, West Roxbury, Mass. We are very glad to exchange with another "Clarion," and especially one such as yours is. We certainly hope that you find our "CLARION" as enjoyable as we find yours.

The Clark Monthly, Clark University. A magazine with an enviable literary department.

The Cambridge Review, Cambridge, Mass. You deserve congratulations on your fine "all-around" paper and especially on your literary and exchange departments.

The Argus, Gardner, Mass. You have one of the finest school papers it has been our privilege to read, and we congratulate you on the fact that you print it yourselves.

The Chimes, Scituate, Mass. Exceptionally good for the first issue, but why not have class notes in their own department?

The Echo, Norwalk High School, Norwalk, Mass. We like your class notes and jingles. A good paper.

Oak Leaves, Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Maine. An excellent literary department in an interesting paper.

The Palmer, Palmer, Mass. You have some well written articles and stories and your class notes are fine.

The Authentic, Stoneham High School. Your "Junior Roll Call" is very amusingly explicit, and you have some clever poets.

The Broadcast, Jamaica Plain High School. Where are your jokes and class notes? Yours is a very newsy paper.

The Voice, Concord, Mass. Your jokes are few in number, your athletic reports unusually good.

The Register, Burlington High School. Good material in all departments.

The Philomath, Framington High School. Your exchange department is an excellent part of your interesting magazine.

The Mirror, Dedham, Mass. Your "Around the School" and your class notes are your strong points.

The Par-Sem Year Book, Parsonfield Seminary. Very fine cuts which add greatly to the value of *Par-Sem*.

M. H. S. Review, Medford, Mass. Very good cuts, interesting literary department, and marvelous class notes.

And this from Stoneham High School:

"CLARION"—We are pleased in being able to welcome back the Arlington "CLARION" and we wish the Juniors the best of luck in doing "What Seniors long have done." We think the "CLARION" deserves mention for its literary department. Every form and style of literary writing is well represented and a pleasing variety results.



THE TRIP TO LACONIA

On February the twenty-first, the following members of the hockey squad under the direction of Coach Duffey and Faculty Manager Robinson, left on the two o'clock train for the annual winter carnival held at Laconia, New Hampshire. Hutchinson, Nazro, Scanlan, Gowans, Hadley, Goodwin, Captain Buckley and Manager Settele made the trip. Brookline, who was to be Arlington's opponent at the carnival, left on the same train. Most of the journey was spent playing games.

At Laconia the team was met by the carnival committee who escorted them to a hotel. After a hearty meal the boys set out to explore the town before they attended a basketball game between Laconia and Manchester High Schools.

By eight o'clock the Arlington boys were seated together to form a cheering section. When the Laconia team appeared on the floor, they received a cheer from the Arlington section they will never forget. This cheering was continued until the game was over, which was won by Manchester despite the cheers for Laconia by the Arlington boys. The boys then returned to the hotel where they had a real good sleep before taking on Brookline the next P. M.

The next morning a scare was thrown in the squad. When Duffey went to

call Hutchinson he could not find him in his room. After looking for ten minutes, he found him sleeping in a room upstairs. It seems that Charlie walks in his sleep.

After enjoying a hearty breakfast the boys went down to the rink and watched the skating events run off. When the time came for the fancy skating contest, the boys did their utmost to get Hutchinson to enter the contest, but to no avail.

At noon the players returned to the hotel and had a light lunch and then rested until two-thirty when they were taken in automobiles to the rink where they were to oppose Brookline.

The result of the game you all probably know by now, but nevertheless Brookline won 6 to 0. It must not be forgotten that our boys put up a great fight from the start, but the wealthy towners were in too good condition for them. Arlington should feel proud of her team whose reputation was of the highest character. Fully five thousand people saw the game; among these there were many people from Arlington. For our team Nazro, Buckley, Goodwin and Scanlan starred, while Murray and Hall excelled for Brookline.

That night the boys were invited to a dance and of course all of them accepted the invitation.

On Saturday morning the team op-

posed the Lake Winnepisaukee Ski Club and certainly covered themselves with glory. They won the game 6 to 1. Arlington showed her superiority over her opponents in stick handling and all around skating. For Arlington Nazro, Scanlan and Captain Buckley starred while for the Ski Club Martin and Rockre starred.

After the game the boys enjoyed themselves on a wonderful toboggan slide that was built specially for the carnival.

At twelve o'clock the team had lunch and immediately left for the station to catch the one o'clock train for Boston. They were given a mighty send-off by the citizens of the town.

The train arrived in Boston at five o'clock and immediately the boys set out to complete the last leg of what was the greatest time anyone of them ever had.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Although the Wellesley High School team has annexed the title this season, the Red and Gray girls have won second place by defeating the Melrose High School team Tuesday, March 18. Fiona Braithwaite as left forward was the leading scorer, making twenty-seven points; while Captain Mary Mahoney and Wilma Corcoran scored the other ten points. The final score was Arlington 37, Melrose 18.

On March 19 Arlington played Winchester here.

The two outstanding players were Mary Mahoney and Fiona Braithwaite. At the end of the first half Winchester was ahead 7 to 6, but by fast playing and good team work Arlington scored fourteen goals to Winchester's two in the last half. Since it was the last game of the season the girls succeeded in making it the best.

ICE HOCKEY

Our boys played the last game of the season in the Boston Arena, with the Brookline High School sextet as their opponents. Brookline won 5 to 0, thereby avenging themselves of the previous defeat at the hands of the Arlington High School earlier in the season. As a whole our boys had a fairly successful season, but, however they would have had a better season had the weather conditions been more favorable.

At a meeting of the letter men on Tuesday afternoon, March 18, Frank F. Nazro, '25, was elected captain of the 1925 team.

TRACK

On Saturday, March 1, the relay team entered the B. A. A. Schoolboy Meet. Our boys showed excellent form after practicing on the Tufts College board track nearly all winter. Their opponents for the meet were the strong Melrose and Quincy High School teams. The Melrose team was expected to win. But the Arlington boys pulled a surprise by defeating both of the crack outfits, and also making the fastest time, 2 minutes and 8.25 seconds, for the two lap relays at the meet. For this victory the team, Captain Andres, '24; Prentice Bradley, '24; Al. Masters, '25; and Don Jones, '25 were presented with miniature gold track shoes, by the B. A. A. management.

Coach McCarthy expects to issue a call for more candidates as soon as the Spy Pond Track is in condition.

BASEBALL

Coach Henricus called a meeting of the battery candidates on March 5. Twenty boys responded. The veterans who are available are Frank H. Kuhn, and John R. Buckley, '25, pitchers. Dan Scanlan, '25, and Jim Riley, '24,

catchers; Fred Ryer, '25, shortstop, George Cronin, '24, was appointed manager of the team and is busily engaged in completing his schedule. Several trips are anticipated. The call for candidates for the other positions on the team will be issued as soon as the Spy Pond diamond is in condition.

A. H. S. A. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

At the beginning of the school year a new Athletic Association was formed. Everyone in the school who pays his dues is a member of the Association. But a new feature was added, that is an Executive Committee was formed. The members of this committee were elected from each home room by a popular vote. The officers of the Association were elected from the student body in the same way.

The following are the officers and members of the Executive Committee for 1923-1924. Daniel Scanlon, '25, President; Brainerd Hughes, '24, Vice-President; Alton Marsters, '25, Secretary; Mr. Stickney, Treasurer; Mr. Gammons, Auditor; Mr. Robinson, Faculty Manager of Athletics; Mr. Henricus, Director of Physical Education.

Members: Helen Lane, '26; Margaret Fernald, '26; Griffith Roberts, '26; J. Frances Keefe, '26; George Winn, '26; Philip Pierce, '26; Albert Brooks, '26; Joseph Downey, '26; Philip French, '25; Daniel Hooley, '25; Fred W. Andres, '24; Parker Rice, '24; Arthur Lane, '24.

This committee controls the Athletics in the school, appoints managers

and their assistants, and approves the election of captains of the various athletic teams. The members are elected annually. At the beginning of the year a constitution was drawn up by Dan Scanlon, Dan Hooley and Arthur Lane. It met with approval upon its presentation before the other members.

TENNIS

This year a tennis team was not selected from our school, though we have one public court and several private courts in this town. There is no reason why we couldn't have a team this year. We have many good players that were had on the team last year and also some new ones in the Sophomore class.

In Boston there is a special coach just to teach tennis to those who are interested in that sport in the Boston public schools. In all the towns of any importance there are tennis teams. Why shouldn't we continue ours this year? Mr. Gammons, in the closing assembly of last year, promised the team that they should receive something in recognition of their work of the past season.

The team last year consisted of Pembroke Brown, Philip French, captain, Edwin Lorensen, George Evans and Fred Allen, manager.

Some of the teams they played were: Belmont, Haverhill, Melrose, and Cambridge Latin. All these games were played at home. The teams that were played out of town were Melrose, Lexington, Winchester and Gardner. The team won half of these matches, which is a good record for a first year team.

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CLASS NOTES

Now that the Senior Class is not going to have a Year Book, we must all get together, and, since the CLARION has been offered to the Seniors for the last number, make that as near a Year Book as possible. If every Senior will co-operate, we can put out a fine number of the last CLARION, and it will help to take the place of a book. There will be room for many of the things that were to be in the Year Book, so, everyone help and support the CLARION. PARKER RICE, '24.

"Perhaps the Juniors will propose to the Seniors better spirit toward the new CLARION."

Possibly it would be a good idea if the brilliant person who dedicated the above statement to the Class of '24 would read the CLARION before making such a radical statement. Perhaps I am wrong, but if I were an underclassman, I should consider it an inappropriate remark when the Senior Class contributed fifteen and one-half columns to the last issue in comparison to the other two and a half, contributed by the Juniors.

Admitting that we as Seniors were sceptical as to the Juniors' ability to put the CLARION "over," yet we are now completely assured and are willing to take the forthcoming "razzberries" from '25, yet even these have their limits and the continuance of this attitude can mean only to wish to antagonize us. We are not willing to take abuse we do not merit. Isn't this only natural?

JOHN DEVINE, '24.

Mothers' Helpers Always Needed

We heard that Paul Winters passed in a book on "The Care and Feeding of Infants." He says that it isn't his, but it was found in his desk. And the bulletin announces positions frequently.

Nothing like being prepared Paul.

Perhaps some of the A. H. S. students have heard Alice White of the class of '20 singing at Station WNAC.

To be writing once more for the CLARION and to be having a terrible time trying to think what to say harks me back to the good old days with a

vengeance. I seem to have lost that snappy, facile wit which always characterized the "Public Opinion" page in the last year of its career, and therefore will have to say in unadorned phrases how strongly I approve of the Clarion's revival and how much I enjoyed the first copy of this new issue. Naturally, it was a disappointment to all of us who worked on the CLARION to see it discontinued, and I think the alumni more than any others appreciate its reappearance. It keeps us in touch with what's what at school and besides, with what our own classmates are doing.

Grudgingly, I must admit that you have made a start equal to our former priceless gems of humor and literature and if your enthusiasm continues, as I'm sure it will, I am afraid you will outstrip us far in quality. You'll find yourselves working pretty hard, but I think you'll make up your minds, as we did, that the results are worth your trouble.

VIRGINIA WELLINGTON, '22.

STATION A. H. S., ARLINGTON
MASS.

7.00 A. M. General Alarm.

8.15-8.30. Jokes and Comedies—Miss Watts (Excuses for tardiness).

8.45-9.15. How it feels to hold a high position in the world — Dinty Moore.

9.15-9.45. How to make a mixture which resembles the odor of rotten eggs — Mr. Fowler.

10-10.10. "Don't Forget to Remember"—sung by faculty.

10.15. Why the Moon is made of green cheese—Debate by Miss Treat's Second Period English Class.

10.30. Weather reports—Helen Hastings.

10.45. Setting-up exercises — Mr. Henricus.

11.25. Daily dance and scuffle of lunch check sellers.

11.30. Market Prices at lunch counter.

11.35. A. H. S. Luncheon Dance—Arlington Colonial Orchestra.

12.45. Daily news — Bulletin; F. Nazro.

1.15 P. M. That's Plenty — Whole school.

1.18 P. M. "I'll be here when you're gone"—Bill Benjamin.

1.30 P. M. Junior class meeting—A. Marsters, assisted by all present.

7.30 P. M. Bedtime Story — Brainy Hughes.

8.00 P. M. Answers, trans, etc., to all homelessons. Given by the teachers for the benefit of the boys' basketball team.

9.30 P. M. Police Reports—Law and Order Committee.

10.00 P. M. "The End of a Perfect Day"?—Ensemble.

Get in Line!

Now we wonder what girl (s) is going to ask Brainy Hughes to the Senior Dance.

Miss Butterworth: "This answer is quite different from yours, Benjamin."

B —: "Well mine would have been right, if I hadn't made a mistake."

Miss Jewett: "When was the horse domesticated?"

N. Julin: "When Noah sailed his ark."

Notice

Students wishing to use the Dark Room of the Chemical Laboratory, apply to Mr. Fowler!!!!???

If every year brings as many changes and improvements to A. H. S. as this one has, what a perfect school we shall soon have!

I'm sitting in the study room,
 Fifteen to be exact.
 For something for the CLARION
 My brain is being racked.
 I've only fifteen minutes more
 Until the bell shall ring,
 And Oh! what am I going to do—
 I can't think of a thing.
 I look around, and those I see
 On each and every side
 Are studying so carefully—
 Until a note is spied.
 A snicker here—a giggle there—
 The atmosphere is changed
 From one of industry and work
 To one of raising Cain.
 The teacher taps her desk until
 The order is restored.
 The pupils slouch down in their chairs,
 And once again look bored.
 The bell is now about to ring—
 The pupils lose no time
 In gathering up their books, and then
 Await the merry chime.
 And as I now to gym must go
 This poem will have to close.
 But ere I stop I'll add one line—
 Next time I'll stick to prose.

ESTHER ALDEN.

A STORY OF YORK, ET CETERA

It was June and as I walked lightly
 on the Hardy flowers which were
 strewn on my path, my attention was
 directed to a flock of Robins on the
 tree tops. Fields covered with crops
 of Rice and Berries caused me to pause
 and cast my gaze upon them. The
 Lanes and Dales seemed to redound
 with the very spirit of springtime.

Although confronted by Brooks, For-
 ests, Marshes, Moores, and even Barnes,
 I continued slowly to wend my way
 towards my destination. With the De-
 vine help and with the Grace of the
 Great Dots I overcame the Hagh (es)
 obstacles and when I return to my
 home, I shall explain more explicitly

to you about the grandeur of the Small,
 but entrancing, town of York which
 appeared to me as being a sure-fire
 Winner. Pshaw! you may say to my
 ejaculations, but my Story is true and
 my good friend Walsh, the village
 black-Smith, will verify it.

EDWARD O'CONNOR.

A PLEA FOR LOCKERS IN THE GYM

Give us but lockers in the gym
 And we'll not ask for more;
 Just give us those to keep our clothes
 From lying on the floor.

The showers we crave, the tank we'd
 like,
 We'll ask for ne'er again;
 But give us lockers in the gym
 And we'll be happy then.

Give us but lockers in the gym,
 And we'll try not to mind;
 Because altho we've searched and
 searched,
 Our bloomers we can't find.

Our girls work hard in basketball,
 Our team is sure to win;
 And surely we deserve to have
 Some lockers in the gym.

DOROTHY BLEVINS.

Mrs. Graf asking Connors a ques-
 tion receives a chorus of replies.

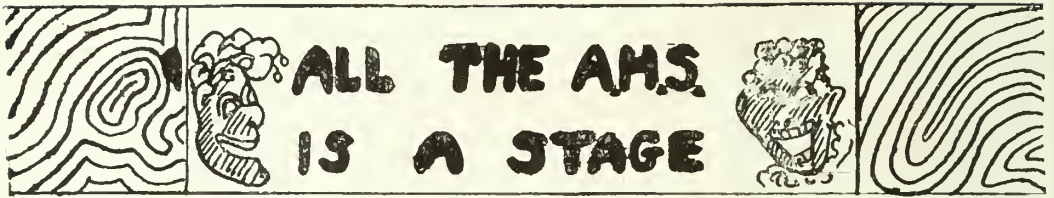
Mrs. Graf: "How many Connors are
 there in this room?"

Bright Class: "Four!"

Miss Wakefield: "What is a cam-
 paign?"

O'Neil: "Some kind of drink."

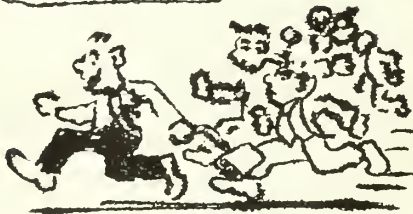
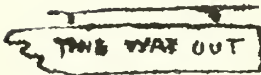
Seen in a Cambridge Shoe Store
 Men's Shoes \$1.98, \$1.88, \$1.65, \$1.50.
 At this price they won't last long.



AS YOU ENTER THE STAGE NOTICE THE SCENERY AT THE LEFT.



TICKETS ARE BOUGHT AT 11:30 FOR THE FEED ACT.



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AND
OTHER JUVENILE
PARTS



Teacher (discussing rising action in a play): "Suddenly there is a scuffling sound and the door bangs open (enter the villian in the third act)"—Frank Nazro walks in with the bulletin.

Winchenbaugh: "Miss Butterworth, what is the meaning of spasmodical?"

Miss B—: "It's the way you do your algebra homelessons."

The most popular girl in school this year is Lorna Doone. About every one has taken her out.

The Social Welfare Committee may be in charge of recess but, like Napoleon, Mr. Stickney still clings to the power which he worked so hard to attain.

Photographer's Notice

Parents!!! Your children enlarged and framed! Only \$5.00 a dozen!!!

We wonder if Swadkins drinks condensed milk!

If he does, we wonder what Dinty Moore drinks.

Walk on your heels and save your souls.

Solitary Confinement

M. O'Brien: (translating French).

"Au sortir du college il entra dans un bureau ou il passa trois ans."

"On leaving college he went into his bureau where he remained for three years."

Mr. Fowler after explaining an equation on the chemistry lesson asked if there were any questions.

One student professed ignorance.

Mr. Fowler taking a piece of chalk in his hand approached the board and said, "Now watch me, and I'll go through it."

Miss Shedd: "Let's run right around the class with these sentences."

Miss C—: "When you get to me, skip."

Perkins believes in Safety First. He comes in five minutes late after a fire drill.

WHY?

Do P. G.'s come at all?

Do the underclassmen think that the last part of the Seniors to leave the assembly hall are less important than the first?

Doesn't the school supply mirrors on the underside of the desk covers for the girls?

Teacher: "The cow was grazing in the meadow by the brook — what mood?"

Student: "The cow."

In looking over the list of students this is what I found:

We have Beans but no carrots.

A Brown but no black.

A Lane but no road.

A Winter but no summer.

Snow but no rain.

A Winner but no medal.

A Moon but no stars.

A Pitcher but no bowl.

A Dale but no valley.

French but no English.

The CLARION is a great invention,
The school receives all the fame;
The printer he takes all the money,
And the staff takes all the blame.

Benjamin: "Whew! I just took a quiz."

Brackett: "Finish?"

Benjamin: "No, Spanish."

Quite So

"Fools ask questions no wise man can answer."

"Sure, that's why we all flunk."

Center Junior High School Notes

Division III. A had a social Friday afternoon, March 21. A short entertainment, followed by games, was enjoyed by all. Dainty refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews and most of the teachers were the guests of the afternoon. The credit for the success of the afternoon belongs to Miss Cunningham, faculty social adviser, who was presented with a bouquet of sweet peas by the class, in appreciation of her efforts.

The Center Junior High Girls' Basketball team was defeated by the High School Sophomore team on Wednesday, March 19, by a score of 26 to 13.

A Junior Dramatic Club has been organized at the Center Junior High School under the supervision of Miss Keene. The purpose of the club is to create school spirit and good fellowship.

The officers are:

President, Dorothy Hilliard; Vice-President, Lawrence Winchester; Secretary, Lois Matthews; Treasurer, Elizabeth Bradbury.

Three plays are now being rehearsed by the different groups of the club.

On March 3, a "Young People's Concert," by the Symphony Orchestra, was given at Symphony Hall. Miss Schaedel procured tickets and 105 children attended. The concert was enjoyed by all.

The third year Dramatic Club is preparing two plays under the direction of Miss Cunningham. One is to be presented at a coming assembly, and the other on Parents' Night.

Teacher: "Give principal parts of *sink*, James."

James: "Sink, sank, sunk."

ATHLETIC REPORT CENTER JUNIOR HIGH

Center Basketball Team finished their season with a record of five victories and two defeats. This team will remain almost intact for next season when they will give a good account of themselves, we are sure.

Scores:

Arlington Center 8; Western of Somerville 7.

Arlington Center 26, Western of Somerville 16.

Arlington Center 16, Watertown Junior High 32.

Arlington Center 18, Western of Arlington 11.

Arlington Center 27, Southern of Somerville 16.

Arlington Center 23, Southern of Somerville 24.

Arlington Center 28, Western of Arlington 12.

At the last meeting of the club a baseball captain and manager were elected: Albert Baker, Manager; Fred McArthur, Captain. The captain has fine material to pick from, such as Wallace, Ahern, Guarente, Olander, Anderson, Baker, Murphy, Welch, Clapp and Baird. The team will have to play twilight baseball because nearly all of the players will be out for the school team in the afternoon. The first and the second battery worked well at the try-out; Baker and Fred McArthur, Pitching, while Ahern and Anderson were on the receiving end.

Teacher: "What do the green leaves of a dandelion remind you of, Emily?"

Emily: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Don't they remind you of lion's teeth?"

Emily: "I was never as close as that to a lion."

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Senior Class 1924 Abington High School

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Arlington High School Clarion

75 CENTS PER YEAR

Published during the school year by The Students of The Arlington High School

Entered as Second-Class Matter November 9, 1917, at Boston, (Arlington Branch) Mass.
P. O., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Acts of
October 3, 1917, authorized June 6, 1919

Volume I.

ARLINGTON (Boston), MASS., JUNE, 1924

Number 4

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Dedication to Our Class Adviser



"To Mrs. Martha S. Moffatt, our beloved class adviser, this issue of the CLARION is affectionately dedicated." Many times has the above inscription appeared in the commencement number of the school paper, and yet we are obliged to write it once more. We do so, not because we lack originality, but simply because those words express better than any others our devotion to her. We shall say this, however, that in no previous case have they been more earnestly realized.

Since she is too modest to pose for a picture, we shall have to be satisfied in simply dedicating the CLARION to her. Mrs. Moffatt has always been ready to help the Seniors in any way whatsoever, giving her advice freely and in such a manner that it could not be misinterpreted. Oh, how we seniors shall miss her! Though we may travel in separate paths, there is not one who will not have a big place in her heart for her. Mrs. Moffatt, the class of nineteen twenty-four adores you.

Editorials

We of the Senior CLARION Board wish to extend our thanks in no moderate measure for the co-operation of the Junior and Sophomore classes in striving to make the commencement number of the school paper a complete success. Especially are we indebted to several juniors, namely Claude Higgins and Joseph MacFarlane who gave their services ungrudgingly, answering our many interrogations and supplying useful information.

We know that the entire student body has backed us in the *nth* degree in this project, for it appreciated the difficulties under which the board labored. It is no easy undertaking for a group of people who are absolutely unfamiliar with the management of an institutional paper to create an edition. It is safe for us to say that without the combined efforts of all three classes such a production would not be forthcoming. We again wish to express our gratitude and sincerely hope that this issue may be on the same plane as the preceding ones, and that it may be worthy of the name—Arlington High School CLARION.

BRAINERD HUGHES, '24.

The Arlington Woman's Club has generously given one hundred dollars to our school to be awarded as a scholarship for the year 1924-25 to one of our students who will enter college next fall. The Woman's Club has left

the matter of the conditions of awarding the scholarship entirely to the principal. He has appointed a committee of the teachers to work with him and to be known as the scholarship committee. By the time that this issue of the CLARION is off the press this committee will have received from the pupils who are interested applications for the scholarship. On Class Day the Committee will announce the name of the pupil to whom the scholarship has been awarded.

Arlington High School appreciates greatly the help to some individual and to the school that the Woman's Club is rendering by giving this scholarship. We believe that it will prove to be a stimulus to many pupils to attain higher standards in their school life.

HERMAN GAMMONS, '24.

GLEE CLUB

For the past few years, the Boys' and Girls' Glee Club has been an active organization of the high school. The concerts put on under the leaderships of Miss Pierce have been of the best type. The work done has not only been the means for absorbing considerable knowledge of music but also has afforded pleasure to the members. It is an organization worth joining and helping to keep up its standard of productions and the interest of the town people. It is the duty of the students to support the Glee Club and it

is the duty of the individual to join either club and make its name remain on the list of active organizations.

MURIEL MOODY, '24.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

For a number of years the Arlington High School has been very fortunate in having a so-called athletic association, but it was not until this year that the power of this body was realized to any extent. With the advent of Mr. Henriens, our new physical director, athletic activities were completely revolutionized, and the association was no exception to the rule. This is how it was accomplished—a few weeks after we had assembled from our usual summer vacation, a canvass was conducted in the various home rooms for members of this body. Instead of paying five cents every school week, we were asked to deposit the small sum of one dollar, for which was received a tiny pin which admitted the wearer to all home games free of charge. Then an election was held in each home room to send one student to serve on the executive committee. It is the duty of this committee of the association to appropriate money, by various methods, for carrying on the coming season's work in athletics and to pass judgment on all players who are to receive letters. Permit me to insert at this juncture, that a constitution was drawn up by some of the pupils, aided by the faculty and ratified by the school at one of the assemblies. Therefore, it is the duty of all members of the association to have some knowledge of the contents therein and abide by its rules. None of us can help realizing what a valuable addition this committee has been to the school as a whole. At the present

time when we say—"The Athletic Association"—the name implies everything that it should, and none of us need be ashamed of it nor the work resulting directly from it.

So you juniors and sophomores, continue your splendid work in this respect, and you'll find the incoming class more than willing to lend you a helping hand. We of '24 must leave you, and you in turn move up the ladder another step. Raise the standard of the association in like manner, so that those who have gone before us and who are destined to come after us will be justly proud of it. We wish you all kinds of success and a prosperous year financially.

BRAINERD HUGHES, '24.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club may be said to have closed a very successful season on April 23, when it gave two one-act plays. Its program this season consisted of five one-act plays: "Make Believe," "The Medicine Show," "Miss Mercy," "The Rising of the Moon," and "The Feast of the Holy Innocents;" and one three-act play, "The Romantic Age." A not unimportant factor in the success is the fact that the treasury is in a better condition than ever before.

This year the club has been very fortunate in being able to hold its meetings during the school period, so there has been no conflict with other activities. This meant a decided increase in its membership, which made possible an increase in the number of plays produced. A need of more officers to take the responsibility of the increased interests has been felt. At the last meeting the following were elected for next year:

President, Robert Sprowl.
Vice-President, Ruth Reardon.
Secretary, Alice Devine.
Treasurer, Proctor Michelson.

Stage Manager, James Baston.
Advertising Manager, Edward
 Picone.
Costumes, Ethel Anderson.



Class Day Program

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"Star Spangled Banner" SCHOOL

II. Corinthians: 13

FREDERICK W. ANDRES

President of 1924

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Solo MRS. E. NELSON BLAKE

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Chairman School Committee

"Auld Lang Syne"

Presentation of Class Gift FREDERICK W. ANDRES

Will HENRY M. MOORE

Ode

Written by MARY H. ALFORD

Read by ARTHUR E. LANE

Class Song MARJORIE H. DICK

History MARY H. ALFORD

Oration JOHN DEVINE

"Columbia the Gem of the Ocean"

Prophecy MARJORIE LOMBARD, ARTHUR LANDERS

School Song



Our Class

We are all very glad to have you here with us tonight at our graduation, for it is at such a time as this, a truly momentous hour in our lives, that we welcome the presence and keen friendly interest of those who are close and dear to us. We are here tonight to receive our reward for what is perhaps the first big achievement of our lives. The knowledge that you who have made the perception of our goal and the final gaining of it, possible and real, the knowledge that you, to whom we owe so much, are with us and taking a pride in our accomplishments is gratifying and inspiring. As spokesman for this class, which is only one of the many which are graduating this June, this class, which in its sober moments of reflection, away from its usual youthful gayety, truly sees, and as years go on will still more clearly see, the debt of gratitude it owes to you, parents, friends, citizens; as spokesman for the class of 1924, which after tonight will be no longer a real living part of this high school, but a part of a bigger world, I welcome you to our graduation.

You are here tonight to see your own girl or boy go from this high school into the working world or into the student world. You know of his activities during his high school course, but of the other members of the class and of the class as a unit you may not know so much. Therefore it may be interesting to you to know the vital statistics of this class, which as it sits before you here tonight is representative of the thousands of other graduating classes which are taking their first step forward into the future. I hope

that through your acquaintance with these statistics our graduation will take added interest for you.

We entered as freshmen in the fall of 1920, the first year the school was under the leadership of Mr. Gammons whom we knew then as just our principal but whom we now admire and respect as a friend. We came in 263 strong. Of this number 142 were girls and 121 were boys. We graduate now numbering 131, 88 of whom are girls and 43 of whom are boys. Many of those who began their Freshman year with us are not here tonight. Their places are taken by those who have joined us during our school life. Fourteen (14) girls and fourteen (14) boys will enter college from this school; while a few boys will continue their college preparation in preparatory schools. Twenty-eight (28) girls and 8 boys have secured position with business firms; and twelve of our number intend to enter normal school. All in all, as we sit here tonight 60% of us have a definite goal before us and if we live true to records established by previous graduating classes, September will find over 90% of us doing our bit or definitely preparing to do so.

During the four years an average of 12% of the members of this class have been honor students. The same spirit which led these students to success in their studies has led the class as a whole to support all school activities. The idea of student government was not originated by us, but when the idea was accepted by the school, the Seniors were not found lacking in heartfelt support. To the Juniors goes the honor of renewing the CLARION, but to us the

honor of contributing 75% of the articles which have appeared in it.

In athletics our girls have starred in the victories of their teams, which this last year brought much honor to the school. In Football and Hockey our boys did not stand out, but their constant fight and fine show of spirit and endeavor were evident. Baseball and track gave the class a few stars whose efforts went far in furthering the teams' chances for victory. But after all it's not the stars nor the victories that count, but the will and spirit shown. And in this respect we deem ourselves successful, for we have done our best; who can do more?

We are proud to saw that we have not wasted these four years of high school study, but that we have applied ourselves to the solving of problems and the accomplishing of some of our aims. Through our study and through our contending with difficulties and adversities which have met us more than half way throughout our course, and which have at times seemed almost insurmountable, we have gained materially, both in mind and spirit.

The diploma awarded us tonight is a symbol of the material gain. That one sheet of paper represents the knowledge we have gained and the experience we leave behind us. Because it represents these things, it opens to us the gate into fields of learning and practical business.

So have we gained power. Our vision is broader and our spiritual insight is keener. I cannot separate, I cannot distinguish the material from the mental or spiritual gain. Power in one force did not come alone, but brought with it power in the other two forces. For as we have sown, so do we and so shall we reap.

Our outlook on life as we leave the

shelter of this high school is full of the natural buoyancy and optimism of youth. We see all strife and all problems we shall meet outside through the same eyes that we have regarded those we have met in the past. But can we realize the difference, not in the problem but in the environment of the problem and the conditions under which we shall meet it? In the future, as we take our place in business or in college or normal school we are expected to play our part. In the past we have lived at home under the loving and helpful eyes of our parents; we have come to this school and to our work only to be under the supervision of teachers who were concerned for our future in no small degree and who consequently not only have taught us the day's lesson but also the task of being clean and fine. In the future, tho we may still continue to live at home, we shall be out among people far different from those who have supervised our studies. We shall be alone to face our problems, we shall not have the constant watchful advice that we have grown accustomed to. We shall be wholly on our own merit. The faith and love of our parents and teachers, and the firmness of our characters and the stability of our purposes, gained through our association with them will carry us through those first hard knocks. Can we but stand up to them, "those buffetings of chance," and still retain our ideals and ambitions, we may fulfill the hopes and prayers of those who have brought us up from childhood and who look to us to achieve success.

We have left this building for the last time as students; tonight as we leave we leave as alumni. Do you realize what this means to us? More truly, do we? Three other Junes have

come and gone, those days which we so yearned for which would give us long months of summer freedom; but following these Junes came three Septembers, which called us from our summer activities and brought us back again to school, the same school, the same teachers, and the same atmosphere. The fourth June has now come. Tonight releases us from the grind of books and study, just as the former Junes did, but following this June there will sound no September call. We shall not come back to fit in as of old. We have had our full share of all that regulated supervision with its feeling of security. That same feeling of security we shall not have again. A feeling somewhat akin to loneliness catches us for a moment as we think of this change. Not for long though do we feel lonely. Our graduation takes on another meaning. We are striding forth from a haven of parent love in the strength gained from study and association with men and women of high ideals and standards. We are not sure of our future; we are as yet too young and untried for that knowledge, but we have no fear of it. Let the future lead us on. Strengthened by knowledge, with purposeful characters and beckoning ideals, we eagerly face what time may bring. We have gained power and therefore we are strong in our hopes and dreams; for we believe we are ready for our new day.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ANDRES, '24.

"THE PROMISE OF OUR CLASS"

Tonight we are students. Tomorrow we shall be alumni. Tonight we may think over our years here in school, realizing fully the opportunities we have had and wasted; we are being graduated tonight. Our graduation means to us the winning of a goal

toward which we have been working for four years. In later years, our diplomas will bring remembrances of happy times, of lessons we have learned, of class and individual achievement, of difficulty surmounted—material evidence of all that our four years here signify.

We, as a class, have accomplished much. We have set ourselves a standard toward which we must always strive. As Frederick Andres has shown you, we have been an able class, representing the school well in athletics and in scholastic endeavor. Above all, we have kept our class spirit high. Our example may well be followed by the underclassmen, or, better still, they, profiting by our mistakes and experience, will improve upon it.

Our graduation tonight, which is so important to us and which is so momentous in our minds, is but the repetition of an experience which many students are enjoying. And yet, in a certain sense, we are very different from those other graduating groups of students. We have, as a class, an individuality. As our President has shown you, we have accomplished certain tasks. Yet, if we have done something, there are greater things before us. If we follow, or rather improve upon, our own example, we shall adequately meet the requirements of life and the tests that it holds for us.

This is undoubtedly our last appearance as a class. It is impossible to hold together a group of students once they have been graduated. We must assume the responsibilities of our generation which will have many problems to face, problems of political, civic, and social interest. Each of us has a separate task confronting him; each must perform it alone, without the help or guidance of a teacher as formerly. We

may look back at our school life—for some will no longer be students in the formal sense of the word—but we look forward into this larger life, knowing that we stand on our own responsibility, and wondering if we are prepared. We regret some of the chances for knowledge that have escaped us, when we think of them, but yet with the usual enthusiasm of youth, we look forward eagerly, wondering just what attainments shall be ours.

We cannot tell the problems, the situations, the emergencies for which we have been preparing. We shall encounter many difficulties,—in some we shall fail; in others we shall not fail. To those who do not like studying, “graduation” may give a false impression of relief that at last our training is completed and our studying is finished. That idea is false, for although for many of us our so-called “school-days” are over, this formal education is but the commencement of a life full of lessons and studying. Until now, we have considered our examinations grave and serious occasions over which to worry. Indeed, it was necessary to pass them well; but soon we shall meet greater tests, when our knowledge will be put to practical use. It is for that that we have come here to school; it is to give us some preparation to meet the requirements which life shall demand of us that you, parents and friends, have sent us here. Is our preparation adequate?

As citizens we must fulfill our duties. We must keep our politics clean and strong; we must keep our religion “unspotted from the world,” a vital factor in our lives; we must do our utmost for others, giving as we have received, serving as we would be served.

In thinking of these duties, it comes to me that we, as a class, have shown,

although but slightly, an acquaintance with three qualities which will do much, if developed properly, to bring us nearer the goal of our ambitions and ideals. These three qualities are co-operation, responsibility, and initiative. In fact, is not co-operation perhaps composed of responsibility and initiative, together with an unselfish regard for the opinions, laws, and desires of other persons?

Perhaps the most striking evidence of these qualities in the personality of our class is the attitude which the Senior class has taken toward student government. All through our career here in this school, our class has shown a decided spirit of co-operation, both with faculty and student body. In the interests of co-operation, of bringing about a more thorough understanding between faculty and student body, a system of student participation in the government of the school has been established this year. The Seniors and undergraduates have supported this movement with amazing enthusiasm. It was soon discovered that students could not co-operate without assuming a share of the responsibility, and, in turn, that responsibility could not be assumed without a display of initiative. From co-operation grew initiative and responsibility. Having learned that co-operation also means responsibility and initiative, we must continue to develop in ourselves these qualities that they may help us now and later. There may be similar problems of government for us to solve later. We have shown our ability in the lesser details of our school life. Shall we not show that same quality in the life we are to enter, where we are to put into practice those things we have learned in theory? With these three qualities — co-operation, responsibility, initia-

tive—which we already possess with the training we have received from our teachers and parents, with all these aids, we must, in honor, make use of the advantages and opportunities we have had and that we shall have.

As we have neared the end of our high school days, we have realized that they have come to mean much to us. Now we forget the small disappointments and hard work and remember only the lessons we have learned and the experiences by which we profit. We hold dear our classmates and friends. Tonight is our last time together as students. We cannot forget our class, nor our classmates, nor our school. We cannot forget those things we have learned here. We cannot forget that we have set for ourselves a standard which we must attain for the sake of parents and friends and teachers who have given us this training. Realizing that as a class we possess some qualities which are necessary to success, cannot we, as individuals, apply them to our own personality and develop them to bring us the best results? With these three qualities—co-operation, responsibility, and initiative—developing them in the larger or smaller matters of life, we shall best honor those who have helped us to help ourselves.

GRACE O. OGILVIE, '24.

CLASS WILL, 1924

When, in the course of High School events, it becomes necessary for the members of a class to break the ties of comradeship which have banded them to other classes and to each other; and to assume among the various walks of life the responsibilities to which life, liberty and the pursuit of knowledge entitle them, a decent respect for the welfare of the lower classmen requires that they should set forth in writing

what is indisputably their last will and testament.

Thus we, the Senior Class of 1924, of the Arlington High School, of the Town of Arlington, County of Middlesex, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, United States of America, do solemnly the following last bequests:

1. To Mr. Gammons we give and bequeath our sincere affection,—and our appreciation of his helpful friendship during our four years of High School.

2. To Mr. Moody, our heartiest gratitude for his interest in our welfare.

3. To the Juniors we leave our excellent home rooms. May they fill them as promptly and as faithfully as we have done. We also bequeath to the law abiding members of this class the several vacancies in the Law and Order Committee.

4. To the Sophomores we give our Senior dignity. May they grow to it!

5. To the incoming pupils we give the right to become lost in our corridors, knowing that Miss Jewett, Mr. Fowler and the Traffic Squad will always set them on the right trail.

6. To Mr. Hatch and Mr. Robinson we leave a book, entitled, "Sure punishment of the wrong person."

7. To the Dramatic Club we leave plenty of raw material.

8. To the Glee Club we bequeath Hughes' cavernous tenor and Elsie Williams' heavenly soprano.

9. To owners of cars and Fords we leave the Swamp as a parking place.

10. To the Lunchroom we donate a large fund for the aid of Undersized Sandwiches.

11. We also leave a fund for the purchase of high grade Dog Biscuit, to be given freely to the Dumb Animals

that roam through the corridors of our school.

12. To the captain of the Football team we leave our hopes and backing for a championship team.

13. To the captain of the Hockey team our fondest hopes that his schedule will be puck-marked with victories so that he too, will have a championship team.

14. To the captains of the Girls' Field Hockey, the Girls' Baseball, the Girls' Basketball teams and all other teams not mentioned heretofore, we give and bequeath our heartiest support.

15. The orchestra will have quite a few vacancies, but we leave them a supply of violins, harps and saxophones. Arthur Landers' exceptional musical ability we bequeath to Dan Hooley.

16. We cannot help but leave to classes and teachers those odoriferous and healthful fumes of the gas house.

17. We leave to Sprowl, the new president of the Dramatic Club, Curtis Elie's modesty to crown his fiery crest.

18. To the leaders in Assemblies we leave a new combination of songs: 14,92, 17,76, 19,24.

19. To Miss Hutchins we give a baton for her use in Assemblies.

20. To Miss Bullock we bequeath a Big Ben alarm clock set for her study period hours.

21. To Lloyd Marsters we issue a franchise to run an airline from the East End to High School so that his patrons need not be late on account of the cars.

22. We leave a medal to be given to him who reaches school at 7.30 the greatest number of times during the year.

23. We have established a filling station for fountain pens on each floor in charge of the Student Welfare Com-

mittee.

24. We leave to the new Sophomore Class, the assurance that the movies and other places of amusement will be closed during the school day so that its president cannot while away his time there during school hours.

25. To Harold Hamm we leave a gold "Catcher's Glove" as a memento of his exclusive work as catcher of the school nine.

26. To "Hammer" Donnelly we give a book entitled "How to Break New Hockey Sticks."

27. Although "Blake" Books are usually given only to Seniors, we leave to Herbert "Buster" Mosely a book on "Blake's College Ices and Sodas."

28. To Pee Wee Swadkins I give and bequeath my 'high' standard of living.

Given and signed by the Class of 1924, of the Arlington High School on Thursday, this nineteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four, in the presence of the following witnesses:

CHESTER A. MOODY,

Superintendent of Schools.

HERMAN GAMMONS,

Principal of A. H. S.

MARTHA S. MOFFATT,

Class Adviser.

FREDERICK ANDRES,

Class President.

PRENTISS BRADLEY,

*Member of Law and Order
Committee.*

THE CLASS ORATION

In the lives of us all there are always certain days that stand out in our minds above all others; days that we *cannot* forget, and days that we do not *wish* to forget. To these days we are about to add another. In years to come we shall look back upon this

class-day and ask ourselves if we have accomplished the task that was allotted to us on this day when we, the class of nineteen twenty-four, met for the last time.

As is the custom with Youth, thinking only of the present, we have regarded graduation as an event in the dim future, and a thing too remote to consider seriously. But now the future has given way to the present, graduation becomes a reality and in spite of ourselves, we Seniors, who yesterday were carefree as the rest of you, are suddenly confronted by the fact that we are on the border of a new and strange land, and like a drowning man reviewing the panorama of his life, we wonder if we have availed ourselves of the multiple advantages which our high school has offered to us in the past four years. The question arises in our minds: have we done justice to ourselves and our parents by devoting ourselves earnestly to the task of acquiring knowledge, or have we *wasted* those golden hours that we now realize will come to mean so much to us? Out of these ideas comes the feeling that the task that we must fulfill is that of making a success of life, and if we have regarded our high school as a place in which to idle away the days or to satisfy our love of fun, then we are handicapped at the start and this handicap is an impediment which has deterred many a promising man and woman from a successful career. The necessity of careful preparation is paramount and this fact is *now* vividly brought home to us. Would that many of us could have seen it when it was pointed out four short years ago, so that we might have realized sooner the important part education is to play in our futures and make adequate provision for our success.

Naturally, most graduating classes like to leave school a present by which they will be remembered, the nature of the gifts varying from year to year. Our class is no exception, in fact it wishes to establish a precedent in presenting to the school two gifts, one, the regular class gift and the other, a somewhat more intangible bequest. This additional gift simply consists of an attempt on our part, out of our tardy realization of our own remissness, to bring home to you underclassmen, the importance of careful preparation for this day.

Our high school is rated scholastically, with the best in the state, the building and grounds are second to none and the faculty is as fine a body of instructors as any one could wish. The students participate in the government of the school and are making a success of this new element in our school life. Here you have a school providing all of these advantages, yet do you appreciate them? Do you realize how fortunate you are in being able to attend school and especially to attend one of this high standing? Do you know that an alarming percentage of boys and girls of school age leave school before they graduate? The United States census for 1920 shows us that of the *total* number of children between the ages of seven and thirteen 90.6% attend school; of those between fourteen and fifteen, 79.9% attend school; the percent for those between sixteen and seventeen is still lower being 42.9%; while of those between eighteen and twenty-one, *only* 14.8% attend schools of any kind. Now just what will this mean a very few years from now? It means simply this. Education is the cornerstone of the nation, it is the one thing that this country depends upon to develop the youth of

today into an intelligent body politic. In a few decades would it not be possible for the mental efficiency of this generation to sink so low that our country will not only be in danger of losing its prestige, but possibly its integrity and then the inevitable result in this world of jealousy and hate—a conqueror? Education, a seemingly weak factor in this war-like world, has the power to prevent this. We are here in this school adequately provided with the necessities of education and it is our duty to take advantage of them and to prepare ourselves to do bigger things in a better way when the time comes.

This plea for educational preparation is *not* a sermon, but rather a heart-to-heart talk between schoolmates. We as Seniors, are trying to tell you that if we could begin all over again, we would without exception, take advantage of every opportunity that this school offers. It is not too late to start even now to turn over a new leaf and make up your minds to make the most of the rest of your school life, so that your future and the future of your country will be assured. Let knowledge be our common goal and perseverance our motto, and "let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Let our age be the age of improvement," and through the medium of education, "let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we, also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered."

JOHN W. DEVINE, '24.

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Class of 1924

Mary Agnes Ahern
 Mary Hunt Alford
 Theodora Beatrice Allen
 Walter Alsen
 Gordon O. Anderson
 Gustaf F. Anderson
 Frederick William Andres
 Marion Gertrude Andrews
 Lena Asarkof
 Alice Jessica Barnes
 Grace Lillian Belyea
 William Miller Benjamin
 Ruth A. Bergkuist
 Pauline Berry
 Florence Gertrude Bower
 Frederick Palmer Brackett
 Prentice Bradley
 Fiona L. Braithwaite
 Dana Clarke Breed
 Nellie Farrar Bunker
 Alice N. Burns
 Kathleen Cameron
 Ethel S. Chadbourne
 Grace Marion Champlin
 Susan O. Clark
 William R. Connell, Jr.
 Winifred Martha Connell
 Edwin James Cook
 George L. Cronin
 Dorothy Blake Crosby
 William Joseph Dahill
 Margaret Danskin
 Walter John Davidson
 Eva Pearl Davis
 Richard Jackson Davis
 John Warren Devine
 Marjorie Hubbard Dick
 Marion Grace Diehl
 Marion Anne Dolan
 Cora Louise Eastman
 Olive Augusta Edmonds
 Anthony John Farrington
 Anna Catherine Fellows
 Curtis Brooks Forbes
 Joseph H. Forest

Austin Lemuel Fuller
Helen Elizabeth Gay
Pauline Louise Giblin
Rose Glngeth
Mary A. Golden
Ethel Stokes Grimwood
John Frederick Gruber
Gordon Melvin Hadley
Ruth K. Haliburton
Ethel V. A. Hamilton
Ralph J. Hardy
Joseph Raymond Harrington
Gertrude Frances Hendricken
Charlotte Louise Hickey
Francis B. Hodgdon
Agnes Holmes
Alice Holmes
Earle Raymond Hopkins
Elwood Burnham Hovey
Helen Dorothy Howse
Brainerd Francis Hughes
Mary Alice Kearney
Patrick J. Kearney
Frances T. Kelley
Madeline F. Kelley
Andrina Steele Kenney
James D. Kenney
Jean Matilda King
Arthur A. Landers
Arthur Edward Lane
Elsie Claire Lawton
Florence C. Leveroni
Marjorie Lombard
Ruth A. Lorentzen
Marion R. Lowder
Mary Dorothy Mahoney
Elizabeth Mary McCarthy
Anna J. Merrigan
Muriel Elizabeth Moody
Henry Morrill Moore
Katherine Miriam Moran
Herbert C. Moseley, Jr.
Stuart D. Muir, Jr.
Alice Louise Needham

Betty Nellis
Helen M. O'Brien
Edward J. O'Connor
Grace Orene Ogilvie
Albert N. Ohlman
Alberta M. Porter
Martha C. Pray
Harold Edwin Prindle
Eulalia Elizabeth Purcell
Helen Mildred Pye
Hazel H. Rees
Wilma Pearl Reid
Parker Holmes Rice
Gertrude Clarke Rideont
James F. Riley
Dorothy Negus Ring
Hilda Roberts
Marion Foss Robbins
Cleora L. Russell
Winifred Russell
Ella M. Sampson
Eleanor E. Scannell
Mary Schrode
Carl Onthank Settele
Helen Gertrude Shaw
Mary Cecelia Sheahan
Mabel E. Smith
Margaret Smith
Hazel Edith Stuart
John Joseph Sullivan
Carl A. Thoren
Marjorie Elliott Tinkham
Thomas Joseph Toye
Christine Elizabeth Vallender
Helen Speirs Vianello
Mildred Elizabeth Warnock
Una Wilkins
Elsie Ennice Williams
Robert Andrews Wilson
Barbara Wilson Wunderlich
Gladys E. York
Edna E. Younie
Frank R. Zelek



TRACK

The first meet of the season was held with Woburn and resulted in an overwhelming victory of 68 to 4 for Arlington. The meet with Winchester was postponed on account of weather conditions and finally cancelled. The track season has been successful, according to Manager Lane, and among their members were some of our Seniors.

BASEBALL

April 19 — Arlington 8, Alhmmi 2.

April 23 — Arlington 11, Conmtry

Day 2.

April 26 — Arlington 2, Gardner 5.

April 30 — Arlington 6, Lexington 2.

May 3 — Arlington 2, Wakefield 3.

May 7 — Arlington 4, Woburn 3.

May 14 — Arlington 1, Winchester 4.

May 17 — Arlington 6, Watertown 7.

May 21 — Arlington 9, Lexington 4.

BASEBALL

The baseball players have made a flying start thus far and bid fair to take a few honors. A total of 7 games has already been played, in 4 of which our men were victorious. What our success is due to can easily be seen. There has been an awakened interest in baseball this year, as there has in other lines. The management of the team has been all that could be asked. A good schedule was arranged at the beginning of the season, and the team has been equipped in suitable manner. The season so far has been marked

by perfect harmony among the players, hard and regular practice, and systematic training with all the sacrifices necessarily accompanying it. We have had great success and, according to one of the local dailies, 'have surprised not only ourselves, but the Greater Boston school teams at large.'

E. O'CONNOR, '24.

SENIORS WHO HAVE BEEN AWARDED "A's"

Frederick William Andres

Mary Ahearn

Prentice Bradley

Fiona Braithwaite

Edwin Cook

George Cronin

John W. Devine

Anna Fellows

Curtis B. Forbes

Joseph Forest

Pauline Giblin

Gordon Hadley

Ralph Hardy

Francis B. Hodgdon

Brainerd Hughes

Alice Kearney

Arthur Lane

Marjorie Lombard

Mary Mahoney

Henry Moore

Grace Ogilvie

George Ohlman

Parker Rice

James Riley

Carl Settele

Margaret Smith

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE SAYING	ACHIEVEMENTS
MARY AHERN		What did you say?	Field Hockey (2) Basketball (1)
MARY ALFORD	Molly	For crying out loud!	Glee Club (1)
THEODORA ALLEN	Theo.		Dramatic Club (1) Glee Club (1)
VALTER ALSEN		B'gorry	Glee Club (2) Student Council Honor Roll
GORDON ANDERSON	Andz	Aw Gee Whiz	
HUSTAF ANDERSON	Gus	What's the English?	
FREDERICK ANDRES	Billy		Track Team (2) Captain (2) Indoor Relay (1) Cheer Leader (1) Senior Class President (1) Member Executive Committee Athletic Association (1) Student Council President (1) Honor Roll (1)
MARION ANDREWS		You can never tell	
LENA ASARKOF	Lizzie	Wouldn't that jar you?	Honor Roll (4)
ALICE BARNES	Kentucky Babe	Excruciating	Glee Club (4) Dramatic Club (3)
GRACE BELYEA	Connie	Darn	Athletic Association Honor Roll
WILLIAM BENJAMIN	Bill	For crying out loud	
RUTH BERGKUIST	Billie	Oh Sugar!	Glee Club (3)
PAULINE BERRY			Glee Club (3) Secretary of Class (3) Vice-President of Class Student Council
GERTRUDE BOWER	Dutchie	My sweet woman!	Glee Club (1)
FREDERICK BRACKETT	Fred		Glee Club (4) Dramatic Club (2) Football (1) Squad
PRENTICE BRADLEY	Brad		Cross Country (3) Track Team Indoor Relay Cheer Leader Student Council Chairman, Law and Order Honor Roll
FIONA BRAITHWAITE	Wizard	Great Cicero	Hockey Four years in three Basketball
DANA BREED		That's the spirit	
NELLIE BUNKER	Nen	Oh really?	Winter Club (1)
ALICE N. BURNS		I don't know	
KATHLEEN CAMERON	Kay	Hello dear.	
ETHEL CHADBOURNE	Chaddie	Heck	
GRACE CHAMPLIN		Gee Whiz	Honor Roll (4)
SUSAN CLARK	Sue	Really!	Glee Club (2)
WILLIAM CONNELL	Bob	I didn't do it	Track Team
WINIFRED CONNELL	Winnie	Hurry up, will you?	Honor Roll
EDWIN COOK	Cookie	Now I'll tell one.	Achieved the art of studying

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE SAYING	ACHIEVEMENTS
GEORGE CRONIN	Chicken		Baseball Manager
DOROTHY CROSBY	Dottie	Oh! Fish!	Glee Club (4) Dramatic Club (1)
WILLIAM DAHILL	Willie	Have you done them? Let me see your paper	
MARGARET DANSKIN		Darn	Glee Club (2) Field Hockey (1) Dramatic Club (1) Basketball (1)
WALTER DAVIDSON	Dave	Confound it	
EVA DAVIS			
RICHARD DAVIS	Dick	"Sir," said Dr. Samuel Johnson	Dramatic Club (1) French Club (1) Honor Roll (1) Tennis Team (1)
JOHN DEVINE	Jack	How's Business?	French Club (1) Dramatic Club (1) Glee Club (1) Vice-President Cheer Leader (1) Baseball Manager (1) Law and Order Committee
MARJORIE DICK	Dicky	I guess	Glee Club (1) Special English (1) Editor-in-Chief of Red and Gray Member Senior Clarion Committee
MARION DIEHL			Glee Club (1) Dramatic Club (1)
MARION DOLAN	May	Toodle-doo	Basketball (1) Team (1)
CORA EASTMAN	Teddy	Oh Law!	Winter Club (1)
OLIVE EDMONDS	Dolly	Sweet Cookie	Dramatic Club (1)
ANTHONY FARRINGTON	Tony		
ANNA FELLOWS	Anne	I'm screaming	Hockey (3) Glee Club (3) Cheer Leader (3)
CURTIS FORBES	Curt	Snap out of it	Manager of Track Team (1) Tennis Glee Club (1)
JOSEPH FOREST	Joe		Cross Country (1) Student Council (1) Basketball (1)
AUSTIN FULLER	Jack	That's rare	Dramatic Club (1)
HELEN GAY	Jack	O-la-la!	
PAULINE GIBLIN	Gibby	Sock it	Hockey (2) Glee Club (2)
ROSE GLUGETH			
MARY GOLDEN	Tot	Oh gosh!	
ETHEL GRIMWOOD		Oh! G'wan	French Club (1) Dramatic Club (1)
JOHN GRUBER	Bunny	Don't ask me!	Orchestra (3) Dramatic Club (4)
GORDON HADLEY	Mal		Hockey (1) Basketball (1) Baseball (1)
RUTH HALIBURTON	Duly	Now listen to me	
ETHEL HAMILTON	Harold	Wait awhile	

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE SAYING	ACHIEVEMENTS
RALPH HARDY	Froggy	That's the nuts	Football (2) Class Hockey Captain Track (2) Relay (3)
JOSEPH HARRINGTON	Fish	Aw! come on	Football (1) Class Baseball Class Basketball Captain Class Track
GERTRUDE HENDRICKEN CHARLOTTE HICKEY	Gert	Late as usual	Class Basketball (1) Glee Club (2) Dramatic Club (2) Member of Publicity Committee Student Council
FRANCIS HODGDON	Hogan		French Club (1) Glee Club (2) Student Council (1) Manager Football (1)
AGNES HOLMES ALICE HOLMES	Brownie	Oh Dear	Glee Club Orchestra (3) Glee Club (3) French Club (2) Exchange Editor of Senior Clarion
EARL HOPKINS	Hoppy		Cross Country Team
ELWOOD HOVEY	El	Oh Gee! Oh Gosh!	Track
DOROTHY HOWSE	Dot	Assertion without proof is valueless	French Club (1) Four years in three
BRAINERD HUGHES	Brainey	Let me tell it	Honor Roll Track (3) Cross Country Team (2) Football (1) Class Basketball and Baseball Vice-President of Class (1) Executive Committee Vice-President (1) Student Council Law and Order Committee Glee Club (4) President (1) Stock-room (3) Relay Team (1) Field Hockey (2) Basketball (1) Orchestra (2)
ALICE KEARNEY	Allie	Oh Gee	
PATRICK KEARNEY	Gus		
FRANCES KELLEY	Frano	Oh Heavens	
MADELINE KELLEY	Mal	Oh Gosh	
ANDRINA KENNEY	Drina	I'd do anything to be agreeable	French Club (1) Glee Club (2)
JAMES KENNEY	Cricket	That's a help	
JEAN KING	Jerry	Really	Glee Club (2)
ARTHUR LANDERS	Art	Do I look Funny?	Orchestra Student Council Vice-President Tennis Team

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE SAYING	ACHIEVEMENTS
ARTHUR LANE	Art	For the love of Mike	Treasurer of Class Sophomore Year Secretary of Class Senior Year Track Manager (1) Athletic Executive Committee Constitutional Committee of Athletic Executive Committee Honor Roll (4)
ELSIE LAWTON	Buddle	Oh Say	
FLORENCE LEVERONE	Florry	Oh G'wan	
MARJORIE LOMBARD	Marg	Oh Lord	Basketball Manager (2)
RUTH LORENTZEN	Buttons	My Governor!	
MARION LOWDER	Manny	Whatcher do in History May?	
MARY MAHONEY	Dingy	Now I'll tell one	Field Hockey (2) Basketball (3) Captain (1) Class Baseball Captain (1) Basketball Baseball
ELIZABETH McCARTHY	Mack	Oh Hang	
ANNA MERRIGAN	Snooks	Good Grief	
MURIEL MOODY	Mother	Heaven's sake	Glee Club (1)
HENRY MOORE	Dinty or Ham	Come on Kid	Football (2) Basketball (1) Law and Order Committee (1)
KATHERINE MORAN	Kaye	No kidding	
STUART MUIR	Tank	Now I will tell one	
ALICE NEEDHAM		Oh My Dear	French Club (1)
BETTY NELLIS	Bet		Glee Club (3) French Club Senior Basketball Orchestra (4) Concert Supervisor
HELEN O'BRIEN	Skinny	It's a scream	
EDWARD O'CONNOR	Ed.		
GRACE OGILVIE		Now I ask you	Field Hockey (3) Basketball (4) Captain (1) Dramatic Club (2) Student Council Law and Order Committee Baseball (1) French Club (1) Glee Club (1) Dramatic Club (1) Class Team
ALBERT OHLMAN	Al	Oh yes	
MARTHA PRAY		I don't believe it	
ALBERTA PORTER	Jack	Jokes	
HAROLD PRINDLE			
EULALIA PURCELL	Lalla	Oh say	
HELEN PYE	Jane	Good Night	
HAZEL REES	Reesy	Baby's home	
WILMA REID	Billie	Sweet Papa	
PARKER RICE	Peter		Class Treasurer (2) Student Council (1) Athletic Executive Committee (1) Cross Country (1) Football (2) Baseball (2)
JAMES RILEY	Jim	Hi!	

NAME	NICKNAME	FAVORITE SAYING	ACHIEVEMENTS
OTHY RING	Dot—Dottie	Oh Dear, I forgot it	Glee Club (4) President (1)
ION ROBBINS	Wuzzy	Oh Dear!	French Club (1) Honor Roll (4)
A ROBERTS	Maggie	If not, why not	Four years in three
ORA RUSSELL	Cleo	That's rare	Glee Club (1)
FRED RUSSELL	Freddy	O! Moses	Glee Club (1)
A SAMPSON	Sam	I'll enjoy that	
ANOR SCANNELL		Oh Gosh	
Y SCHRODE		Perfectly wonderful	Glee Club (4)
L SETTELE	Set	Who's that	Hockey Manager (1) Glee Club Home Room Editor of Clarion
EN SHAW	Baldy	Oh, really	Glee Club (1)
Y SHEAHAN		Got your History done?	
EL SMITH	Smitty	You nut	
GARET SMITH	Markie	Ain't that hot	Field Hockey (4) Captain (1) Captain Class Basketball (1) Student Council
EL STUART	Sud	Well did you ever	Basketball (4)
N SULLIVAN	John Joe	U No Me	
JORIE TINKHAM	Jerry	Oh Chet!	Glee Club (2) Dramatic Club (2)
L THOREN	Toddy		
MAS TOYE			
STINE VALLENDER	Billie	Oh dear	Dramatic Club Glee Club
EN VIANELLO	Hen	Let me see your English	
RED WARNOCK	Milly	I don't know	
WILKINS		I'll say so	
E WILLIAMS	Miss Prim	Sit on it	French Club Glee Club (4)
BARA WUNDERLICH	Barb	Think of it	Secretary (1)
OYS YORK	Jerry	Oh really	Clarion Board (1)
A YOUNIE	U-nee		Glee Club (1)
NK ZELCK	Ki Yi	Do tell	

CLASS SONG

Now on this day of days,
To start on untried ways
We have no fear;
We have been gathering force
From vast and varied source,
Throughout our high school course
From year to year.

We have two lives to live,
Did not our soldiers give
Us their bright light?
Our heroes lost their hour,

For them with new-found power
We'll lift our life-bought dower
Toward greater height.

We go to build again
A world long stressed with pain—
To banish war.
We go to uphold right;
Strife has not dimmed our sight;
The world looks to us for light—
Class of twenty-four!

MARJORIE H. DICK, '24.

CLASS ODE

I saw a fleet—a gallant fleet
 Of ghostly ships with sails of light,
 That rose and pipped upon the tide
 And dipped again, a wondrous sight!
 One pilot at each helm,
 With strong and steady hand
 To guide through wind and wave,
 And bring his ship to land.

Through the gray mist I saw them pass,
 Those pearly barks, on lightsome
 breeze;
 To seek a goal, or coast along
 The waters of forgotten seas—
 Their snowy sails were filled,
 Their hearts and hopes were high,
 As gladly they set out
 Into a sunrise sky.

Some chose the marrows, some the
 deep,
 Where fair winds bore them of apace;
 And one seemed lost, as with the storm
 It ran a mad and whirling race.
 "Starboard!" the order rang
 In accents clear as light;
 "Aye Captain!" came reply
 All faintly through the night.

As in the course prescribed they sail,
 A fair horizon tops their sky,
 A shining city: hosts of banners fly.
 Hither the ships draw near
 Across the quickening miles;
 With precious cargo stored,
 And God looks down and smiles!
 MARY H. ALFORD, '24.

Exchanges

*O wad some power the giftie gie us,
 To see oursel's as others see us!*

—ROBERT BURNS.

Although the exchange editor of the CLARION has not received a great many outside school papers, those that she has received have all been unusually fine and worthy of praise. We have found our exchange column a great help; for by seeing other school magazines, we have found where we need improvement. It is also a pleasure for us to see what our neighboring high schools are doing.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Mirror, Dedham High School. A fine magazine. We enjoyed your *Foreign Language* column very much.

Brocktonia, Brockton, Mass. An excellent paper. Nothing seems to be lacking. There is certainly plenty of club spirit in your high school. Congratulations to your Athletic teams for

their success this term.

The Voice, Concord, Mass. Few, but snappy jokes. "To the Beginner in Radio" was a complete, helpful piece of work. We certainly wish you success in starting a Radio Department.

Sassmon, Natick, Mass. Your exchange column adds a great deal to your paper. We found every one of your short stories worthy of praise. We were very much amused with the article on Hairpins written by M. A.

The Cambridge Review. Peppy Class Notes. Your original cuts and clever cartoons were what attracted our attention first. You ought to be proud of your debating column. It shows that the pupils have fine spirit.

Driftwood, Waltham Girls' School. You have made a dandy start on your

school paper. We liked the personal touch that we found throughout it.

Philomath, Framingham High School. Your "Odd Items From Everywhere" would be a fine suggestion for other school magazines. How about some cuts or cartoons?

The Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass. Your class and alumni notes are great. You must have live reporters. Why don't you try some longer short stories?

Coburn Clarion, Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville, Maine. You certainly ought to be proud of your paper. We enjoyed it immensely — especially the stories.

The Argus, Gardner, Mass. The eight articles on "Life Work" were fine. It is a splendid idea and one that should prove beneficial to the students. A few more stories would not be amiss.

Oak Leaves, Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Maine. We think your paper is very worthwhile. We enjoyed "A Modern Poet." It was written in a very interesting style.

The Record, Newburyport, Mass. The N. H. S. certainly has plenty of literary talent! We enjoyed the Literary Department to the utmost—and then the cartoons—and the fact that you print *The Record* yourself!

What few comments the CLARION has received have been very helpful, and we wish that more schools could find space to criticize us. We are always glad to have our paper mentioned in their exchange columns, but criticisms help, no matter how short.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Sassamon. Your paper column headed Class Notes is one of the best it has been our pleasure to see.

The CLARION was gratefully welcomed by the *Philomath*, and the *Mirror* and was also one of the magazines which received "Magna Cum Laude" by the *Brocktonia*.

The Record, Newburyport, Mass. Why not add a few more jokes? "Disturbed Dreams" is a very good piece of work.

Oak Leaves. CLARION of Arlington High School is a new arrival and we hope that it will be published many times during the year. You are to be congratulated on the diversity of material. Are not your short stories too short?

Classica Gazette. The abundance of good and well written material in all your departments shows co-operation and school spirit. Keep it up.

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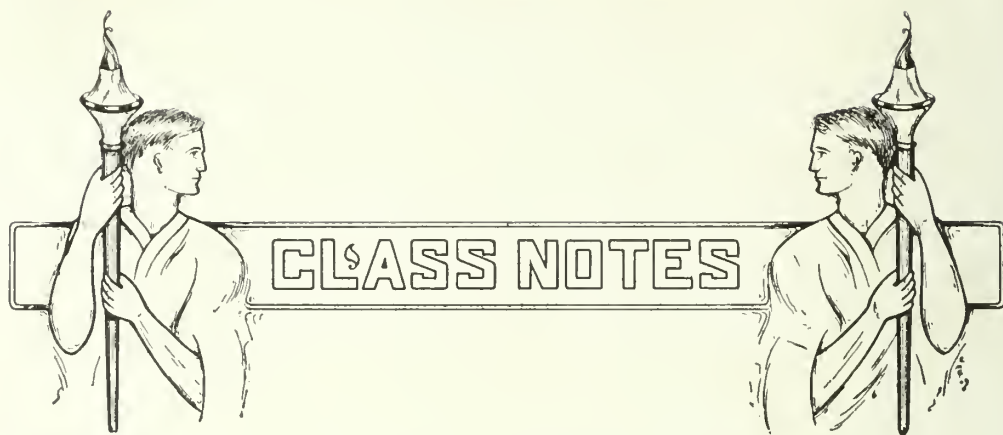
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We Wonder:—

If Miss Preston ever forgot to give an assignment.

If anyone ever puts the rulers on the tray correctly in Miss Bullock's class.

What Swadkins feels like when he is with Dinty Moore.

If Arthur Landers can play "Yes We Have No Bananas."

Why Marjorie Manning doesn't hire out as a traffic cop.

If Ruth Hopkins ever comes to school with any lessons unprepared.

When Arthur Landers stops,
His pining for the spring,
And Davis' heart has shrunk,
So he can utter words:
Then will Miss Treat be able
To sit upon the stage,
Play teacher, and not giggle.

C. EASTMAN.

Good, better, best,—Don't be satisfied until your good is better, and your better is best.

"If you can run a horse up the street why does a pencil have to be led?

This Clarion Entertainment conundrum was sprung on one of our alumni, namely Ed Hammond to which he re-

plied: "I don't know, I can't see the point."

Geometry student explaining lesson: "I dropped a perpendicular—

P. Berry: "Did you break it?"

Be it ever so homely, there is no face like your own.

Now I lay me down to rest,
To study hard I've tried my best;
If I should die before I wake
I'd have no blamed exams to take.

C. HICNEY.

She entered the studio with high expectation
To pose for her pictures before graduation;
But when the proofs came, O! what a sensation,
She smiled a faint smile,
Was it admiration?

W. RUSSELL, '24.

First Senior: "What's Jack Devine going to do when he leave high school?"

Second Senior: "Write jokes for "Life."

I wonder 'ow the 'air, Cora Eastman talks about, would look with a permanent wave.

Teachers' Pet Sayings

Mr. Fowler: "We have much to cover. We must not waste the precious time. Any questions?"

Miss Preston: "I saw in the morning paper—"

Mrs. Moffatt: "I know it, but what are you going to do about it?"

Miss Treat: "Secretary's report please."

Miss Watts: "See Mr. Gammons about it."

Mr. Gammons: "Well—I'll think about it."

Miss Bullock: "Do you see?—No, you don't. Excuse me. I can tell by the expression on your face."

Miss Murdock: "Sh—the telephone has rung."

Mr. Fowler: "Whitewash is used to mark out the lines on the athletic fields."

Gruber: "On the athletic field some teams get whitewashed."

Why do Forest, Ohlman, Alsen, Landers, Andres, Bradley and Davis remind you of a certain popular cigar?

Ans.: Because they are seven '24's.

7—20—4—(2 for 25c)

The Reply

What, write a line for class notes?

You bet your life, I will!

But when I finish raving here,

You'll wish you had kept still.

I like to write rare poetry

Of love, and life, you know,

But when it comes to Senior Notes!

Dear me, that's awfully slow!

I s'pose I should lament our fate

On leaving this *dear* school,

And praise our darling teachers, or

Uphold the golden rule,

But such is not my style or power,
No gushing lines for me—
I dislike teachers, schol, and books,
Praise be, when I am free!

A. FELLOWS.

At last nature is overcome.

The girls are turning into "Bobs."

We are to lose Miss Sydnor next year. She has already started her School of Oratory in A. H. S. Hall. Patrick Henry's successors the victim.

We noticed Hughes rescued a vase of flowers during the fire drill May the 13th, and now quite a number of girls are donning flowers. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Lost near Hughes Forest, a man named King Eastman; if any old Fellows find him, will the Ohlman Ride-out to Davis Square, Alsen, and return him to Moody Hawkins, Sexton of the church of the Devine Benjamin.

Can you imagine—

Swadkins a senior.

'Dinty' Moore in knickers.

Muriel Moody doing the Hula Hula.

Mr. Henricus in a ballet costume.

Miss Treat teaching English in any room but 21.

Room 14 quiet.

The lunch counter with anything digestible.

Dedicated to those we leave behind
When the years have rolled by and the memories

Pass before you in wishful review,
May recollections of us be as pleasing,
As will be our memories of you.

J. DEVINE.

Miss Jewetts' sixth period Biology

class has become acrobatic; their home-work was to go through the ear.

Poetry's a funny thing,

Expressing thoughts and emotions;
But for mosquito bites did you ever try
Any of Scott's Emulsion?

or

The night was dark and stormy,
And the moon was shining fine;
But in spite of all this, the fact remains

That our second period English class
met at the usual time,
(If the meter doesn't suit you put
in another quarter.)

J. DEVINE.

Miss Murdock discussing French custom of men kissing when meeting: "I know that the first time I went to France I could never get used to it."

Although we are all overjoyed at the return of Miss Butterfield to the teaching staff, there is not one of us who will ever forget Mrs. Graf.

'Tis Sunday eve—The time has come,
Which has been long put off;
To concentrate on Senior notes,
(Dear me, I'm goin' to cough.)

Now I've regained my haughty mien,
I can't get by with bluffin';
But there ain't no news of '24,
No riot calls, nor nothin'.

Our class has sallied thru this year,
Serenely, without hindrance;
We now embark upon life's sea,
Chuck full of youthful ignorance.

A. FELLOWS.

Mrs. Hanna: "What are you sitting doing nothing for?"

Pupil: "I can't draw a man, I'm looking for a man."

Mrs. Hanna: "You are universal in your quest, child."

Hooley: "When I was in some odd year between fifteen and seventeen—"
(Please be more explicit, Hooley.)

Jack translating: "The dog lay flat on his stomach with his feet in the air."

Common Sights

Anna Fellows with a flower.
Brainy Hughes with a grin.
Bill Benjamin chewing gum.
Joe Forest not saying a word.
Donald Meekings coming in late.
Charlotte Hickey studying Latin.
Arthur Landers laughing.
Cora Eastman with straight hair.
Curtis Forbes in the office.
Frank Sexton talking to a girl.
Patrick Kearney with a scowl.

A new session is being installed in senior home rooms from eight to eighteen—Exhibition of Vautine & Vantine's skill.

Miss Treat collecting books: "Rice, you are charged with the Life of Johnson!"

Nobody's home
In my
Dome
Miss Treat
Lost the class notes!
And she
Has asked us
To write some
More.
I was thinking
How ever
The wisest of us
Sometimes
Have accidents.

M. ALFORD.

At the start of the school year, Miss
Pierce
Said that choruses like our were
"scirce;"
But now after toiling and sweating
each day
While Brainey Hughes sharps on some
troublesome lay—
She pronounces our singing—
"Just fierce!"
Signed: "Musical Remains of a Senior."

There are waves in the ocean,
And waves in the sea;
But the Radio waves were
The waves that got me.

I am now in the swim
As a Radio fan,
And I get all the waves
That I possibly can.

A friend of mine came home with me
To hear my boasted set,
The tubes refused to even glow
By this I lost a bet.

The instant that he left the house
(The set was like a child);
The music poured forth loud and clear,
And that sure made me wild.

F. PENARD.

Miss Treat, to the fifth period class:
"Oh where, oh where, did I put those
class notes?"

Oh where, oh where can they be?
I'm sorry 'tis true—but I'll have to
ask you
To write some more for me."

P. BERRY.

Mr. Fowler (to E. Doane): "I'm
glad to see you are early of late; you've
always been behind before, but now,
thank Heaven, you're first at last."

Alas! Alas!
My mind's
A blank:
And Miss Treat
Has lost the class notes!

She comes to us
And kindly
Says
"You must write
New sets of class notes."

We scowl, and groan.
It does
No good
We protest,
But we write some class notes.

The teachers say
That *we*
Forget!
"Accidents
Happen to every one!"

D. HOWSE.

Maybe you don't know that we have
two talking machines in Room 21 the
fifth period. Oh yes! we are up-to-
date. For records apply to Miss Dick
and Miss Alford.

Miss Pierce said that the chorus was
the best she ever had. The seniors, of
course, not wishing to take any undue
credit, wish to thank Miss Pierce for
the compliment.

I tried to write a poem,
But I had no inspiration;
Though I worked from morn to mid-
night,
All I got was perspiration.

"Breathes then a man
With soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said."
"I hope I passed."

Wonder where Arthur Landers got
the harmonious handkerchief.

*What will the school do next year with-
out—*

"Curt" Forbes' heels?

A. Landers' roar?

W. Aisen's (er-ah-an-sure-yes) stut-
ter?

B. Hughes' laugh?

P. Rice's sweet classroom voice?

M. Dick's orations?

And the Senior Class?

A. LANE.

Miss Shedd: "Davis, get up and re-
cite."

Davis: "I will as soon as I get my
shoe on."

To the Seniors from the Juniors
The Seniors now are happy,
That they can do their bit;
We think their number of "the sheet,"
Will surely make a hit.

They've worked like maddened hornets
To bring it out on time;
To judge them by their finished work,
Their record is sublime.

C. HIGGINS.

C. Forbes: "What is a crescent?"

Miss B.: "Have you never seen the
moon when it is not full, Forbes?"

We understand that when Marjorie
Manning hits a baseball she gives all
the rest of the girl's team a close shave.

New Song Hits

"Why Did I Kiss That Girl—Ben-
jamin.

"Never Again"—After Deficiencies.

"A Baby (Don't say no, say maybe)
—M. Pray.

"So I Took the \$50,000"—Most any

of us.

"Here Comes the Bride"—A. Fel-
lows.

"Linger Awhile"—In the office.

"Pretty Peggy"—Any Margaret.

"It Ain't Goin' to Rain Any More"—
Never.

Hughes: "Where did you get that in-
formation about immigration?"

Mrs. Moffatt: "I believe I got it from
the last "Country Gentlemen" I picked
up."

T HOUGHTFUL

H ELPFUL

E ARNEST

C ANDID

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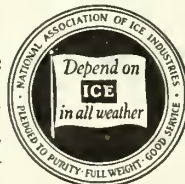
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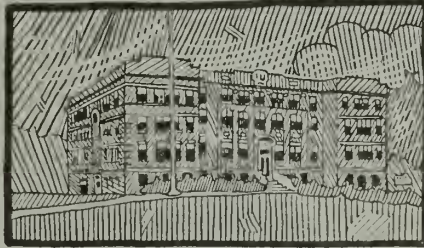
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P. O., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Acts of
October 3, 1917, authorized June 6, 1919

Volume II.

ARLINGTON (Boston), MASS., NOVEMBER, 1924

Number 1

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Editorials

Last year, a Junior English Class, realizing the value of having a school paper, undertook to revive the CLARION. With the audacity of ignorance, they faced all sorts of difficulties and published a paper, not unworthy of bearing the name CLARION, and of representing the Arlington High School. Without doubt, through this achievement, the staff won the confidence of all, that they were capable of assuming the responsibility they had undertaken.

This year, practically the same staff has been chosen to edit the school paper. As the majority of the members of the staff are now Seniors, the vacancy which they will leave next year, must be filled by pupils of experience who can keep up the reputation of the CLARION. For this reason, the entire body of underclassmen should endeavor to express their opinions concerning events in school, in order to gain the experience necessary to carry on the paper successfully in the future. The Clarion Board is eager for the CLARION of 1924 and 1925 to surpass any that has ever been published and to be held up as a model in the future. To fulfill their hopes, they need not only the co-operation of the entire senior class but also the support of every student in the school. Someone has expressed this idea better than I can ever hope to when he said:—

It is not the individual,
Nor the army as a whole;
But the everlasting teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul.

J. M. F., '25.

What is the feeling that rises in one when one becomes a student in a high school, the feeling that makes you feel proud to be a part of the institution, the feeling that makes one share the school's defeats and triumphs alike, the feeling that makes one strive to uphold the honor and standing of the school in athletic and scholastic activities? When one feels this way towards one's country, it is called patriotism, in school we call it "School Spirit."

T. McCUTCHEON, '25.

IN REPLY

On Tuesday, April 14, 1924, to be exact, the then Sophomore—now Junior—in other words, the class of 1926, received the surprise of its young, but evidently remarkable life. On the Editorial page of the third issue of that year's CLARION, it discovered that it had "shining talents," was "the most brilliant class mentally," had "found glory," and oh! unfortunate message! was losing it. It had resided on the Arlington Heights of success ever since it had entered school and it *must* write for the CLARION!

From the time the first CLARION came out that season, there was a polite exchange of slams between the Junior and Senior classes. In the first issue there was nothing very alarming, but the second time the CLARION came out, things grew hotter, and in the next number, the Senior Class, especially, was pretty well "up on its ear." All these proceedings the Sophomores watched with a growing sense of being in the way.

As a result, they began to withdraw cautiously from the front ranks into the background leaving a wide field for the wordly Juniors and world wise Seniors. The competition waxed hotter, and, in the midst of it, the Junior Class turned around and said, "Oh, those Sophomores! Why don't they get busy and do something?"

However, all that is past history now and the scenes have been shifted. The Juniors, who so accusingly pointed their fingers at the Class of 1926, now occupy the place so jealously guarded by their last year's antagonists. And the little Sophomores now hold the throne from which, hitherto, the CLARION has been ruled with an iron hand.

What now? Shall there still be that undercurrent of feeling between the two classes, or shall we all buckle down and make the CLARION bigger and better than ever before?

Think it over 1926.

RUTH E. HOPKINS, '26.

Class Notes! What is there in those two small words that causes a protest, a disturbance, almost a riot among the students of the A. H. S.?

The other day I asked one of Miss Cooper's English classes to bring in class notes the next day. Of course there was the usual protesting groan but I noticed that a few conscientious pupils jotted down the assignment.

The next day I received five sheets of paper. On each of four of these sheets was written the name of the pupil and *one* class note. On the fifth, (and I sincerely thank that contributor), were three!

Now what is the matter with the rest of that English Class?

I have thought of two possible reasons why they failed to pass in, at least one class note,—either they are very forgetful or they are just too "dumb" to see anything funny that hap-

pens in class. Well, I extend my deepest sympathies to him who goes through six periods five times a week without noticing something laughable at least once a week.

So, come on Sophomores, Juniors and Sen—oh pardon me—of course the Seniors don't forget—remember that the CLARION needs your support. Don't let yourself be classed with the dumb or the forgetful. Watch out for class notes
D. BLEVINS, '26.

The comparatively new system of three years in the Junior High and three years in High School, while it has distributed the pupils more evenly and lessened the congestion at the High School, has one point which has not found favor with the pupils.

Under the old system each pupil was required to make seventy points during the four year course in order to graduate. This was an average of seventeen and a half points a year. It was not unusual for a freshman to make twenty points his first year and then have three years in which to make the remaining fifty, an average of a little more than sixteen points a year.

Under the new system, each pupil must make sixty points in his three year stay in order to graduate. Twenty points a year are quite hard to make, and it seems that to allow a pupil only ten points for his freshman year, when, in all probability, he would have made more, is not right. Under the old system, a freshman had to make ten points to be promoted and, most likely, this is the reason why they allow the sophomores ten points now.

But as the majority of the promoted pupils would undoubtedly get more than ten points or, in other words, most of the promoted pupils would get by without being just on the rim, it seems only fair that pupils should now be allowed at least fifteen points for

their first year and thus leave them three years in which to make fifty-five points.

J. F. KEEFE, '26.

Athletics need your financial support. Since Arlington has had paid coaches and adequate financial support, our teams have shown that, regardless of any handicaps, they can go in and compete with the best. The executive committee has granted liberal sums for equipment, but unless you continue to give your financial help, what will our teams be like? Do you want our teams to go on the field with ragged uniforms and poor equipment? No, of course not, then you must give them the necessary financial aid. If you cannot afford it, go out for the teams and make the other fellows try harder or make it your duty to go to the field and cheer your classmates on to victory. Hany a game is won by a cheer. If you cannot afford it, or cannot go out for the team, or haven't time to go to the field, then take some tickets and during come of your spare time sell them to your friends. When a person buys a ticket, he tells his friends, creating interest in our athletics. This interest means money, the very thing that athletics requires.

PHILIP PEIRCE, '26.

THE AFTERNOON GYM CLASSES

As we all know, each pupil is required to take two periods of gym each week unless he or she is a candidate for some team. Many of the pupils, on account of their taking many subjects and not having room on their programs, are forced to take gym for an hour or forty-five minutes in the afternoon. This may be a good plan, but many of us who are not out for any school team, have other things to do, such as work in the afternoon, or odd

jobs. Thus, this gym class interferes with these other duties. If there is not room on the schedule for two periods of gym in school hours, we should not be compelled to come back for forty-five minutes as it is equivalent to punishment for other things. That we, through no fault of ours, should have to come back is unfair to us and something should be done about it.

If this were something necessary to our education it would assume a different aspect, but most of us, if we are not working, get plenty of exercise out of school.

GEORGE LAWSON, '26.

OUR ADVERTISERS

In these days of unemployment and general business depression every little dollar counts. Where a man would spend first and think afterwards in war time, he now thinks first and spends only after careful deliberation.

Therefore, our advertisers are showing great confidence in us and our school paper by submitting material for the advertising section.

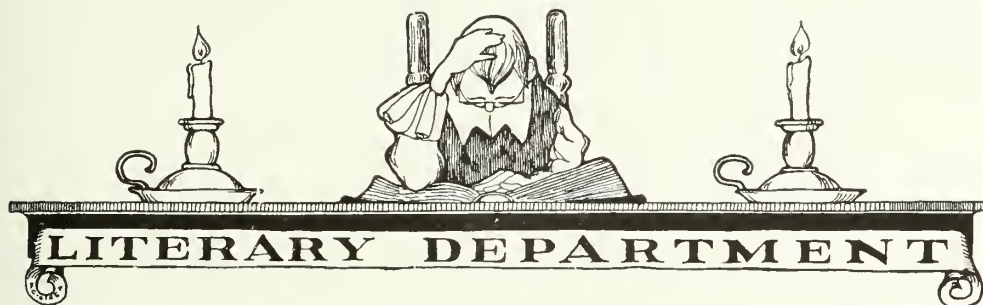
In soliciting the advertisements this year we lost one advertiser who last year took a ten dollar space. Another merchant who had a quarter of a page last year would only take a sixteenth of a page this year.

On being asked the reason for their action these two men informed us that they had received little or no patronage from the High School students.

There is no reason in the world why they couldn't have received patronage. It was simply indifference on the part of the student body.

This year let us make amends for that indifference and let us learn to patronize our advertisers. Don't consider the advertising section as merely a space filler. Read it through and then—"Trade in Arlington."

C. A. HIGGINS, '25.



MR. GRAY'S REDUCING EXERCISE

It was exactly four minutes of eight. Mr. Gray stood hat in hand anxiously frowning at the clock. Would the hand never reach the four minute dot? Mr. Gray could wait no longer, so, with one last look in the mirror, and with one lingering pat to his suit Mr. Gray departed on the run. Perhaps you would be interested to know the cause of Mr. Gray's anxiety? In the first place Mr. Gray was very stout; so stout that his newest Palm Beach suit, only a few weeks old, and which at the time it was purchased had fitted perfectly, was now filled to its capacity.

At this point, Mrs. Gray, who had witnessed her husband's continual increase in weight with much distress, insisted that he visit the doctor, who, in his brisk, businesslike way, announced that all Mr. Gray needed was plenty of exercise in walking and running, exercises that the doomed man positively loathed. Knowing his weakness Mrs. Gray had extracted a promise from him which was that he would not leave the house in the morning until four minutes of eight, only just in time to catch the eight o'clock train.

When he had given this promise Mr. Gray had not realized that his journey to the station would be half as hard as he found it.

On arriving at the station Mr. Gray was a sight to behold. His hat was off and dangling in his hand, and his hair was in terrible disorder. In the other hand he held his handkerchief, now black with dirt. His shoes were thick with dust and large scratches could be plainly seen all over them. Mr. Gray apparently did not know how to pick his way daintily. His new Palm Beach suit was several degrees darker than it had been when he left the house.

Now he stood on the platform, gasping for breath and, at the same time, trying desperately to shout at the departing train.

The station master sauntered leisurely over to him, his hands in his pockets and his eyes roving with amusement, over the unfortunate victim.

"Lose yer train, eh?" he asked.

Mr. Gray's only answer was a grunt.

"'Nother at eight," continued the station master and passed on whistling the latest song.

It seemed to Mr. Gray that the words had been thrown at him. He blinked and rapidly reviewed the list of events since his promise to his wife.

"Why! to be sure!" he said to himself, "How stupid of me to have forgotten! Didn't I set the clock a half an hour ahead last night in order to fool my wife?"

KATHERINE BRAITHWAITE, '27.

THE GERM HUNTERS

"Aw, the dickens with it," said "Pooch" Ferguson to his roommate, as he hurled a well used geometry book from him. "What's the use,—I can't study."

It was rather late, after twelve in fact. The two roommates had been sitting up late, trying, at the last moment, to prepare themselves for their mid-year examinations which would commence in two days. And mid year exams at Exover were no joke!

Pooch Ferguson's roommate was better known as "Pauline" Russell, although his real name was Paul Russell.

Pooch went on, "I've got about as much chance at passing those examinations as a peanut has in a monkey cage."

Pauline kept to his studying.

"What d'yon say?" yelled the exasperated Pooch.

Pauline continued to study.

Pooch reached for the book that he had so violently hurled from him, and cast it at his deeply engrossed roommate.

Without raising his head from his book, Pauline murmured, "You lack concentration," and immediately buried himself in his book again.

"If I take those exams, I'll flunk sure," groaned Pooch. "If I could get out of them this time, I shouldn't have to take them until April—two months away. That would give me two months to study. What do you think, huh?"

Russell continued to study.

Pooch hurled another article at him, saying once more, "What do you think about it?"

"Cut out those signs of affection," growled Russell; "Concentrate yourself."

"Concentrate myself," scoffed Pooch, "First thing I know I'll be trying to

stuff myself with all this monkey business and then I'll be thinking of that Exover-Huntington football game. That was a corker, wasn't it?"

"Aw, come back to earth," grumbled the disgusted Pauline.

"My concentration's good," said Pooch.

"Well, as long as I know I can't pass those exams, I'll not get brain fever from studying. I should worry about studying. I'm going to take a slant at the news. Ah! I see that the Giants are quite a team in a World's Series. Ah! here's another interesting account of how badly (It'll be bad all right), Harvard is going to be beaten Saturday. I don't believe—"

Suddenly breaking short his little monologue, he jumped up and shouted, "I've got it, Pauline old boy, I've got it!"

"Got what?" snapped the sorely tried Russell, "the seven years' itch?"

"No, I haven't got anything; but I'm going to get the measles. See here! It says that an epidemic of measles is raging in East Boston. I see where you and I go that way tomorrow and try to pick up a few cases of the malady. We'll come back and tell the doctor how ill we feel. He'll discover immediately that we have the measles and fumigate our room and belongings. Then we go to the infirmary for a rest until the germ has left us. By that time the mid-years will be over, and we shan't have to make them up until Spring."

"My boy," began Pauline, "You're a wizard! No more plugging for me to-night," and he threw his book on the floor.

* * * *

The following day the two students jumped off a car at the front of a narrow street in the most squalid section of East Boston. As they started up

the street, Pauline inquired, "What's your plan of attack?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," responded Pooch, "The best way is to grab every chance that comes our way."

The pair halted before a group of dirty children playing some fascinating game.

Pooch carefully singled out the dirtiest and addressed it with, "How's your folks today, kiddo? Tell them that I was asking for them, won't you?"

With this he leaned over and gave the little girl a kiss.

The child barely noticed this romantic intrusion in her play, while the two germ hunters passed on.

"Well," inquired Pauline, "think you've got the symptoms?"

"No, I don't exactly feel any worse than I did. The next chance I take is going to be the sure thing."

After walking around for a considerable length of time, they came to a house on whose piazza reposed a beautiful damsel about seventeen years of age. Above her head was a yellow placard labeled, "MEASLES HERE."

This seemed to Pooch the best opportunity they were likely to have, although he was becoming rather skeptical about the feasibility of his plan.

He broached the subject to his companion. "The only sure way of getting the germ," he added, "is to kiss her, and don't you think she is a little too old? I don't think she will stand for it, myself."

"Aw, take a chance," goaded Russell, "Remember—Steve Jacobsen jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, and he had nothing to gain. Remember those mid-years! Kiss her and run."

"Well, here goes!" said Pooch grimly, "I'll be the martyr."

"Well, if you don't want to, I'd just as soon kiss her," suggested Pauline.

"No," said Pooch, "I want the pleasure."

The pair gazed cautiously around and seeing only a man lounging against a fence across the street, Pooch approached the damsel with a confident air.

"Greetings!" said Pooch.

"Hullo," mumbled Pauline.

"Hullo yourself," retorted the girl.

"I see you have measles here," spoke up Pooch.

"Yes, we have," answered the girl, "and if you don't beat it, you're liable to take them."

"Willingly would I take them, and many times, could I but talk to you the while," said the gallant Pooch.

Pauline gave Pooch a dig in the ribs and a look which plainly said, "Cut out the preliminaries."

Suddenly Pooch leaned over the girl and gave her a resounding smack.

With an extremely feminine scream, the girl jumped up and shouted to the figure leaning against the fence. "Oh! Oh! Jerry!" she called. "That gink had the gall to kiss me. Put the crushers on 'im!"

Jerry gave a long whistle and immediately pursued the two bold but fleeing prep school students. At the whistle, many youths of the gang poured forth from the alleys and doorways, taking up the pursuit.

Pooch and Pauline, both members of the Varsity track team, were rapidly outdistancing their pursuers when suddenly Pooch seized his companion by the arm.

"Let go of my arm," shouted Pauline. "What are you trying to stop me for?"

"We've got to face them," said Pooch, still holding Pauline back.

In a moment the furious gang was upon them.

* * * *

Pooch opened one eye, he knew not how long a time later; his other eye was swollen and refused to open. He

was lying in a little white cot, stiff and sore and bruised. As he slowly opened his eye, it fell upon his roommate, who lay watching him from an opposite cot, in much the same condition as Pooch.

"Hullo," said Pauline, "It's about time you woke up. We're in the infirmary."

"So I see," grunted Pooch. "I say, what day is it?"

"It's the day after tomorrow," said Pauline, "that is, I mean we were put to sleep two days ago."

"That was some scrap, wasn't it?" commented Pooch.

"Yes," drawled Pauline, "it sure was. Anyhow it fixed us so that we can't take those mid-years, that is, not until after April. The Doc says we won't be out of here for three weeks or even—but say," he interrupted suddenly, "tell me why in time did you stop and make me stop to fight that raving mob, when we could have gotten away from them so easily?"

"Well," replied Pooch, "I knew it was the only way we could get to the hospital. I just happened to remember, then, that I'd already had the measles once!"

PAUL KELLENBERG.

GETTING A DRIVING LICENSE

The day had come, and in I went,

Determined to succeed;

It wasn't very long before

I was reproached for speed.

I gained the center all intact,

I saw a traffic cop;

For what to do my brain was racked

And so I thought I'd stop.

I stalled the engine, got in wrong

And all about me stared;

I felt like falling through the ground,

But they just glared and glared.

At length I reached the Armory,

As strange as it may seem;

And waited patiently my turn

Like one who's in a dream.

The hour of trial came apace,

The hands raced around the clock;

And there I sat with anxious face,

My heart began to knock.

And now the dreaded summons came,

My time had come at last;

I started off with hitch and jerk,—

I fed the thing too fast.

I drove along the avenue,

"Right turn," my mentor said;

Behold—a woman in my path,

Who had a scarf of red.

This scarf it floated on the breeze,

And danced before her eyes;

"Say, blow your horn," he yelled at me!

And much to my surprise.

For mother says that when I see

One wants to cross the street;

Remember that he has a right

Who walks upon his feet.

This, I explained to mentor stern,

And though he fussed and fumed;

He didn't turn me down for this

Though I feared I was doomed.

I backed and filled and turned some
more,

At last he said, "That's all;"

A stern look was upon his face,

My heart began to fall.

But more suspense I could not stand,

I asked him if I'd passed;

"You have!" he said, and I drove home,

My mind at rest at last.

But now you see it does no good,
 My mother's very stern;
 She will not let me drive alone,
 What good was it to learn?

ESTHER ALDEN, '23.

TWILIGHT

It is the hour of dreams, the hour of reverie. I think of things—pleasant things—things hard to analyze, like bits of down that float away when disturbed by stronger forces. I dwell in the past; in the present, and dream of the future—the magic veil of which has not yet been pierced. Twilight—the hour of poets—the golden hour of meditation, with its soft shadows that lengthen as the minutes fly. I see, in the west, a faint, golden and crimson trail, left by the departing sun. As this faint trail grows fainter, and the grey shadows lengthen, from afar I seem to hear:

Our day of praise is done,
 The evening shadows fall;
 But pass not from us with the sun,
 True Light that light'nest all.

VIRGINIA HUNT, '26.

ON KEEPING ONE'S HAIR IN CURL

To the possessor of curly locks, this essay will be uninteresting. I am addressing only the great multitude of unfortunate fellow-sufferers whose hair will not stay curled. I feel that someone must let the world know, what heavy burden is ours to bear.

I spend long, tedious hours in front of a mirror, trying to make myself pre-

sentable. What do I get for my pains? A burn on my ear, one on the back of the neck and one on the forehead. The curl I get isn't worth mentioning.

I spend a week's allowance to give the hairdresser a chance to torture me. Result? A head of hair that looks like steel wool, and a sarcastic "Oh, what a wreck!" from my younger brother.

I spend my time in church, praying that it won't rain the night of the Club dance, so that my curl will last, at least, until I get there.

I try everything—and all means, curl out curl under, and marcel, barrette, no barrette, band, no band, and a hat, but to no avail, the public cannot be deceived, they know my hair isn't curly, and, in fact, know it never will be, so there!

Finally I am all curled up—good weather, no wind, nothing in fact to take my curl out. I join a group of girls and someone says "Isn't my hair a sight!" I think proudly, "Oh, the poor girl, I'm glad my hair doesn't look as straight and straggly as hers."

Just to satisfy myself I run my hand through my hair—"Heavens to Betsy," "the back curl is all out and oh—the side curl and oh—horrors! the whole thing is once again straight."

Depression grips my soul and I feel like one about to commit a murder. What terrible thing do I do, you ask? Why, I rush madly home and souse my head in water.

I am defeated by that monster "Curl," but my defeat, I think will increase my general comfort and I shall henceforth lead an easy life with naturally *straight* hair.

M. MANNING, '25.

Poetry Column

This poetry column is an entirely new feature of the CLARION. Remembering that a few poems were passed in last year and that the Seniors had some difficulty in writing their class poem and song, we have decided that something was needed to stimulate interest and to encourage genius so that the difficulties that were encountered last year may be eliminated. We hope that this feature will prove successful, but it will not unless everyone tries to see what he can do and gives his attempts to the poetry editor.

The first poem in our column, written by a member of the class of 1924, was passed in too late for publication last year. We consider it admirably suited for this publication which comes out during the beautiful October weather of this year.

JANE GILMORE, '25.

October days—October haze
Of misty, moisty blue;
The spiral shower of leaves, all shot,
With crimson through and through!

And when the apples tumble down
And prickly chestnuts fat and brown,
We see the yellow pumpkins heaped
And all the golden harvest reaped—
The days are far too few.

The beauty flies. We drift along
Through weeks of perfect weather;
The last gold threads which bind it
here,

Cold's cruel clippers sever.

But while the gypsy winds frisk here
And there, and shout a lusty song;
I sniff the bonfire's stealthy smoke
And drink the crispy air—and long
To travel on forever!

MOLLY ALFORD, '24.

LITTLE HARBOR

The Little Harbor that's dear to me,
Is but an inlet of the sea;
Its shape is like a miniature bay,
With narrow entrance, by which lay
A row boat, floating on the tide,
Safe sheltered from the ocean wide.

The sun was high, the sky was blue,
The water also had that hue;
Except where shadows crept along
From wave to wave and then were
gone;

Above the cliffs the tall pine trees
Tossed their long branches to the
breeze.

The merry surf its spray threw o'er
The barren rocks along the shore;
For white-winged gulls soared 'gainst
the blue.

Adding their beauty to this view
That makes the joy, the calm in life,
And banishes all thought of strife.

CAROL FOSTER, '27.

WORK

This world holds place for none who
shirk

The daily tasks before them;
This world is realm for those who
work,

Success looms up before them.

The tasks completed ere the day
Has cast its last pale beacon;
Make lighter still the tasks that may
Have caused the faint to weaken.

The world will favor none who shun
Such work as seems oppressive;
So finish all your work begun,
Reward will be extensive.

—CLAUDE HIGGINS, '25.

Alumni Notes

Last year's Seniors have started on their varied roads; at least, most of us have. We, the Post Graduates, that questionable, but rather honorable faction of the Arlington High School, return for another year in this school, comforted by the thought that we are getting one more year of education.

As I said before, the Seniors have started on their different ways.

Brainerd Hughes, deciding that West Point was not the place for him, is going to Tufts.

Arthur Lane is at Dartmouth.

Another Arthur, noted in school and abroad for his brilliancy as a pianist, is at Harvard.

John Devine, after taking a summer course at "Mass. Aggies" (during which—guess—! he lost three pounds), is at that college this fall, beginning a prescribed course.

To speak of the ladies for a time:

Andrina Kenney is at the Alviene School of Expression taking a six months' course and considers said school "just marvellous."

Marjorie Dick has been elected Vice-President of the Freshman Class at Boston University's "School of Religious Education," and (of course we link these names together), Mary Alford is at Radcliffe.

Theodora Allen and Marion Diehl are wearing green smocks at the Massachusetts Normal Art School.

Helen Shaw and Winifred Russell are at B. U. also.

Barbara Wunderlich is going to a private school in Cambridge.

Marjorie Tinkham (we wonder (?) why), is at the Lesly School, also in Cambridge.

Fred Andres, president of last year's graduating class is now at Exeter Academy.

Ethel Grimwood is at Leland Powers, while Martha Pray is leading the life of a lady.

Perhaps it may be best to tell about this noted Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-four in installments. And we hope, too, that our column will discontinue this year its reputation, "Oh, it's not important."

SCHOOL SONG

Give a cheer now for our High School
For whose honor never fear;
While we lift on high our banner,
And for A. H. S. still cheer.

Chorus:

For we're birds of a feather
All the A. H. S. together,
One in friendship and courage,
'Neath the Red and Gray so dear.

May we always be victorious,
Always fair in every game,
Never will we be vain-glorious,
Never tarnish our bright name.

In our work time as our playtime,
Hand in hand we do our best,
Fitting for the world before us,
So that we may stand life's test.

A. H. S. calls for her students!
Comrades come from far and near!
Three times three, now, all together,
To the welkin send our cheer.

(For the benefit of "Winchie" and those others in the school who don't know their own school song.)



FOOTBALL

On Tuesday, September 2, the letter men of last season's squad received letters from Director Henriens informing them to report for practice the next afternoon, September 3.

This workout before the opening of schools enabled Coaches Henriens and Bean, the new assistant physical training instructor, to get a line on the veterans of last year's team.

The call for candidates was issued during the first day of school with the result that a squad of thirty-five boys reported for practice that afternoon.

The candidates were divided into squads and given a snappy drill in passing, punting, blocking, dodging, and many other preliminary details. Assistant Coach Bean took charge of the line men, and Coach Henriens supervised the backfield candidates.

The opening game of the season was with the Medford High School eleven, last year's state champs, at their field.

Medford won 29 to 14, but only through hard efforts on their part. The Medford aggregation was favored by the breaks. Arlington repeatedly shattered their opponent's line during the first half of the game, but Medford took advantage of the Arlington fumbles and piled up a score. "Ike" Canty and Hamm were the outstanding stars for the Red and Gray while "Fish" Ellis at quarterback starred for Medford.

Many prominent football authorities were present at the game and each one praised the work of the Arlington team. A number predicted a championship eleven for this town this season.

The next game was with the Howe High School of Billerica on Saturday afternoon, September 27. Arlington bestowed a 45 to 0 whitewashing to the boys from "up country" thereby avenging the defeat of the previous Saturday. It was Arlington all the way. The Howe eleven although outweighed, and outgeneralled by Arlington's dazzling plays, fought hard and deserve much praise. Canty, Al Marsters, Sumner, Goodwin, Scanlan, and Babbitt starred for Arlington. Al Marsters making two touchdowns, and the others one each.

On Tuesday afternoon, September 30, our boys journeyed down to Dilboy Field, Somerville, and met that city's High School team.

Our boys handed "Dutch" Ayer's charges a 13 to 0 whitewashing. Although only a scrimmage game it was somewhat of a surprise, as Somerville was supposed to be one of the best outfits in the Suburban League. Scanlan and "Cuddy" Dale were the stars for the A. H. S. Dale picking up blocked ball kicked by Somerville ran the entire length of the field for a touchdown. "Tacks" Crosby, a former A. H. S. athlete, at end for Somerville, played well for the team.

It might be inserted at this point that Arlington also won a scrimmage game over Cambridge Latin at Russell Field.

The next opponent for Captain Grif-fie Roberts' charges was the strong Huntington eleven. The game was played at Spy Pond Field Saturday afternoon, October 4, and our boys defeated the Back Bay warriors to the tune of 6 to 0.

The Huntington team was somewhat weakened by the absence of Bill Miller who would have been captain had he remained at that institution, but who is now at Georgetown University, and Harry Sherry who is attending Harvard. Both of these boys are former A. H. S. athletes.

Al Marsters at quarter and "Ike" Canty at left halfback starred for Arlington. Marsters recovered a Huntington fumble and ran 60 yards to the visitor's 5 yard line and Canty plunged across for the lone touchdown.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 8, our boys met Belmont High in a scrimmage game at their field. Our boys "slaughtered" the eleven of the neighboring town repeatedly shattering the Belmont line. The game was called so that the Belmont lads could go home alive.

On Saturday afternoon, October 11, our boys journeyed up to Fitchburg to meet that city's strong eleven. Fitchburg won 10 to 3 but only through much effort on their part. There was frequent punting throughout the game, neither team getting through the line for gain of any considerable length. Fitchburg obtained its touchdown through one of the many forward passes thrown by their team. Fitchburg also scored on a placement kick. Dan Scanlon made Arlington's lone score by a kick of 45 yards.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Coach "Doc" McCarthy issued a call for cross-country candidates the first day of school with the result that the largest squad in the history of the school reported for practice that afternoon. What appears to be the nucleus of the fastest team that the A. H. S. has had for some years, is present.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 1, the annual interclass race was held over the Menotomy Rocks course, with the result that the Junior Class emerged the victors. Roy Perkins of the Senior Class was the individual winner after one of the closest races ever witnessed at the Spy Pond Field as only inches separated him from Eldredge a Junior and O'Neil a Sophomore. The first five men to finish were Perkins, '25, first; Eldridge, '26, second; O'Neil, '27, third; Brown, '26, fourth and Everett, '27, fifth.

The first race was with the Harvard Freshman and as usual the Arlington harriers emerged the victors.

On Friday afternoon, October 3, our harriers defeated the Harvard '28 team over the Harvard course. The first five men to finish were wearers of the "A," which goes to show that the makings of a championship team are present in the school. Jerry O'Neil won the race, closely followed by Merrill, Eldridge, and Everett, all A. H. S. men.

The second race of the season was with St. John's Prep. School at Danvers, October 10. The first seven to finish were Arlington boys. This only goes to show the merit of the Arlington runners.

The next race was with the Harvard Freshmen again. "Al" O'Neil, former Exeter star, came in first with Eldridge of A. H. S. on his heels. Arlington won this race, but they had to fight for victory this time. The result was 26 to 30 in our favor.

FIELD HOCKEY

The candidates for the Field Hockey team were called out the second day of school. Although several girls from last year's crack team have graduated there is still enough material left, with some of the more promising candidates, to make a good team. Ruth Dugan, '25, one of the stars of last year's outfit is captain, while Anna Hardy, '25, another veteran, is to manage the destinies of the girls.

Miss McCarthy who coached the team last season will have charge of the girls again this year. Miss McCarthy feels certain that the team will bring the championship again within our doors this fall.

On Friday afternoon, October 3, our girls played the first game of the season with Winthrop High, their old rivals. The game was bitterly contested and resulted in a 1 to 1 tie. The Arlington girls played an excellent game and deserve praise as many on the team are new and inexperienced.

A. H. S. A. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

1924-25

The following students were elected to the Executive Committee for 1924-25.

- Room 12—Gardner Bourne, '25.
- Room 13—Marjorie Manning, '25.
- Room 14—Daniel Scanlan, '25.
- Room 15—John Buckley, '26.
- Room 16—Joseph Eunis, '26.
- Room 17—George Lawson, '26.
- Room 21—George Winn, '26.
- Room 22—Norval Bacon, '27.
- Room 23—Joseph Crosby, '27.
- Room 24—Evelyn Friery, '27.
- Room 25—Harold Hamm, '27.
- Room 26—Margaret Lill, '27.
- Room 27—George Pepler, '27.
- Room 31—William Riley, '27.
- Room 32—Rose Wilson, '27.

Club Notes

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The school orchestra was started the first week of school. Since then it has grown rapidly—a new member or two at almost every practice. Under Miss Pierce's efficient supervision, the orchestra will, without a doubt, become an essential feature on every program. Miss Pierce has announced to the orchestra that she will, at some time during the year, give each Senior and Junior in the organization a chance to conduct in her place. Miss Alice Holmes, a former Arlington High School student, has consented to lend her services to the organization by acting as a concert-master. She has had her turn at conducting and seems to be none the worse for the experience.

The membership, at present, is about twenty-five. The orchestra has performed at every Assembly so far.

ANNA MARY SANFORD, '26.

LIBRARY NOTES

If you have your lessons finished and have nothing to read, go to the library. There are magazines there that will interest everyone. Magazines on Science, Music, History, Geography and other interesting subjects. There are newspapers also and in those newspapers are editorials as well as sports. Here is a complete list of the magazines and papers: Atlantic Monthly, World's Work, Literary Digest, Outlook, Current History, Scientific American, National Geographic, Popular Science, Industrial Education, Industrial Arts, Open Road, Harpers, English Journal, Journal of the National Education Association, Mentor, Musical America, and the Boston Herald and Boston Transcript.

PAULINE CROWE, '25.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club held its first meeting of the year on Wednesday, September 24, in the Assembly Hall. After welcoming the boys, Miss Pierce set them to rehearsing a number of new songs, so that this year they will have a whole new repertory.

The boys then elected the officers for the coming year.

President, Daniel Hooley, '25; Vice-President, Kenneth Call, '25; Secretary, Robert Thompson, '25; Treasurer, Carl Settele, '24; Librarian, Claude Higgins, '25.

There are many new candidates out for the club and many more expected after the fall sports are over. So that this year's club promises to be the biggest and best ever.

Miss Pierce was very much pleased with the boys' first showing and expects to arrange a few concerts during the winter. Miss Pierce looks forward to the production of a play by both clubs in the spring.

R. THOMPSON, '25.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club under the direction of Miss Pierce, held its first fall meeting, October 2, 1924.

Election of officers took place. They were as follows:

President, Mary Shrode, '24; Vice-President, Doris McCarthy, '25; Secretary, Edna Lowder, '25; Treasurer, Margaret Fernald, '26; Librarian, Rhona Perkins, '27.

For the past few years the Glee Club has been an active organization, this year we hope to make it more active than ever before. With the help of Miss Pierce, we hope to present to the

public a musical concert and perhaps a little later in the season, "Pinafore," composed of Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs combined.

EDNA LOWDER, '25.

A. H. S. STUDENT COUNCIL

1924-25

On September 11, the following students were elected to the Student Council for 1924-25.

Seniors

Room 12 — Ruth Duggan, Philip French, James Bascom, Phebe Brown, Bradford Brown, Walter Dronet.

Room 13 — Donald Hooley, Anna Harby, Marjorie Manning, Edith Johnson.

Room 14 — Frederick Ryer, Paul Winters, Ralph Stoker, Helen Stokes, John Walsh, Roy Perkins.

Juniors

Room 15 — Richard Blasdale, Rachel Crosby, Joseph Donnelly.

Room 16 — George Evans, Joseph Downey, Louise Easton.

Room 17 — Francis Keefe, Philip Pierce, George Lawson.

Room 21 — Griffith Roberts, Marguerite Reardon, Leslie Winchenbaugh.

Sophomores

Room 22 — Frederick Buckley.

Room 23 — John J. Dale.

Room 24 — Charles Hale.

Room 25 — Wilfred Harrison, Jr.

Room 26 — Paul McCullough.

Room 27 — Gerald O'Neill.

Room 31 — James Snow.

Room 32 — Fred Troy.

EXCHANGES

The exchange editors are trying out a new plan in this issue. Instead of criticising only a few papers and making out a long list of acknowledgments, we intend to use all our space for criticisms which we hope will be as helpful to you as yours have been to us. We hope to receive many comments from our exchanges on this plan.

The Record, Newburyport, Mass. The N. H. S. certainly has plenty of literary talent! We enjoyed the Literary Department to the utmost—and then the cartoons—and the fact that you print *The Record* yourself!

The Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass. Your class and alumni notes are great. You must have live reporters. Why don't you try some longer short stories?

Coburn Clarion, Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville, Maine. You certainly ought to be proud of your paper. We enjoyed it immensely—especially the stories.

The Megaphone, Dean Academy. You have many clever cuts. Yours is one of the best magazines of its type.

The Olympian, Biddeford H. S. Your literary department is especially good. Also your "Blow Outs."

The Cambridge Review. You are one of the few magazines which has a French Department. It is a good idea and yours is well carried out.

The Argus, Gardner, Mass. You deserve credit for publishing the best

graduation number that we have ever reviewed.

The Reflector, Woburn, Mass. For your size you have a well-developed exchange department, but athletic write-ups are sadly lacking.

The Register, Burlington, Vermont. We are very glad to see the great improvement. Keep up the good work and don't forget your jokes.

The Unquity Echo, Milton H. S. You certainly are O. K. as to jokes and your "Knockers Club" is quite original.

The Chimes, Scituate H. S. You are following Coue's doctrine perfectly, keep it up!

The CLARION has received comments which have been unusually encouraging and we are very grateful to all who have helped us with criticisms. The following is a partial list of those that have been especially helpful.

The Sassamon. Your paper column headed Class Notes is one of the best it has been our pleasure to see.

Oak Leaves. CLARION of Arlington High School is a new arrival and we hope that it will be published many times during the year. You are to be congratulated on the diversity of material. Are not your short stories too short?

Classical Gazette. The abundance of good and well written material in all your departments shows co-operation and school spirit. Keep it up.



Miss Jewett, biology shark,
Keeps classes from morning till dark;
The things that we study
Run from pea green to muddy,
And from seaplanes way back to the
ark.

Ted Thomas, '27, has been doing extensive research work in biology, at least he has discovered the fact that butterflies sit on their eggs but not just the way hens do.

J. Caniff: "I was knocked cuckoo in the last game."

J. Crosby: "When do you expect to recover?"

Our idea of a "crabby" teacher is one who can get angry with Joe MacFarlane and stay that way.

Mrs. Moffat: "Brown, what four doctrines did Roger Williams preach?"

Brown: "Ha, ha, ha, ha."

Evans: "W. Penn was a very fair man, he originated the Golden Rule."

They say ivory is scarce, but there seems to be a great abundance of it in our school.

D. Munroe translating in French III.: "And the lantern came out and ran all around the yard."

Miss Treat: "Give an antonym of monologue."

G. Lawson: "Polywog!"

As Others See Us!

I wonder how many orators we would have if all the Assembly Hall speakers could hear some of the opinions of the student body. The natural modesty of the Seniors is shown in their speeches and is very re-freshing.

Laboratory Experiments!

C. Horton (Finding someone in her seat): "Please evaporate!"

Wow!

Miss Treat (discoverning Schiesel talking with Tarleton): "Is your work done, Schiesel?"

S—: "All I can think of."

Miss T—: "Well it certainly won't improve your thinking ability to talk with Tarleton."

Ignorance is Bliss

Miss Preston: "Jones, give the dative singular of donum."

Jones: "Don' know."

Miss P—: "Correct."

Good Newth Girlth!!!

Mr. Boynton ith the new Thophomore clath advither!!!

Remarkable!

Teacher: "Where's your book?"

Tarleton: "I dunno. I carried it down to my desk and when I got there it wasn't there."

Friends of Ours

We are glad to have strangers support us. Two newcomers signed slips in Assembly. They are "Barney Google" and "John Onion" (Rosenberger and Winchenbangh probably forgot their own names).

Off What, Aurelia?

Miss Jewett: "Why are you late to class, Miss Hyman?"

Miss H—: "I was down in the drawing room taking off paint."

And that's all?

One thing we can say for our football team—they are a *bright looking* bunch of boys.

1927 Speaks

Large and mighty we've come to stay,
To mix our studying with our play;
Trying hard to stay up with all the rest

The class of '27 will surely do its best.
(*That's the idea Sophies*)

A Word to the Wise!

My hard old studies and I fell out,
I'll tell you how it came about;
Studies need time, and I gave none,
And that's the way the F's begun.

News to Us

Miss Jewett: "What characteristics has the spider, which an insect doesn't have?"

Bright Light: "The spider has feet in its mouth."

For Pupils Only

There is a teacher in our school
Who dearly loves the boys;
And all her classes break the rule,
And make a lot of noise.

There is another in fourteen,
In history she's a shark;
She razzes you before the class
And gives you a rotten mark (?)

Then there's Miss Treat in twenty-one,
She's lovely we'll acknowledge;
But gee! you have to study so,
If you would get to college.

In room twelve is Miss Butterworth,
She has a pleasing smile;
But though she looks real nice—look out!
Don't let her you beguile.

Miss Preston is in twenty-six,
Your syntax you must know;
She's awfully nice outside of class,
But we hate Latin so!

During a History IV. Test

(After Drouet's sixth trip to the desk for paper).

Evans: "Say, what are you writing—a history book?"

Speaking of History IV., asked to explain "a complex group of facts" (from which the discovery of America emerged), Joe MacFarlane, our esteemed editor-in-chief, put after his answer in parentheses "If this isn't a complex group of facts, then I miss my guess." Mrs. Moffat says he missed it.

It's all the same to him!

We predict that Eddie Lane, one of the seven brightest (?) boys in school will some day be a foreign interpreter. He pronounces "Oui" as "Oy." Evidently Eddie has been studying Hebrew as a side line.

Something to look forward to!

There's only one thing that's not particularly delightful about being a Senior. And that is that public appearance stunt. The school will have the honor and privilege of seeing, sometime during the year, each dignified and important Senior make two appearances on the platform.

Miss Treat (reading): "When sud-a group of mad cap boys came in—" Enter Goodwin.

Miss Preston: "Aeneas was at Sicily, where he was celebrate—I *should* say observing the anniversary of his father's death."

Mrs. Moffat is getting quite unreasonable. The other day she asked Edith Baker to bring in Anne Hutchinson on paper!

Bright Soph: "What's Fiona Braithwaite?"

Junior: "She's a P. G."

B. S.: "Say, what is Fiona Braithwaite?"

Junior: "I just told you she was a P. G."

B. S.: "Oh, I thought she went to High School."

Embarrassing Moments!

The hockey girls could tell that the football boys felt like a row of plugged nickels the day the girls watched them hugging that dummy.

Dangerous Job!

A marshal will hereafter direct the heavy traffic on Schouler Court at 1.05. (We wonder if this means the heavy loads "Winchie" takes to school.)

The well-known classic, "The Arlington Advocate" claims that "William Canty just up from Junior High is starring this season." We disagree,—really Mr. Canty is not as young as he looks. "Little William" has been here "long enough to know better."

On the silvery sands of Nantasket
A young man had his lunch in a basket;
Absorbed in his feed
There came a Flivver full speed—
Next chapter—a beautiful casket.

There is a young "feller" named Brad,
Whose appearance is frequently mad;
Oh! the way he sets style
Beats "Beau Brummel" a mile,
And a sheik with the "wimmin" is
Brad!

It is very amusing to say the least, to see some of our students used for bill boards. Some of the most popular slogans are "Stop," "Meow" and "Bow-Wow." It is quite an accomplishment too, to pin a paper on anyone's back without sticking a pin into him. Try it and see—but not on us.

We have observed that Tom McCutcheon, a newcomer to '25, can recite much better if he can walk around a bit while talking. (He sure can snap into talking too.)

More than some of us can do!

Speaking of newcomers, Andrews, '25, is a *very* sound sleeper. He has a "siesta" at 12.30 every single day.

Miss Cooper: "Roberts, please go into the closet and see if Julius Caesar is there."

How do you know George?

Miss Shedd: "What is the important thing to remember about a date?"

G. Winn: "Well, it depends a lot upon whom you have the date with."

They Aren't

We urge the boys of the A. H. S. to take seriously that matter of winning the bronze scholarship tablet. Where are all our brilliant boys, anyway?

Merrill (criticising an oral theme): "I couldn't hear when the car went by."

Miss Cooper: "Can anyone suggest a remedy for that?"

G. Roberts: "Stop the car."

In this school is a fellow called Dan,
And for football this Dan is the man;
When the ball's to be kicked
Dan's the fellow that's picked;
He's a wonderful player, this Dan.

Miss Murdock: "Il n'était pas chic."

Higgins: "Oh, I didn't know they had sheiks in France."

There is a young fellow named Babbit,
Who in a game is as quick as a rabbit;
For his team to defend,
He plays at left end,
And on each punt he is right there to grab it.

According to Miss Jewett the definition of a "nut" is N. Davis' ('27), strong point.

Impossibilities

Mr. Gammons smoking.

Miss Treat lightweight champion.

Miss Bullock speaking in a stage whisper.

Miss Watts six feet six (and homely)?

Mr. Robinson four feet and fat.

Students putting waste paper in the baskets.

Miss Riley using slang.

Miss Butterfield cross and disagreeable.

Miss Butterworth without that smile.

That's All!

Miss Wakefield: "All is not well in Greece."

Dumb Dora: "Doughnuts are!"

Our French teacher's name is Miss Shedd;

Her work helps to keep us from bed.

When she speaks of a test,

We know it's no jest;

For her tests all the Sophomores dread.

Ask Papa!

Mr.— (calling for Home Rooms):
"May I have the hands of the girls from Room 17?"

A difficult question: "If a Senior is as dignified as she is wise, and yet, neither, what is she?"

Answer: "Otherwise."

There's no denying it, Bradford Doty makes a very good minister.

Al Marsters told us this one:

Two fellows were talking:—

Dumb: "Two people were killed in a fend the other day."

Dumber: "Well, I always did say these cheap cars were dangerous."

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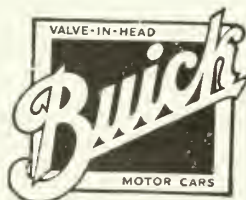
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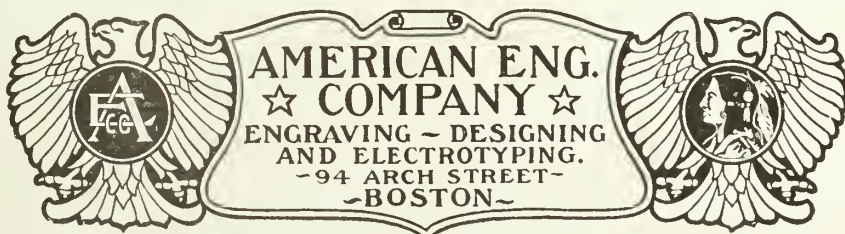
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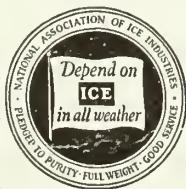
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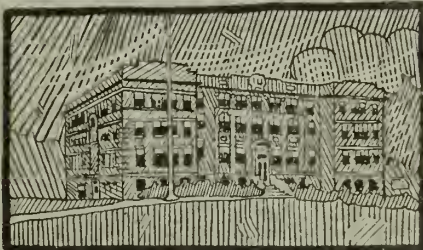
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Entered as Second-Class Matter November 9, 1917, at Boston, (Arlington Branch) Mass.
P. O., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Acts of
October 3, 1917, authorized June 6, 1919

Volume II.

ARLINGTON (Boston), MASS., DECEMBER, 1924

Number 2

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RACHEL CROSBY

The Glee Clubs mourn the death of Kenneth MacMahon, who died Sunday morning, November 30, 1924, after a brief attack of double pneumonia. The Glee Club will feel his loss very much, as he was a valuable member. He was a quiet, earnest, hardworking boy, and as a result of this earnestness he was one of the few who made up the boys' quartet of last year.

Editorials

THE BEST CHRISTMAS

Do you remember that Christmas morning years ago when you crept out of bed when it was still dark, and stole in to see the Christmas tree, and realize the joy you had been anticipating for weeks past? Do you remember how you felt as you beheld it in the quiet gray of the morning, and your fingers trembled to break the cords that bound those mysterious white packages? Can you ever forget the ecstasy of that moment? Does Christmas today mean as much?

Let us stop and think. At first you say no, but wait. Although your Christmas is not the same, is it not infinitely better? This Christmas perhaps you may steal quietly after that one in your family who goes before you to see what Santy has left. And when you see his delight will not your own joy be fuller? Then, indeed, you will know that,

It is in loving, not in being loved
The Spirit's blessed.
It is in giving, not in seeking gifts
We find our quest.

What ever be thy spirit's greatest need
That do thou give,
So shall thy soul be fed, and thou indeed
Shall truly live.

HILDA FROST, '25.

THE RIGHT TIME TO LAUGH

Maybe you have never thought much about it, but there is certainly a wrong time to laugh as well as a right time. I am very much afraid that the student body, or certain members of the student

body, laugh mostly at the *wrong* time.

If you can remember as far back as November eleventh, you can remember that we had an assembly that day. A pageant was enacted, and as the curtains were drawn apart certain members of the sophomore class and a number of students on the right of the auditorium burst into a laugh. Of all days in the year, of all things to laugh at and of all things to take in any mood except that of deepest solemnity, November eleventh, Armistice Day, was absolutely the worst. I am sure that the students that have some common sense and all of the faculty will agree with me, Armistice Day is *not* funny and never will be.

Most of Miss Sydnor's plays have humor in them. Laugh then all you want to and always laugh at a good joke, but every time you see a friend on the platform or a sentimental bit is being acted, DO NOT LAUGH. You don't laugh if it is sentimental when you go to the movies; and you would not laugh on Armistice Day if it really meant something to you. Those that laughed November eleventh, I am sure, now realize that they were only throwing their ignorance.

Put yourself in the place of one of the actors. You were trying your best to make the audience feel the enormity of Armistice Day. Somebody laughs at you. How do you feel?

Let us as a school show in the future that we are at *least* high school students and have graduated from that silly giggling stage.

HELEN STOKES, English IV.

CONCENTRATION IN STUDIES

If pupils would apply themselves to studies interestedly, and work with concentrated energy, if they would work rapidly so that their mind had no chance to wander from their task, if they would not permit trivial things to interrupt their work, the result would be that their studies could be done in half the time that it takes them to do them ordinarily. With consistent practise, a boy or girl can read an article rapidly and retain the subject matter even better than by the usual, indolent practise of plodding through a subject with their minds in almost any other place than on that task. It is not always the student that spends the most time studying who attains the most success, but more often it is the one who has learned to make each minute count and gives to the work in hand his undivided attention. So start immediately to launch attack after attack upon the opposing term of study and let nothing divert your drive to the goal, a drive which concentration will enable you to make in record time. PAUL ANDREWS.

The entire Clarion board unanimously united to humbly beg the pardon of Rosenberger and Winchenbaugh for connecting their name with those of "Barny Google" and "John Onion." The credit for such inventive genius and school spirit should have gone to two of the younger, rising generation. We regret to state that, as we have never received any subscription fees from either Mr. Google or Mr. Onion, all business connections with them must be immediately severed. H. JOSEPH.

At one of the first assemblies last year, Mr. Henricus was introduced to us as the instructor of physical training in Arlington. Mr. Moody, who introduced him, told us that he had kindly offered to coach athletics. In the last issue of

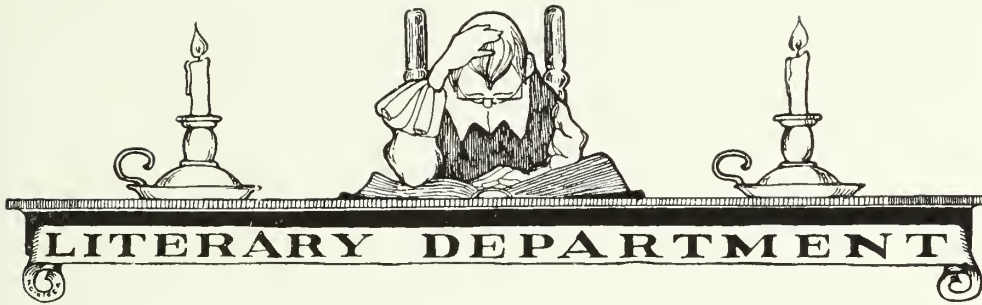
the Clarion, it was stated that Arlington has *paid coaches*, when the coach of the biggest sport doesn't receive a cent for coaching. This was explained very clearly at the time, but it seems we must have forgotten about it. But once and for all, let us remember that Mr. Henricus is not a paid coach, and because he has done so much for athletics, it reflects all the more credit on him.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

Throughout the school at present is the great hue and cry for school spirit and, as far as sports go, this fall has shown rapid progress. At our football games the whole school attends as a body and the honor of the school is set on a pedestal, but out of six hundred members of our school I wonder how many are thinking about school spirit when they are in the lunch room or about the building. At the end of recess our lunch room and floor of the corridor outside of the lunch room looks like a battlefield. The containers which are placed beside the two coatrooms seem to be things to be avoided. The stairways also seem to be a place to drop test papers which have not been quite in a class with those one takes home to fame. This, with the walking on the grass and throwing candy wrappers on the walk tends to give the school of ours an untidy appearance to those who visit us without knowing us well enough to understand that we really are neat but perhaps a little careless. Therefore, it behooves those of us who are constantly harping on school spirit to see that we do nothing to spoil the looks of our attractive grounds and building. Get into the spirit and pass it along to the next fellow. "Nuff sed."

Publicity Committee of the Student Council. R. A. P.

Merry Christmas to all and to all a Happy Vacation. THE CLARION BOARD.



NUMBER?

Forty-five — forty-three—forty-one—thirty-nine—and then a regular old Colonial doorway. Instantly all thoughts of numbers vanished from the mind of Professor Thaddeus Winston. If there were Colonial doorways on a street, there must be other antiques, and one of the two things he really liked was antiques. Accordingly, he turned to view his surroundings. What was that? Professor Thaddeus Winston drew himself up proudly; that house had brick ends. By a cross street and a vacant lot, he finally reached the house. Without realizing it, he hurried up the steps and pulled the knob of the bell. As he heard the clangor re-echo in the depths of the house, a sudden fear smote him. Why, to think that he, the erudite professor of history, should do such a thing! He turned, hastened down the stairs and around the corner.

As soon as he was out of sight of the house, he stopped to to orient himself; the street sign read, "Parker St." "Now, what is the name of the street where John lives?" he mused. The number was thirty-seven, but what was the name of that street? This was absurd, preposterous. Why, to think that he was helpless just because of the name of a street! He, a man who could tell, without the least hesitation any date in history. Professor Thaddeus Winston pushed his suitcase aside and sat down on it and

tried to think of the name of the street. Suddenly, he jumped up. "My suitcase," he exclaimed; without realizing what he did he paced rapidly back and forth and, as he turned out to allow someone to pass, he stumbled over something. "My suitcase," he exclaimed once more, but this time with a note of joy in his voice. Weak with relief and joy at finding his suitcase, which held no less than five new volumes of history which he had intended to look through over the week end, he sat down on it once again.

He was sure, yes, positive, that the number was forty-two. So, finally he made a great decision; he would go to every number forty-two and look on every door plate until he found the one he wanted.

After much tiresome walking and having seen only three number forty-two's, he again turned to his "aide," his suitcase, and sitting down, once more tried to think. But alas, even the illustrious Professor Thaddeus Winston could suffer and just now he was suffering from pangs of hunger, and, being as helpless as most learned men, he did nothing but stay on his suitcase and wait for something to happen. He had visions of huge platters of food, and every now and then, the name of a street mixed in. He groaned inwardly; what could be the name of that wretched street? What would the students think if they saw him in such an embarrassing predica-

ment? With that thought foremost in his mind, he arose quickly, and began walking back and forth, tapping his cane meditatively. "Oh, what wouldn't I give for,—well, for a cup of coffee," he said half aloud. The sound of his voice startled him, and, again, he retreated to his suitcase. What must passersby think of him; well, never mind, they didn't know who he was. But there surely is no pleasure in being regarded as curiously as a freak in a circus. At last, an inspiration, but it was no use; he could never attempt such a thing. Yet, he must be courageous; he, too, must be heroic, and with these thoughts in mind he rose, picked up his suitcase, squared his shoulders, and started bravely down the street.

Here was someone; he might as well do it first as last. He approached the young girl, who was coming up the street. "I—ah—I beg your pardon; cut could you, that is—would you mind telling me where," why how stupid of him, that name was King St., "Where King St. is?" You see," he continued somewhat ruefully, "I have been completely lost all the afternoon, and I have just found out where I belong, that is half."

He was all out of breath after this long speech made to a strange girl and, for the second time that day, was amazed at his own temerity. But, after vainly trying to repress a smile, the girl replied, "It is quite a distance but that is where I am going, and I will show you."

So, picking up his faithful suitcase, he started along after her. With a woe-begone expression on his face, he trudged along like a weary puppy who has been lost in a busy city and then, when he was nearly frightened to death, has found his master. As they walked along, he told her that he was looking for his nephew, who lived at twenty-four King St. When she told him there was no house at that number, his spirits fell with a thud. They

rose half way up again though, when she told him that she would take him to her cousin's house, where she was going, and perhaps he could help him.

Finally, after many twists and turns she said with a smile, "Here is my cousin's house." With these words, Thaddeus Winston's spirits rose even higher; it was the house with the Colonial doorway. She pulled the bell sharply; this time no fear smote him as he heard the bell re-echo in the house. The door opened and the girl went in, calling to him to follow her.

"Why, why can it possibly be," was all that he could mutter dazedly.

"Why, of course it is I, uncle Thad," said her nephew gaily, and, once more, Professor Thaddeus Winston sat down helplessly on his suit case.

HELEN B. JOSEPH, '25.

DUXBURY BEACH

Through the strange, stirring twilight of an autumn evening, I stood alone on Duxbury beach. All around me the sands gleamed white. Before me the great ocean shone with a sort of opalescent blue radiance. From the soft, grey-blue sky the pale hunter's moon cast a faint golden path across the water. The great waves surged in, one upon another, peaceful and yet imparting a strange unrest. There was no living thing in sight, only that seemingly animate translucent gleam of earth and sky and sea.

ESTHER ALDEN, '26.

HEROES

The fire-light flared wildly on the bizarre group of men standing before it. Huge, fierce men, dressed in the accoutrements of a long lost time. Helmets on shaggy heads, cuirasses on swelling breasts, mighty arms with bracelets and rings. Dominating the band, a gigantic figure stood a little to one side. A huge shaggy monster he seemed in the glow

of the fire. A magnificent torso was surmounted by a great head. Mightily thewed legs, firm as oaks, were spread slightly apart, one great arm was gestulating as he spoke. It was Sparticus.

Jim cowered closer into the shadows of the vast amphitheatre.

Like magic, however, the deep intonations of Sparticus urged them on to revolt, his voice like the mighty voice of a prophet. Vague, restless movements accompanied by hoarse cries showed the effect of his words. At the climax of Sparticus' oration they leaped to their feet like men possessed and clamored to be led onward against their Roman oppressors.

Jim too, was carried away with feeling; he too, seized a weapon and leaped forward.

"Who art thou?" queried Sparticus. "A spy!" hissed the gladiators. "No, I am one of you," cried Jim. "I wish to fight with you against the tyrannical Romans."

"That, we shall see," cried Sparticus. "Onward, strike down yon guard, gain the mountain pass, and there do bloody work, as did your ancestors of old at Thermopolae."

Jim rushed forward with the gladiators, a brief futile struggle of the guards and they were free.

A sweet, cool wind fanned the grim faces of the rebels as with bated breaths they, from a mountain crest, some time later watched the approach of the Roman Legions.

The deep voice of Sparticus invoking the aid of the Gods broke in upon their meditations. Immediately the scene changed, the men rushed to their station, and in silence awaited the onslaught of the Romans. Pierce, screaming shouts announced the opening of that glorious battle. The clash of arms mingled with the groans and cries of the wounded.

Side by side Sparticus and Jim fought! Many times they had saved each other's life and the eye of Sparticus lighted with pride whenever he gazed at his slender friend. Suddenly a quiver went through the rebel leader, he gasped, sighed faintly and fell. Jim stooped beside him and saw the reason for his fall, a javelin in the back. A faint shudder passed through that giant frame, and bending low Jim kissed the damp, cold brow.

A great shout, the Romans rushed forward, when,

"Oh you great mushy galoot!" "What deya think y're doin', rehearsin' a love scene or somethin'?"

Jim awoke to find himself tenderly embracing his outraged brother. A look of disgust swept over his face, he shoved his brother's face under the blankets and, turning over, sleepily murmured, "Such is life!"

SIDNEY HEGH, '27.

TEACHERS!

No, I am not getting personal! This theme, essay, short story, or whatever you wish to call it, (if you get as far as calling it anything), does not in any way, shape, or manner apply to, or refer to any one, two, or three of our male or female instructors.

It is merely a few rambling thoughts on that familiar subject, dear to us all,—teachers.

Of course, teachers taken as a whole, deserve to be placed among the heroes of the world, considering the patience it takes to drive information into some of our heads. But teachers taken, one by one, and pulled apart by the cruel criticisms of youth, do not stand much chance of winning a popularity pin. Let us take them as they come!

First, there is the crabby teacher, (found mostly in the grammar schools), with false teeth and a disposition like a clam out of mud. We read about that

sort, but do not often have to stand the crabbiness.

In strong comparison comes the young, fluffy-haired teacher, just out of "Normal." The "six footers" dream about her, but do not always show the proper respect.

Speaking of respect, let us turn to the stern, strong-minded teacher; she who lived in the good old days of the little tin bath tub. The pupils respect her—even show a certain amount of affection—such as flowers on her afternoon back—but oh! the way they talk outside.

So they come down the line! The absent-minded "prof," the hot-headed athletic coach; the—but, as I said before, taken as a whole, teachers are right there when it comes to patience, courage and the power of explaining to our muddled minds "why is a teacher."

D. BLEVINS, '26.

SPLENDOR AND POVERTY

Christmas Eve! A clear, starlit eve, and everywhere the happy, smiling faces of men, women, and even children. Here was a gaily decorated show-window, glittering with its bright display of tinsel, silver icicles, bells, balls, stars, and twinkling lights. Here, on the pure, new-fallen snow, was reflected the brilliancy of the glistening splendor, making beds of sparkling diamonds. From above, floating into the crisp air, came strains of joyous music, ripples of laughter, and the merry singing of a happy gathering. Now came the soft, sweet voices of carol singers, scarcely heard above the hurry and bustle of late shoppers.

Upon such a scene in a little French town came the figure of a bent-shouldered weary man, Jean. His hat was torn and tattered, nothing much was left of the coat he wore, and the shoes on his feet had scarcely any soles to them. He had nothing to keep his hands warm, and his face was swollen and blue. As he

stood still, leaning on a crooked stick, he gazed with longing eyes on the sight before him. Now he listened to the music, the tears streaming from his eyes, as he thought perhaps of a little, four-year-old child dreaming of *Le Petit Noël*. A snatch of a carol drifted to his ears and he listened more intently. Then he slightly raised his withered back, thrust his hand into a thin, worn pocket, fumbling for something. At last his hand came forth, holding a few sous, the only money he had in all the world. Then he slowly crossed the street and entered a bake-shop. There he purchased two loaves of bread. Then he went out into the cold again. After taking in all he could, with one parting look he finally turned his back upon the picture of beauty and joy. Trudging with halting footsteps through alleys, roads, and back yards, he at length beheld his destination, an old, tumbled-down tenement, dreary, unlighted, cold. How he longed for a warm, cheery home! But it could not be. He sorrowfully entered the dark house, the bread tucked under his arm.

SIGNE PIHL, '25.

AMONG LIFE'S MANY BATTLES

White with fear, Jimmy Frazer waited, praying for courage, afraid to go on, afraid not to. He must win, he must not bear the name of a coward. Ready! The fight was on! There was no backing out of it now, the dreadful thing was started and it was "finish or die." It wasn't an easy battle—there was strong opposition—greatest of all—fear, the fear of getting hurt.

Jimmy wondered underneath the fear if "Dad" had felt the same; if "Dad" had won; if "Dad" had played the game the first time. There was always a first time! Courage would come later—power to overcome the beating of his heart. But it wasn't just getting hurt, but the scars—ugly scars—something serious. He

had heard of fellows being maimed for life—rare cases, of course, but true. It might happen to him. He, Jim Frazer, the most popular of his class, chosen as the best looking, and maimed for life!

Steady! The muscles of his arm tightened; his nerves were drawn to the breaking point. Courage!—Ah!

It was over, and he, Jimmy, had won. With a smile he laid down the dreaded object in his hand, and viewed with pride the results of his first shave!

D. BLEVINS, '26.

ASSEMBLIES

Our Monday morning ritual: It used to be a pleasure to me to sit in one of these affairs. The symphonic melody which Miss Peirce's prodigies wafted out made all the future agonies of the day float away on the wings of sublime bliss. It was interesting to hear your classmates upon the stage throw out their chests and speak slowly and distinctly.

All was well until I was informed that I should have to perform likewise. I claimed a weak voice, nervousness, laryngitis and numerous other hindrances. But of no avail; I was the victim of Miss Sydnor's unflinching will.

With the aforementioned orchestra as a background and five contemporaries on my right and left, I sat as if I were on a bed of coals. I really could not cross my legs with the predominant self-confidence of Dan Hooley. Nor could I look at the dizzy sea of grinning faces as calmly as my comrade on the right.

It was my turn next. My heart was pounding on my ribs similar to the boiler works, at least, that's the way it sounded to me. My knees were weak; in fact they wobbled noticeably, and, in short, I wished the floor would cave in.

I started in, "The high price of putty," and yelled, "is due to the scarcity," and here my bass voice cracked, and my heart

dropped to the regions of my number twelves.

I recovered blithely, and once more commenced. I was sure I was speaking too fast, and I had been duly admonished for that same thing. I changed pace, but now I was too slow; I was lost; somebody snickered; my courage began to ebb. At last I managed to sail through on high, as it were. And after a few dry cynical remarks about the illustrious faculty, I bowed my adieus.

Phew! After the thunderous outbursts of applause, I congratulated myself on my coolness, my correct and easy poise, also my easy flow of words. But deep down in my heart, I give my sincere sympathy to the future victims of an unmerciful torture—one's first attempt at public speaking.

J. MCCONOLOGUE, '25.

TO THE FACULTY

We, the students of the Arlington High, want to tell the faculty just how much we appreciate their interest in us, and our school activities. At a football game we often see many members of the faculty, some in the stands and others kind enough to help collect and punch tickets.

In our school work, each and every one of you, help and encourage us, and again we give our sincere thanks to the wonderful faculty of the A. H. S.

NOTICE

If by any strange trick of fate you should happen to have a few of those elusive varieties, spare minutes, just turn to the exchanges and read what other schools have to say about the "Clarion."

H. B. J.

Poetry Column

ON READING POETRY

It seems to me that to understand, and appreciate poetry, one must have patience to take the time necessary to read the poetry carefully. There are so many beautiful thoughts and hidden meanings in verse that are apt to be missed if the poem is not read correctly. So, when I read a poem, I try to think of the words in groups that make an idea, and then think of each single idea suggested, so that I can understand the thought of the whole poem. Of course, one's vocabulary will have to be stretched to embrace new words and new uses of old words. Before a person should attempt poetry he should have a broad, fundamental knowledge of English, a fairly extensive vocabulary and not least in importance, a desire to learn poetry and love it.

To learn to enjoy poetry seems rather formidable, perhaps, to a student prejudiced against poetry. But is it not true that the task one willingly undertakes is done more quickly and efficiently than a task despised? And learning to love poetry is not a disagreeable task. We all know that from poetry we can get uncalculable wealth in beautiful thoughts that will enrich and broaden us. It should not be so hard, then, for us to learn to love poetry. So, to understand poetry, and appreciate it, one must be patient and willing to learn, and one must want to learn all he can from poetry, the richest treasure house in our literary world.

HILDA FROST, '25.

NOEL

A great light shone from the heavens
above,
And shepherds gave heed below,
A voice sang of promises, given through
love,
To the prophets, years ago,

The wondering men saw an angel bright,
And they who looked were awed,
They fell to earth in that brilliant light,
For they thought they had seen God.

"Fear not," said the angel, "for I do
speak
Glad tidings of greatest joy,
In David's land, in a manger meek,
You'll find the Christ as a boy."

And, lo, there came a heavenly host,
Of thousands and thousands times ten,
"Glory to God!" was the angels' boast,
"And on earth, peace, good-will toward
men."

They followed the star o'er Bethl'hem's
hills,
A Ruler in glory to find.
But found there a Saviour from all hu-
man ills,
And worshipped with all mankind.

CLAIRE GODDARD.

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM

We have a dandy football team,
To this you'll all agree,
When down the field our victors steam,
Their way before them free.

We know what Scanlon's kicks are like—
The best for miles around,
The runs of "Al" and also "Ike"
Are speedy as a hound.

And with the others' pluck and zest,
And with their speed and brains,
The team has well withstood the test,
And made some noted gains.

With this accomplished football team,
We will be champions ever,
And we will yell the victor's scream,
The A. H. S. forever.

CAROL FOSTER, '27.

MODERN SANTA CLAUS

'Twas a calm winter's eve
With a big golden moon,
But upon the still air
There broke a strange tune,

And around a sharp corner
On two shaky wheels,
Came a battered-up flivver
With lurches and reels.

It drew up at a house
Where it stopped with a jerk,
And a stout man climbed out
And commenced with his work.

He wore a red suit,
Which was fur-trimmed with white,
A jazz cap and knickers,
Exceedingly bright.

From the back of the car
He extracted a pack,
And with language profane,
Got it up on his back.

You've decided by now
That this jolly old man
Was Santa himself,
In a new kind of van.

But the house where he stopped,
Though you may be surprised,
Was a big country club,
As he well realized,

For the pack on his back
Was no less nor no more
Than a new set of golf clubs
With varnish galore.

Now these shiny new sticks,
As dear Santa knew well,
Were meant for a gift
To a lady named Nell.

Though the season was over,
The ground it was bare,
And dear Santa at once
To the first tee did tear.

He took up the new driver,
And shot from the tee,
But the night was so dark,
The poor thing couldn't see.

So he gave up his golf
And he hastened away
To finish his labors
Before Christmas day.

But at Santa's next stop
There resided a man,
Who was generally known
As a radio fan.

So Santa sat down
At the fourteen tube set,
And he tuned the thing up
To see what he'd get.

He tuned in on something,
Chicago, he thought—
"This is 'Amrad,' at Medford,
Signing off—twelve o'clock!"

So Santa got up
In a terrible flurry,
Disposed of his gifts
And got out in a hurry.

At the next place he stopped,
With a good will he worked
Till he saw that a "Globe"
In a dark corner lurked.

He picked up the paper,
Did old Santa Claus,
And bent over it long
With firmly set jaws.

He looked up at last
And his hair he tore,
As he saw a small boy
Looking in at the door.

The boy's eyes popped open
 As Santa Claus asked,
 What's a word with five letters
 That means "to be masked?"

So dear Santa's still with us
 Though his reindeer are gone,
 And he leaves his good work
 For the fads that are on.

E. A., '26.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Christmas Eve;
 The homely hard old earth is
 Made beautifully with white;
 The gaunt and ancient trees are
 Clothed in rifted ice
 And shimmer slowly in the
 Moon's pale and golden gleam;
 Every humble dwelling is
 Touched with magic light;
 For gracious God sheds loveliness
 Upon this holy night.

Christmas Eve;
 The bitter, hardened hearts of men
 Are melted out with love;
 Feuds and fighting are forgotten,
 Peace breathes o'er the earth;
 Selfishness gives way to kindness,
 Sorrow turns to mirth;
 Everywhere the heart is lighter,
 Blessed with sweet content;
 For gracious God sends us joy divine
 Upon this holy night.

Christmas Eve;
 Homely earth and hardened man
 Are touched with magic light;
 All the earth is garbed in beauty;
 All men's hearts are full of gladness,
 Brimming over with great love;
 Everywhere there is rejoicing,
 And the heart is full of song;
 Praises to the Lord,
 For God above sent his son to earth
 Upon this wondrous night.

HILDA FROST, '25.

LEST WE FORGET!

Hearken, my comrades, and you'll re-
 member

That famous day in the month of Nov-
 ember,

When the Melrose boys met their Water-
 loo,

And our own good team met the water
 too.

'Twas a Thanksgiving morning, '24,
 Hardly a girl who wasn't sore

'Cause her polished "pups" got muddy
 and wet,

(The Sir Raleigh coats had all been let.)

The day dawned bright and 'twas fair
 and cool

When we gathered around the swimming
 pool.

The tide was low and the mud was deep.
 Rubber boots were selling fast and cheap;

Then, suddenly, rose a lusty cheer,
 For the football team was drawing near.
 From the edge of the mud our boys dove
 in.

And, smeared and smudged, they fought
 to win,

'Til the pistol told us the half was thru
 And they floundered over the field of
 goo!

A rest, then the time clock struck high
 tide,

And while cheers rang out on every side,
 Our boys came back, with their stockings
 rolled,

(That "half," portable water-wings sold
 Like hot-dogs on the Island of Coney),
 But the way they played was nothing
 phoney.

Before the goal they fought like fish;
 In a sea of mire they squashed and
 squished.

Eighteen to six, and time to spare
 With cheers ringing out across the air,
 Our boys pushed on with a mighty *thud*.
 And the name of the other team was
 "mud."

D. E. BLEVINS, '26.

School Activities

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club is steadily increasing in size and it is hoped that more boys will join, as Miss Pierce can use a few more boys for her crew of sailors on board "H. M. S. Pinafore."

The Club has been meeting regularly on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and are fairly well started on the play.

The play is planned to be given in the Town Hall, some time in the latter part of January. This means much hard work for the Club between now and January.

R. THOMPSON, '25.

THE A. H. S. ORCHESTRA

Though the orchestra has not increased a great deal in quantity, its improvement in quality is unquestionable. Regular practise has done wonders for the organization and could do much more if every member would be present at every practise. Rehearsals, of late, have been very interesting, due to the fact that much concentrated effort has been expended upon several compositions by recent composers.

The orchestra has almost a full calendar at present. Its services have been requested for the Near East Relief Mass Meeting, December 23, and Miss Pierce is trying to arrange for a joint concert by the orchestra and band sometime in February. March 19 and May 7 it is to perform for the Women's Club Luncheon, while another concert is being planned for May.

The band has played at several of the late football games, adding much to the school spirit and general enthusiasm. The orchestra and band are two of the most active organizations in the institution—and why should they not prove to be among the best of their line when they

are under Miss Pierce's most efficient and inspiring supervision?

ANNA MAY SANFORD, '26.

The Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs combined are rehearsing for "Pinafore," which is to be given at some time in January. Starting December 1st rehearsals will be three times a week.

LIBRARY NOTES

Books

"Books are keys to Wisdom's treasure,
Books are gates to lands of pleasure,
Books are paths which upward lead,
Books are friends, come let us read."

Books to Grow On

Some of the new books which you will find in the library are:

More Than Conquerors.....Gilbert

Intimate accounts of Beethoven,
Brooks, Emerson, Irving, Lamb, Lincoln, etc.

Where the Strange Trails Go Down

Powell

Author of "By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne."

Zone Policeman 88.....Franck

Experiences of a plain clothes policeman in the canal zone.

Splendid Wayfaring.....Neilhardt

Accounts of the discoverers and explorers of the West.

Wonder Books of Chemistry.....Favre

Presents the marvels of Chemistry in story form.

Why go to College Cooper

College campus; reasons for going, to college, college man and the world.

What Shall I Be?

Vocational Opportunities for Girls.

PAULINE CROWE.

EXCHANGES

We have made many comments on our exchanges for this issue and we hope that our virtue will be rewarded, in the near future, in the shape of comments on *The Clarion*.

Our aim is not to cause offense by caustic comments but rather to give a fair and impartial criticism.

"M. H. S. Review," Medford H. S.—Your cartoons are very clever. Why not try a few more editorials?

"The Olympian," Biddeford, Me.—Your commencement papers are unusually fine. Congratulations on your well-edited paper!

"The El-So-Hi," Elmira, N. Y.—You have a good paper, and you certainly do well to get it out every two weeks.

"The B. U. Beacon," Boston—As far as stories go your wagon must have arrived at its star. We hope that this exchange may be continued throughout the year.

"Philomath," Framingham H. S.—The "Once Over" is the peppiest athletic writeup we have every struck.

"The Voice," Concord H. S.—You have good material but why not keep it separate from your advertisements?

"The Rindge Register," Cambridge—You certainly have the happy faculty of being able to get a great deal of readable news into a small space. We are very sorry if we have seemed to have slighted any one in our exchanges.

"The Periscope," Bridgewater H. S.—Why don't you comment on your exchanges? Your literary department is exceptionally fine.

"The Cub Reporter," Syracuse University—You have a very "newsy" newspaper.

"The Vindex," Elmira, N. Y.—There are many worth while articles in your paper.

"The Bulletin," Northeastern University—We are of the opinion that you have a very well balanced arrangement, with the possible exception of the advertisements, which we think might be arranged to better advantage.

"The Noddler," East Boston H. S.—We wish to congratulate you upon the completion of the plans for your new high school. We find the material in your paper very interesting and well arranged and, through our efforts with the *Clarion*, we are very appreciative of your fine literary department. Your cartoons are novel.

AND HERE IS WHAT THEY SAY OF US

"Clarion"—The class notes are some of the best we've read this year. "Adam's Rib" was very clever and very funny. Humor has firmly established itself in your paper.—"Medford H. S. Review."

"Clarion"—Your faculty column must be very helpful as well as interesting—"The Reflector," Woburn H. S.

"The Clarion"—The Cambridge Review hails with delight an exchange with the Arlington H. S. Clarion. The class notes are exceptionally humorous, the poetry excels that of any school magazine we have exchanged with. The weak link of your Clarion, it seems to us, is your Literary Department. Don't you think a department devoted to French would be an attraction?



FOOTBALL

On Saturday, October 18, Arlington played the first Mystic Valley League game of the season, with Winchester High on Manchester Field, Winchester. Arlington won, 21 to 3. At the outset of the game it did not look very bright for Arlington, for the costly fumbles were much in evidence. Winchester getting a field goal in the first few minutes of play. This put Winchester in the lead, but not for long. Hamm at left half back made two touchdowns, while Scanlan at right half, made the other. Scanlan also made the goal after each touchdown.

The next game was with Lexington on Spy Pond Field, Saturday, Oct. 25. Our boys treated our old rivals with a 12 to 0 whitewashing, thereby avenging the defeat of last season.

Arlington scored in the second period when Gaffney kicked to Al Marsters on the 40-yard line, who made the sensational run of the game for the first touchdown. In the third period Gaffney tried to kick out from behind his own goal, but was blocked by Canniff, which resulted in the ball going off to our side, where it was caught in the air by Dennen, who scored the second touchdown.

The next game was a league game with Woburn at Spy Pond field Nov. 1. Again the "Red and Gray" emerged the victors. It was Arlington all the way.

In the first period Pratt kicked to Al Marsters, who duplicated his sensational dash of the Lexington game and crossed his opponent's goal line for the first tally. When the first period ended 20 points had been scored by Arlington.

Two touchdowns apiece were made by Hamm and A. Marsters, while Babbitt and Scanlan scored one each. Scanlan made the point after the touchdown five times. The final score stood Arlington 41, Woburn 0.

The next game was a league game with Watertown on Spy Pond Field Saturday afternoon, Nov. 8. Again Arlington slaughtered their opponents, the final score being Arlington 51, Watertown 6. Again it was Arlington all the way. There isn't any need of illustrating in detail the game play for play, inasmuch as it was similar to the great drives of the A. E. F. against the Hindenburg line in the late war, and that is past history, so let this be also.

Al Marsters and Dan Scanlan made 4 touchdowns each, and Scanlon and "Lefty" Sumner made the points after the touchdown.

On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 15, Arlington played Wakefield High School eleven at Wakefield in a league game. There was one bad feature connected with this game, however; it was that Charlie Dennen, one of the mainstays in the line, broke his collarbone. Charlie

played an excellent game up to the time of his injury, and his loss was keenly felt. Wakefield fought gamely but the "scarlet" onslaught was too strong for them, with the result that Arlington won, 28 to 6. Al Marsters made two touchdowns for the A. H. S., while Scanlon and Babbitt made one each. "Lefty" Sumner, who replaced Al Marsters at quarter, handled the team well, and made an excellent kick of a goal after one touchdown, the only successful kick after a touchdown of the game.

On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 22, the A. H. S. eleven played Keene, N. H., the champions of the Conn. Valley league on Spy Pond Field, with the result that we handed the "champs" from the "Granite State" a 6 to 0 white-washing. The excitement, and likewise the score, came in the third period, when Higgins, the New Hampshire quarterback, attempted a forward pass which went through the air as gracefully as the "Shenendoah," until its flight was suddenly halted by the hand of one, namely Harold Hamm, the "scarlet" fullback, who raced 60 yds. for the lone touchdown of the game. Keene's nearest approach to scoring at the close of the second quarter when they were about three inches from the goal line, but was firmly held there by the impregnable "scarlet line," until the whistle blew for the end of the quarter.

The final score was: Arlington High School 6, Keene High School, champions of the Connecticut Valley League, 0.

THE MELROSE GAME

On Thanksgiving morning our boys journeyed over to Melrose to meet their "huskies" in a league game, and the final game of the season. The Melrose supporters intended to dedicate their new field, or rather "swamp," by, of course, defeating Arlington. It was the intention of Melrose to defeat Arlington and

have a "grand celebration," afterward. But, as was expected by all, including many ardent Melrose supporters, Arlington dedicated the "brand new swamp" by "swamping" Melrose.

At the start of the game it was obvious that Melrose was a highly overrated outfit. Arlington outplayed Melrose at every angle of the game. It was Arlington all the way, and when our boys rushed the ball they carried all of the Melrose team with them. Melrose was completely outclassed in every attempted play of theirs.

Our first touchdown came early in the first period, following a blocked kick. Capt. Roberts blocked the kick and Frankie Goodwin fell on the pigskin for the score.

Dan Scanlan in the next session went through for the second touchdown.

Forward passes were tried repeatedly by Melrose, but the attempts were in vain, as our boys stopped them instantly. To Melrose it must have been like hitting a steam roller, as our boys stopped them almost every time. Melrose was blest with luck to even get possession of the ball, and then it didn't mean anything. In the last half Hamm grabbed a forward pass and went over for the final touchdown.

Melrose dedicated their "new field," all well and good. The citizens of Arlington stood the "suspense," good naturedly and in a sportsmanlike manner, but our boys tripped daintily away from the "newly dedicated" Melrose "athletic field" with a neat little score, or I should say, big score, and the "CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE MYSTIC VALLEY LEAGUE."

The final score stood: Arlington High School, Champions of the Mystic Valley League, 18; Melrose High School, 6.

Moral: "Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, Melrose."

DAN HOOLEY, '25.

GIRLS' FIELD HOCKEY

The Girls' Field Hockey Team has had a successful year. As we lost all but three of our players last year, it was necessary to build an entirely new team. Our first game was with Winthrop and was a tie, 1 to 1. Of the eight games played we have won three, tied three, and lost two. We were champions of our half of the league. November 18th we played Winthrop for the championship and tied 1 to 1. The game was played so late in the season that there was not time to arrange another game. Arlington still holds the cup which they won last year, but no one will have a leg on the cup this year.

Schedule

- Oct. 3—Winthrop 1, Arlington 1.
- Oct. 10—Winchester 3, Arlington 1.
- Oct. 16—*Wellesley 0, Arlington 2.
- Oct. 2—*Stoneham 0, Arlington 3.
- Oct. 27—Melrose 3, Arlington 0.
- Nov. 4—*Dedham 0—Arlington 0.
- Nov. 7—*Lexington 2, Arlington 5.
- Nov. 15—*Melrose 1, Arlington 1.
- * League Games.
- E. JOHNSON, '25.

CROSS COUNTRY

This season's Cross Country team has certainly made a name for itself. On Oct. 20th our harriers defeated the Boston University 1928 team, 15-47. It was the third perfect score this season. Capt. Walsh, Merrill, Eldridge, and O'Neill all wearers of the "A" breasted the tape together.

On Friday afternoon, Oct. 24, our boys had the pleasure of having the hill and dalers from Woburn trail them to the finish line. This was the fourth time this year that the "Red and Gray" outfit made a perfect score. Capt. Walsh, O'Neill, Eldredge, Everett, and Perkins crossed the line five abreast, it was Arlington's race from start to finish.

On Saturday morning, November 1st,

Capt. Walsh's charges entered the annual schoolboys' cross-country race at Soldiers' Field, Cambridge, with the result that they returned to Arlington with the State schoolboy cross-country championship. There was a large field entered in the race and at first it was feared that the competition would be keen. Capt. Walsh of the A. H. S. finished fourth in the race. He ran a great race as did Eldridge, who was led by Gregory of Worcester High School of Commerce, who followed Walsh to the tape. The remainder of the field was bunched close together, but the A. H. S. was well represented in the jam, and O'Neil, Brown, Everett, Perkins, and Merrill crossed the line in that order, giving Arlington a total of 67 points.

At the close of the race, in which 100 boys, representing 11 high and prep schools, competed, Arlington was awarded the team trophy, by the Harvard Athletic Association. Individual medals were awarded to the first three men to finish in each class. Keily of Providence Tech, Capt. Walsh(and Eldridge of Arlington received these medals.

The "champs," as they might now be termed, journeyed up to Hanover, N. H., and defeated the Dartmouth freshmen in a thrilling race. The score being Arlington 19, Dartmouth '28, 37.

Between the halves of the Arlington-Keene, N. H., game on November 22, the interclass cross country race for the cup offered by the Championship Cross Country Team of 1913 was run off, and the cup was awarded to the Sophomore class, who won the race scoring the majority of points. The race was won by Jerry O'Neil of the Sophomore class who ran an excellent race.

The first five men to finish were, O'Neill, '27, Merrill, '27, Capt. Walsh.

The score was, 1927—35 points; 1925, 45 points; 1926—46 points.

DAN HOOLEY, '25,



OUR JEWETT

Our *Jewett* outclasses
All others in "high."
To keep her smooth running
Watts the harm if we try?

When to *Wakefield* we drive her
It's surely a *Treat*
Tho' we go all the way
By bumpy *Gray* street.

With brakes *Prest-on* lightly
She glides in the *Shedd*
Where we'll *Cooper* up safely
Till this poem is read.

Miss Murdock (repeating a translation): "He breathed deeply to get his air full of lungs."

Judging by the crowd leaving the Assembly Hall "first," the Senior Class has grown some this year.

Hamm surely brings home the bacon in football.

My kingdom for a brilliant thought,
Or something I can use
In writing for our paper!

Some jokes, a note, or news
Of what is going on to-day
In this fair school of ours.
Stand by a moment—wait a while!
Now after several hours
Of concentration hard and deep
A thought unto my brain doth leap—
A protest to our teachers dear
(I only hope they all can hear)
We pupils, who so poor at best
Now undergo each day a test
Would all appreciate a rest!
R. HOPKINS, '26...

Miss Treat: "What were Goldsmith's means of support during his travels?"
Bright Soph: "His feet."

If Ben Franklin founded "The Saturday Evening Post" we wonder if George Washington founded "Liberty."

There was a teacher named Tabor
Who taught us not to fear labor,
"From eight until twelve
In your books you must delve,"
Was the song of this teacher, Miss Tabor.

Kellenberg (translating): "Through which the river Rhone flew."

AMONG US MORTALS

I

As we journey through our school-days
Meeting friends both old and new
How I'd like to keep a note-book
Just for sketching one or two.

II

There's the girl who "hogs" the mirror
Every day and makes you wait—
Paints and powders, combs and fusses
Till, for beauty's sake, you're late.

III

There's the boy who sits behind you
Wipes his feet upon your skirt
(Gee! Some day I'll yield to longing
Smear with smudgy ink, his shirt.)

IV

There's the student in the library
Who delights in spearmint gum,
Till the smell near drives you crazy
How you wish that you had some!

V

Also, comes your friend at recess;
Buys a mustard coated dog—
You are broke—but hints don't move him.
His the meal to have and hog!

VI

So we live from day to even!
In spite of faults, a happy band
No one perfect; yet each thinks so
Oh, gee whiz! ain't nature grand!

D. BLEVINS, '26.

Mrs. Moffat: "Brooks, if you ever got
up and recited anything in class, I should
never recover from the shock."

Evans: "Get up, Brooks."

John Walsh (giving oral theme): "He
wrote home that the captain had run off
with his chest."

Miss Riley: Swadkins, correct this
sentence: "See them boys."

Swadkins: "Lookit them boys."

Mr. Fowler: "Who was that laughing?"

Unknown: "I was laughing to myself."

Mr. F——: "It's a wonder you don't
laugh *at* yourself."

Encouraging

Mrs. Moffat (in Hist. IV): "Your
children's children will be Chinamen."

There is a fair lady named Helen
On whose countenance roses are dwellin'
But it's not roses at all
Though it makes the boys fall,
It's "Ashes of Roses" on Helen!

Heard at a football game: "Ike can
tackle Cauty?"

FOOTBALL SHAKESPEARIANA

(From the *Boston Transcript*)

"Down! Down!"—Henry VI.

"Well placed."—Henry V.

"An excellent pass."—Tempest.

"A touch, a touch, I do confess."—
Hamlet.

"I do commend you to their backs."—
Macbeth.

"More rushes! More rushes."—Henry
IV.

"Pell mell, down with them."—Love's
Labor Lost.

"This shouldering of each other."—
Henry IV.

"Being down I have the placing."—
Cymbeline.

"Let him not pass, but kill him rather."—
Othello.

"'Tis sport to maul a runner."—An-
tony and Cleopatra.

"I'll catch it 'ere it come to ground."—
Macbeth.

"We must have bloody noses and
cracked crowns."—Henry IV.

"Worthy sir, thou bleedest; thy exer-
cise hath been too violent."—Coriolanus.

"It's the first time that I ever heard
that breaking of the ribs was sport."—
As You Like It.

BE WHAT YOU AM

Don't be what you ain't,
 Jes' be what you is.
 If you is not what you am,
 Then you am not what you is.
 If you're just a little tadpole,
 Don't try to be a frog.
 If you's just a little tail,
 Don't try to wag the dog.
 You can always pass the plate,
 If you can't exhort and preach.
 If you're just a little pebble,
 Don't try to be the beach.
 Don't be what you ain't,
 Jes' be what you is,
 For the man who plays it square
 Is a-goin' to get "his."

R. SNOW, '25.

dere Santa claus

If u happun 2 pass thru Rlington on Xmas eve, u mite drop a phew o' the followin' at the Rlington hi skule: a croix de guerre for "Fish" Harrington; an amplifier 2 bee put up in rume 25 for Mrs. Moffat's classes; a Vogue magazine for Brother Gowans; sum police buttons for the Marshals; sum hardtacks for ammunition for our rifle club; a dog catcher to keep the fleahounds out of the skule; 1 doz. prs. of red flannels for the track team; 2 red ribbons for "Winchie"; a megaphone for Al Marsters to use in football signals; a cupple of cans automobile paint for Mr. Henricus and a "Merry Christmas" to us all.

Sincerely,

Undergrad.

R. C., '26.

No Partiality Shown

Miss Preston (to Donald Jones): "Donald, I'll give you one dollar if you'll stop after class."

Cohen: "Gee, I stop after class lots o' times and she never gives *me* a dollar."

Perkins (reading secretary's report): "Many were called on but few responded."

E. Stockdale: "After sitting three hours in the sun, my clothes became dry enough to walk."

Did You Report?

"All those who were in the 'Romantic Age' please report to Miss Sydnor at the close of school."

We must all take the rough with the smooth, and to know how to take the rough smoothly is the whole art of living.

There is a young fellow named Leslie
 Who wishes his name had been Wesley

He has red freckles and hair,

With the girls he's a bear

But, alas, his name is just Leslie!

Good Things Come in Small Quantities

"Rest for the wicked, the righteous don't need it."

(Probably the above is the reason for our shortened vacations.)

Count Your Many Blessings

We are very grateful to the School Board for allowing us another day's education on Wednesday before Thanksgiving.

Ques.—Why has our football team such a large following?

Ans.—Doty.

While writing Class Notes for the *Clarion*, genius burned so brightly in Miss Treat's 5th period English class, that a fire drill was necessary.

Miss Murdock, while recently speaking of Christmas to one of her classes, greatly distressed Dick Blasdale by announcing the astounding fact that *there is no Santa Claus!*

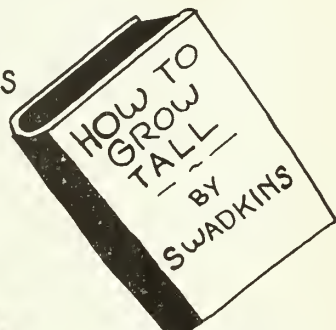
IF WE HAD A TREE



OR OUR
ORIOUS FOOT-
L AND TRACK
TEAMS



FOR OUR MARSHALLS



FOR JOE
MACFARLANE



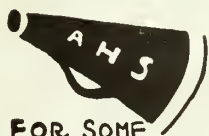
THE TREE—
(THE CANDLES
WOULDN'T BE
LIGHTED FOR
FEAR THEY
SMOKE WITHIN
SCHOOL BOUNDS)



MR. GAMMONS
AS
SANTA CLAUS



THE BOSTON
ATED—
OOD-SERVICE"
RM-WITH THE
E THAT IT WILL
NG RESULTS



FOR SOME
OF OUR
"PUBLIC SPEAKERS"



WOULDN'T THE REMOVAL
OF THIS "BEAUTIFUL"
BACKGROUND MAKE
A WONDERFUL XMAS
PRESENT?

"DOUG FAIRBANKS"
CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY
FOR LATE-COMERS

T	O		A	L	L
			A		
J	O	Y	F	U	L
A		N		D	
	H	A	P	P	Y
X		M		A	S

(NO, CROSS-WORD
FIENDS, YOU
WON'T HAVE
TO SOLVE
THIS ONE)
←

<i>For Hockey Team Only</i>	7.45	Track practice.
No matter what others may think of our hockey team, there is a certain "side-boarded" individual who considers it "a bunch of lunatics let loose."	8.05	All late risers
	8.10	Daily Excuse Contest
		Brief summary of all home lessons
		Few conscientious souls
<i>For Sale</i>	8.10	Public speaking, "How to attain dignity"
One Roamer, with green spots, four wheels and no brakes. Can be used as an exerciser or milk churn. Apply to Mr. Henricus or to the red store opposite the Library.—Adv't.	8.20	Winchenbaugh
	8.38	Arrival of "East Arlington Express"
	9.30	Why Liquids Aren't Solids
	10.00	Mr. Fowler
	10.30	The Great Art of Joking
Miss Jewett told the Biology class that every part of the pig was used for some manufactured product but his squeal. Some one please invent a use for that.		Mrs. Moffat
	11.09 $\frac{3}{4}$	Lessons in serenading.
		(me-owing) Miss Snyder
		The Great Art of Bluffing.
<i>Heard in French</i>		Any one of us
Roberts (translating): "And the boy collected the money—I don't know what that next word means."		Indoor track and hurdling practice to lunch room, headed by starving refugees."
Miss Hutchins: "Well, how would you walk if you were collecting money?"	11.15	Usual promenade, <i>on the walks</i>
Roberts: "I wouldn't walk; I'd run."	12.00 P. M.	How to Serve Rice, Berrie(s), Olive(s), Hamm, Crowe(s), and Bacon
<i>Did It Work?</i>		Miss Callahan
Gaskill, the brave soul, popped a new excuse for tardiness the day before Thanksgiving. He said Mr. Henricus told him to get extra sleep.	12.30	Arrival of Postmaster-general D. Scanlan
	12.35	Football vs. Tennis.
	12.40	G. Roberts vs. P. French
Cheerleader Rosenberger made a successful debut at the Keene game. In fact, so successful, that when he called for a "locomotive" he got not only the "locomotive," but a whole freight train which puffed its way past the field.	1.00	"Watching the Clock on the Wall"
	2.30	The whole bunch of us
		Joy to the World
		The whole bunch of us
		Hail the Conquering Heroes
		Come
<i>News About School</i>		Hockey, track and football
"Lead" Marsters is taking bagpipe lessons. He's progressing very rapidly.	4.15	Reunion at Blake's (to do home lessons?)
	8.25	Warning call to all on athletic teams Mr. Henricus
A. H. S., Arlington, 200 ripples	8.30	Bedtime story for all on teams Miss McCarthy
7.00 A. M. Complaints on early rising.		H. B. J., '25.
Miss Murdock		
7.10 Daily dozen . . . Perry Bean		

Household Arts!

Miss Treat: (turning from the phone) "Cook at the end of the period!"

We Should Say Not, Miss Preston!

Trans. "When Dido embraced him and imprinted sweet kisses, Cupid breathed the fire of love."

Miss Preston. "Rather tame, don't you think?"

Some of the sophomores are firm believers in the old adage that "he who laughs last laughs best." They found this out when they were serving time for laughing at Mr. Harrington.

Miss Bullock to "Si" Perkins:—"Please state the theorem for to-day."

Perkins:—"To any tuhedral angle the angle formed by any two faces is greater than those of the other face."

Miss Bullock:—"Incorrect. Your face is in the wrong place."

Our Athletes!

"To-morrow the football eleven plays on Spy Pond Field. The band will also play."

Kemp. "How long did Orgetorix live?"

Miss Butterfield. "He dies on the next page."

Miss Murdock: "Who was the Frenchman who helped the Americans at the time of the Revolution and also helped in the Revolution in France?"

Carroll: La Follette."

Miss Wakefield: "—and Napoleon's brother married Hortense." (Laughter.) "Now I don't see what the joke is?"

Mary O'Brien: "Why, that's the name of a song" (Sweet Hortense).

Miss Wakefield: "Well, I guess I'll have to learn some of these new songs."

Real Spirit

There wouldn't be a bigger line if they gave out free lunches, than there was to get those tickets for the Melrose game.

THE AMBITIONS OF SOME

A. H. S. STUDENTS

Dan Scanlan: To be able to chew gum at the rate of sixty chews per minute.

George Winn—To have the jazziest stockings in school.

Leslie Winchenbaugh—To cultivate a musician's hair cut.

. Tarleton—To be able to pronounce "statistics."

H. Welch—To be a "Red" Grange.

Eddie Lane—To find a favorable stiu-
ation (good job with no work).

L. Marsters—To have Santa Claus fill his stocking.

H. Gowans—To run a taxi.

Seniors—To beat Cicero at public speaking.

Miss Jewett: "Give the four parts of the cross-section of a leaf, Goodwin."

Goodwin (boldly): "Upper epidermis, paralyzed."

Miss J——: "Oh paralyzed is it?"

Goodwin: "Oh no, er paradise."

Miss J——: "Getting nearer heaven all the time."

Quite a Sojourn, Janet!

Mrs. McKay (in study room)—Are you here just for today?

Janet McLean—"No, this is my regular seat. I've been in the library for the last three weeks."

Characters of Heroes

"Ivanhoe" James Keddie

"Tom, the Boot-Black" B. Doty

"The Count of Monte Cristo" . . J. Walsh

"The Toiler" Eddie Lane

"Tarzan of the Apes" W. Atkinson

"The God of War" ... Joe Harrington
 "The Young Lion Hunter" ... N. Bacon
 "The Hero" H. Hamm
 "The Last of the Mohicans" Al Marsters
 "Brave and Bold".....Dan Scanlan

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

We, the ill-starred representatives of this illustrious school, do hereby enact the following resolutions, drawn up impartially for the benefit of aforementioned luckless individuals:

1. No bread more than two weeks old shall be used in the lunchrooms unless special notice is given thereof.
2. No more FF's shall be given, in case of "seeming failure" the the benefit of the doubt shall be given *to the pupil*.
3. All players on athletic teams shall be exempt from failure of any kind, now and forever more.
4. Any pupil attempting, in any way, shape, or manner, to remind any teacher of any assigned lesson shall be immediately brought before the Student Council.
5. The bells shall be delayed until everyone is in school, in this way the problem of tardiness can be overcome.
6. Teachers shall agree to give no more home lessons, that is, no more than they please.
7. Pupils shall agree to do their home lessons, that is as many as it may please *them* to do.
8. Teachers shall be expected to keep to the right and walk in single file without whispering; they shall be assisted in doing this by the law and order committee.
9. Afternoon sessions shall be held only with the consent of the pupils involved.
10. All pupils attending celebrations of athletic victories shall be excused from lessons for at least one

week; no comments, favorable or otherwise, shall be made thereupon by any member of the faculty.

11. Anyone not complying with said resolutions shall be brought before the S. C. and nothing less than life sentence at hard labor shall be given out.

H. B. J., '25.

Gam	M	ons
Butt	E	rworth
Ha	R	low
Hen	R	icus
Binn	I	s
Wak	E	field
Hut	C	hins
C	H	eny
Butte	R	field
P	I	erce
Pre	S	ton
Wat	T	s
	M	offatt
Call	A	han
	S	hedd
H	A	dley
Robi	N	son
Mur	D	ock
	H	anna
Tre	A	t
	P	ennell
Coo	P	er
Rile	Y	
Syd	N	or
Jew	E	tt
Con	W	ay
Bo	Y	nton
Fowl	E	r
Gr	A	y
Tabo	R	
Ha	T	ch
Mo	O	dy
Stickne	Y	
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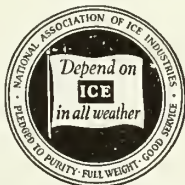
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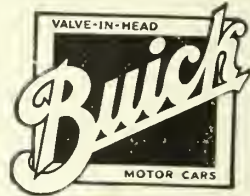
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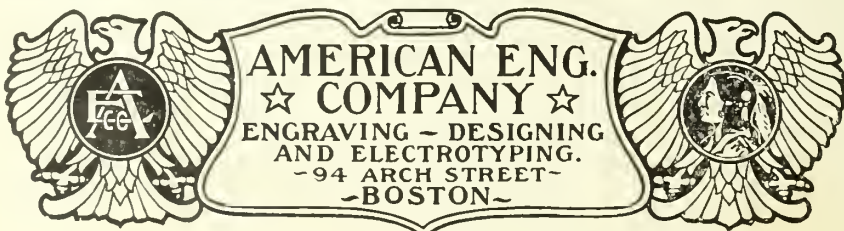
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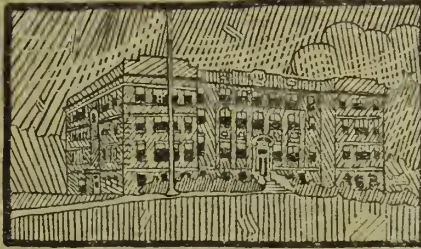
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March, 1925

THE CLARION

ARLINGTON
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of
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SOPHOMORE ISSUE

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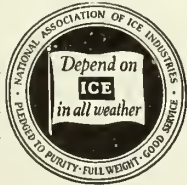
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Whatever your criticism or complaint, tell it to us, and tell it to us first. We'll do everything we can to remedy the trouble with no loss of time or effort on anyone's part.

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Entered as Second-Class Matter November 9, 1917, at Boston, (Arlington Branch) Mass.
P. O., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Acts of
October 3, 1917, authorized June 6, 1919

Volume II.

ARLINGTON (Boston), MASS., MARCH, 1925

Number 3

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Editorials

SOPHOMORE ISSUE

This issue of the CLARION is called the Sophomore Issue not particularly because of Sophomore contributions, but because the last three issues of your paper were planned as the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior issues respectively.

Owing to the illness of our "little" Editor-in-Chief the work of carrying through this issue was in the hands of other members of the Board.

Here's hoping that "Little Joe" is feeling hale and hearty, ready to resume his task of Editor-in-Chief in his usual efficient manner. C. A. H.

"LATE HOURS AND BRILLIANCY"

Late hours and brilliancy do not go hand in hand. If one desires to be adept in his pursuit of knowledge, then let him shun late hours. If, on the other hand, he desires to trip the light fantastic until the small hours of the morning, then he must sacrifice any hope of ever being termed brilliant. If one has any wish to reach a material goal, to ascend to the heights of fame, he must keep that purpose in mind, he must ever see that goal plainly before him, or he is lost. Regardless of the fact that some people can play two games of cards while they solve six problems mentally, I maintain that knowledge is gained by intensive concentration on a subject.

The best hours in which to study are, I say most emphatically, not those just preceding midnight. When one returns from gay festivities just as the dawn is breaking in the sky, I feel assured that he will not consider the writing of an English theme a choice task, nor will he greet it with superfluous enthusiasm. Therefore, the fact remains that one must choose. In all things one must choose, with perhaps the exception of the most difficult question in an examination. There, of course, a choice is never permitted. So, if one would visualize his footsteps imprinted on the sands of time, and his name ranked among the immortals, let him have for his motto, "Early to Bed and Early to Rise."

MARGARET DONAHUE, '25.

NOW THAT MID-YEARS ARE OVER—

Now at last Mid-Year Exams have come and gone and we feel relieved and satisfied (?). One-half of the school year is over. Unconsciously each day of this first half we have been anticipating the relief we would feel when the exams would be over. Now we have that relief, we have finished this great task and most of us are asking ourselves, "What is the next step? What is our next task to accomplish? Where do we go from here?"

Obviously we go on with our work. We open our books and begin to study at the point we left off to review for

Mid-Years. We go on with our work as before except that a strain and fear has been lifted from our minds and our heads feel lighter. Our tasks indeed seem lighter but we must all be on our guard for now the germ of an unsuspected restlessness is in the air, and on our right and left we see our comrades fall beneath its fatal influence. I have seen some wandering aimlessly about school with no interest in work or play. They are thirsting terribly for something new and think they have spring fever. But no, not yet. The germ that makes them restless is the anticipation of spring fever. The most sweet air and the melting snow give a false suggestion of spring, and help the wily old restless germ. Oh, woe betide the man or maid who falters for they will not recover 'till spring. Woe betide the books for the will lie unused 'till they are buried in their own dust. So to save our friends from this peril we must all write and work together. This, then is the next step—to be wide awake. This is the next task to accomplish—to banish the germ of restlessness. And we must go into school to do this.

To be sure Mid-Years are over but the evil germ is abroad seeking its prey. We must all watch out. At school, to be sure, is a great life if we don't weaken at the first false suggestion of spring.

HILDA FROST.

FORGET—BUT—

Forget the slander you have heard,
 Forget the hasty, unkind word;
 Forget the quarrel and the cause,
 Forget the whole affair because
 Forgetting is the only way.

Forget the storm of yesterday,
 Forget the chap whose sour face
 Forgets to smile in any place;
 Forget to even get the blues,
 But—don't forget to turn in news.

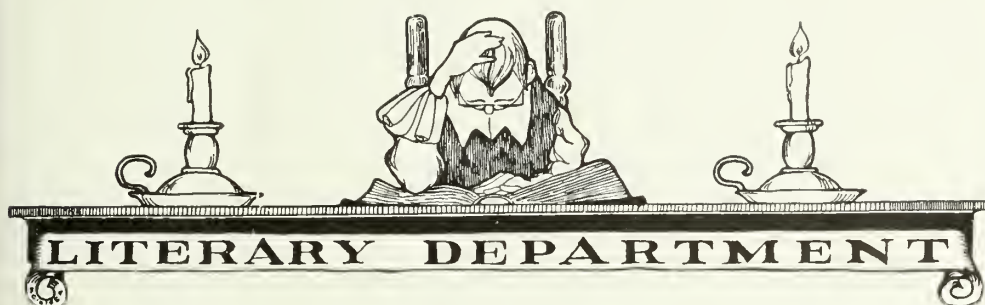
Library Notes

A library makes life better morally, keener mentally, sounder physically, and richer commercially.

IMPORTANCE OF SCHOOL LIBRARIES

There seems to be increased interest in the use of school libraries. Both school officers and teachers are coming to see that if the school library is properly selected and administered it is the most valuable part of the school equipment. The following are its most important functions:

1. Training the children to read for pleasure, that they may form the reading habit.
2. Training them to read for information, that they may acquire a fuller knowledge of geography, history, science, and other subjects taught in the school, and at the same time form the habit of reading for information, a habit which will be of value to them all through life.
3. Training them to read books which will tend to rouse in them the desire to make the most and best of themselves.
4. To form the library habit so that not only after leaving school but before, they will use the public library, a habit which will be to them a source of pleasure and profit as long as they live.



ESSAY ON A QUADRUPED ANIMAL SANS PIEDS

The animated canine, otherwise known as the hot dog, is a peculiar specie of dog, now found on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, infesting mostly the pleasure resorts.

Professor Zyarklberg, an eminent dogologist, declares, after many years research, that this specie is the missing link in the prehistoric chain of sausage. The origin of this animal has been traced to Germany in a section known as Frankfurt. Hitherto all research in this line was confined to the bologna, a larger specie, found in Italy and the North End of Boston. The nearest relative to the bologna, states Professor Zyarklberg, is the dachshund, but, during some process of elimination, the tail, legs, and other ennumerances have been lost—undoubtedly in the grinding machine.

The animated canine is usually recognized by a growth, composed of flour, water, salt and yeast, and a yellow plant juice of a rather trenchant taste, but not intoxicating.

A series of lectures will be given by Professor Zyarklberg, beginning next Saturday evening at twelve-thirty with: "Where Do Dead Horses Go?"

—Anon.

SPRING FEVER

"Spring has come
Ho-hum."

There are many diseases and many kinds of diseases. They come in all the desired (or undesired) sizes and shapes—long, short, hard, soft, made-to-order, and incurable. Most of the last mentioned are not at all pleasant, but there is one of them in which most people seem to take a peculiar satisfaction. It's part of the disease, I suppose—Spring Fever.

Spring fever, I maintain, is the direct result and disastrous after-effect of Mid-Year Examinations. No, it is not too early for spring fever in March. Ask any normal high school pupil. Besides March is the first of the spring months by the calendar, and the time when the hard worked student begins to look forward, count on his fingers, and say, "Only three more months of school!" Then he remembers that the reward for his labors will be nothing less than another set of exams even worse than the just passed (?) Mid-Years. He groans; then with a final spurt of energy (the last for many-a-long day) he summons up the courage to revolt. He resolves with good and bad reasons that under no circumstances, forced, enforced, or any other way will he do any hard work. No!

By Caesar, Stone and Millis, Frazer and Squair, Hitchcock, and all the rest, NO! What he considers hard work he leaves to his conscience. And alas, his conscience also refuses to work. There is a general strike on all sides, for he has contracted the spring fever.

Even such strong minded individuals as vow at the beginning of March to attend strictly to business and bring up their marks and so on, and so forth, have to give in when the first balmy days of April come—soft and warm and moist and deliciously languid. The poor people have to submit. They come in like lions but they go out like lambs.

There is a question as to whether spring fever is limited to hard worked individuals alone, or whether anyone is susceptible to it. That is, can teachers as well as pupils catch it? I don't know. Not being a teacher I cannot tell you. I can only say: How much nicer it would be if everyone who had spring fever was treated with as much consideration as he deserves considering his serious condition. Those on the danger list should be kept at home. Those with lighter cases, let strictly alone and treated with the best antidote—no work. Let the world recognize that spring fever is no joke; also that it cannot be helped; also that it has its good points as well as everything else. There are two sides to every question.

So the next time you find yourself yawning remember it is the season of yawns. For

Spring has come
Ho-hum!

RUTH HOPKINS, '26.

WHISTLING MARY

Two ex-army air pilots bought an old army airplane cheap, through

which they intended to make their living. They lived in a little town in the western part of Massachusetts. Jack was the older of the two and he was a pilot during the World War. His chum Fred was his mechanic and vice-versa.

"Well," said Fred, "what are we going to call our machine?" I think we shall call it "Whistling Mary" because of the way the wind whistled through the stays when we were coming from Buffalo. When do we give our first exhibition Jack? I think we shall enter our plane in the contest given at the Fair in Detroit on June Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth.

The contest ran as follows: On the first day there was to be a five mile race in which the contestants were to fly at an altitude of not more than three hundred feet for the last mile. On the second day, there was going to be a loop the loop contest, the winner being the entry that made the most loops. On the third day there was going to be a contest to see which plane could reach the highest altitude, and on the last day a hundred mile race. The entry making sixty points won the contest. The points were given as follows: twenty points for the five mile race, the loop the loop contest, for the ship reading the highest altitude, and forty for the hundred mile race.

"We are going to win the contest Jack," said Fred. We sure are, Fred, but that Italian with his Standard is going to make the pace hot.

It was a gray, sort of a cloudy day, but huge crowds were at the Fair when the planes lined up at the starting line for the five mile race. With the pop of the starter's gun, five planes roared down the stretch with a small biplane in the lead. At the half way mark the biplane still lead with

"Whistling Mary" and the Standard close behind. They crossed the finish half a length behind the biplane, which had made a thrilling finish just nosing out the Standard and Whistling Mary.

The second day was a beautiful cloudless summer day with a blazing sun looking down at the throng that had packed the grounds. The entries in the loop the loop contest reached as high an altitude as possible before starting their loops. The biplane did five or six and was then seen to glide to earth. After what seemed a thousand loops, Fred said the Italian was the only other plane still in the air. They were very low when they saw the Italian glide to earth and were only able to make a few more loops and they too had to glide to earth the winners, having completed seventy-six loops to seventy-three for the Italian.

It was the following day, rather early in the morning and the planes went up after the officials had tested the delicate altitude recorders to see that they were working properly. Jack and Fred had been in the air about two hours and a stiff breeze was blowing. They were at an altitude of thirty-seven thousand feet with one plane above and two below them when their motor missed and dropped dead. They began to descend very rapidly carried by the breeze taking tail spins, and nose dives. Jack, a clever pilot, descended at an angle against the wind which slackened his speed. He landed in an open field near the grounds after narrowly missing some tall trees. When they had pushed the plane into its shed they found that the Italian had won. He climbed to a height of forty-three thousand feet and though not a record breaker it was a good showing on a windy day.

"Let's fix up the plane for tomorrow and furthermore we got to win to-

morrow," said Jack. They began to tune the motor when Fred found that the carburetor had been monkeyed with. It was fixed so that it would refuse to function at a high altitude. They left a close guard that night at about twelve o'clock Jack heard somebody outside the tent so woke Fred and going in opposite directions around the plane they attempted to catch the man. The intruder saw them so he threw a bottle and ran. Fred remained to watch the plane while Jack chased him. Jack was only out of high school seven years, where he was a half miler, but the intruder had too much of a start and Jack lost him in the dark. He ran back and to his relief was told by Fred that the bottle didn't do any harm. They didn't sleep any more, but studied the plans for the race.

It was five minutes of two and three planes were on the starting line anxiously waiting for two o'clock. "Come on, cheer old top," said Fred when he saw Jack was nervous. "Gee, I wish it was two o'clock, Fred."

The starter's gun went off and so did the planes at a terrific speed. Jack lost all nervousness as he ascended. They had to race to a tower about fifty miles from the grounds go around it and the finish was directly over the grounds. At the tower Jack lost control for a second and lost more than half a mile. He gave the engine full power so quickly that she seemed to leap from the tower as if shot from a catapult. At the three quarter mark he was second steadily gaining on the Standard. When they could see the grounds the Standard led by but half a length the Italian seeing the way Jack was gaining made a turn in toward our ship. There would have been a wreck if he hadn't stopped when he saw Jack would not give. When he

straightened out again we were even and we won by a length. In winning we made sixty points, won the contest and the twenty-five thousand dollars, the first prize.

C. COLLINS.

THE PRIVILEGE OF A LADY

It was a crisp, cool morning, in the latter part of August, a kind of morning which can only be found among the New Hampshire hills.

A crowd of young people, (including myself) had decided to go horseback riding before breakfast, so at 5.30 A. M., it was a rather sleepy looking, yet lively group that finally assembled at the stable doors. They stood eagerly awaiting the appearance of the groom. He had been out until the midnight hour of 11.00 the night before and found rather difficulty in rising.

At last he arrived on the scene, still chewing at a great rate, the remains of his breakfast, (a shredded wheat biscuit) as could easily be seen. With his right hand he was savagely trying to comb back his curly locks, which persisted in forming "cute" ringlets on his brow was causing him much disgust. With his left hand he was clumsily fumbling with the buttons of his jacket.

"Hi there, Maurice," called one of the boys in the party, "Need any help?"

"Guess not," responded Maurice, blushing deeply. "Are the horses ready?"

"Well I should hope to tell!" piped up quick tongued, Jean H. Hall. "If they weren't, why you wouldn't find us loafing around here at this late hour! No sir! Why your royal highness, do you realize we have been waiting for you just a solid thirty minutes?" With that she dashed towards the stable and quickly mounted her

horse. The others of the party all did the same but me. I still stood gazing in awe at the groom, who during Jean H. Hall's little speech had stuffed into his mouth, two piping hot rolls.

At last I came to my senses when I heard the gleeful voice of Harold Hall (Jean's younger brother and general nuisance) call out teasingly, "Oh Tim you've got to ride Lady, you've got to ride Lady 'cause I've got Dixie, tee hee!"

Ye Gods and Little Fishes! My heart dropped like a lump of lead to the soles of my feet! Ride Lady! Why she was the slowest horse in the stable, and here all the morning I had been just aching to ride! Not just go, but ride! I couldn't have Dixie, for well I knew that young vagabond, Hall, would never give her up while he was in tantalizing mood! Plead, beg, or bribe, I knew nothing could stir him so I decided not to try, but calmly mounted that old, worn out, half donkey-like nag, termed "Lady."

"All set?" called the groom.

"All set!" came the general chorus, which drowned out my emphatic, "No!" And before I could settle myself in the saddle the others were half way down the road, while her Ladyship was calmly partaking of the grain set aside for the work horses.

Trying hard not to lose my temper, I spoke soothing words into her long, lopped ears. But she heard not! Suddenly I remembered the sugar which I had bought for Dixie. Leaning over I stuffed two large lumps into her mouth. These she devoured greedily, and I guess they must have brought her back to earth for she seemed to discover that the other horses had gone on ahead, so we started off at a slow trot.

When we reached the main street

not a horse or rider was in sight, but in the distance I saw something approaching. As it came nearer I could make it out to be a "bug" or in other words a small sport runabout, bright red in color with an extremely loud cut-out. Whether it was the color or the cut-out that spurred Lady on, I never really knew. But as the car came within ten feet of us, "Her Honor" reared on her hind legs, pranced about for a minute, then with a mighty leap started galloping down the road.

Oh yes it was great to ride, and all that!—but when one lands on the back of a balky horse, whose ribs penetrate one's legs like a saw, why it isn't quite so much like sport, as I soon found out!

Standing up in my stirrups, I pulled muscularly on the reins, but without any effects. Lady only seemed to take this as a bidding to move faster, which she readily did. On and on we galloped until we caught up with the others. But catching up with them was not enough, for precious "Lady-bird" stopped not at them, but kept on going at her "excuse my dust" speed. Presently I felt something give away and myself being thrown forward on the horse's neck. All I could think of for the moment was that she was on the verge of a fatal collapse but found out presently that she had only stumbled over a stone in the road.

I had hardly been settled in the saddle again when Lady, still going as strong as ever, suddenly turned down a side road. "Gee," I gasped, "what is she going to do now?"

She was headed straight for the lake, which was about fifteen feet ahead. Suddenly I heard a roar and a splash of water and before I knew it my old faithful nag was carrying me far into the depths of Lake Simapee. Long be-

fore I had seen visions of angels but now I saw more than visions! However I did not completely lose my senses, so loosening my feet from the stirrups I plunged into the unknown depths of the water. I soon found out that the water was not over the horse's head and as luck would have it, the stump of an old tree was protruding out of the water. I threw the reins over this and then started to swim back to shore.

Just as I reached the mainland who should come dashing up, but Maurice to the rescue! One by one the other riders approached the shore and all began to talk and joke at once. The only thing I could do was to point to my "dear enemy," and the groom took in the situation at a glance, laughed heartily and said:

"Let her stay there awhile, maybe it will cool her off."

"Yes, let her stay there," I agreed, "but say, Maurice, that horse certainly *did* change her mind."

"Well," drawled Maurice, grinning broadly, "it's the privilege of a lady."

"PEM" BROWN, '25.

CONCERNING A DREAMER AND BOOKKEEPER AND NOT VERY MUCH ELSE

Jason Jefferson was a man and he dreamed dreams. Also, he worked in a millinery establishment as second assistant bookkeeper. Not because he was particularly interested in book-keeping as a profession but because eating was one of his habits. He sat all day on a high stool in the corner of the office of Brockton-Smith, Milliners, hunched over a ledger with his legs wrapped around the legs of the stool and made figures. There are exactly ten different kinds of figures and

they look like this: 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Jason made these figures all day long and he finally became so expert that he could say, "Put 4 and carry 1-6 and 5-11-19, and 6-25. Put 5 and carry 2—," with one part of his mind while with the other he journeyed from pole to pole in a highly-improved aeroplane of his own invention; sat on a Sultan's throne and ordered Mr. Brockton, the partner with the walrus mustache, to choose between losing his head and raising his, Jason's pay; or joined a gang of Western cowboy desperadoes and held up trains or kidnapped the daughters of cattle kings and held them for ransom, then married them, after getting the ransom money from their papas, however.

Rather silly for a grown-up man, you say? But then grown-up men are apt to do idiotic things. Ask any woman.

Each Saturday Jason received a small white envelope which always contained exactly twenty dollars. Twelve dollars of this he gave to his landlady, in return for which he was granted occupancy of one nine by six hall-bedroom and the privilege of partaking of the boarding house meals, which had a singular sameness of flavor.

After supper the boarders divided into two groups:—those who were going out that evening and those who were not. Jason was of the group who were not.

In winter this group adjourned to the parlor, where Mrs. Jenkins, the plump widow, promptly took possession of the large armchair (the only really comfortable seat in the place) which stood under a pink-shaded floor lamp. These articles had been purchased during the period of war time prosperity and were now slightly frayed, but then continued to have the most conspicuous place in the room,

as they undoubtedly would for some years to come since the remaining furniture consisted of two types not celebrated for beauty—Mission and Victorian.

Miss Jamie, the thin spinster, always arrived exactly fifty seconds after Mrs. Jenkins and her scarf, necklaces, earrings, bangles and bracelets had settled themselves. Miss Jamie then cast an indignant glance at the aforesaid Mrs. Jenkins who pretended not to see it. After looking helplessly around Miss Jamie sat in the same corner of the Mission sofa upon which she had sat for the past seven years. She then produced from a small black bag a small white doily upon which she immediately set to work after murmuring something about "very poor sewing light over here, really" which Mrs. Jenkins did not hear.

More ladies entered along with a few men who proceeded to look uncomfortable as the women began to chat and then to decide they needed a cigar and, finally, to slip out of the room, one by one, until Jason was usually left alone, sitting on a genuine horse chair with black walnut carvings. He always sat stiffly upright (it was impossible to sit any other way) with a newspaper held open before him but, although the light in his corner of the room was very dim, there was little danger of his straining his eyes, for he never turned beyond the second page. If you have not already noticed that Jason was a remarkable person, here is proof:—he could sit in a room with eight or nine women all talking at once and think!

On summer evenings the people of the square came out and sat on their steps or strolled round the little park in the center and sat on the benches. Jason, by reason of a claim established

two summers earlier had reserved a bench for himself and there he spent his evenings, quite alone, for he dispensed with the newspaper in summer. That is to say, he looked alone to passersby, but Jason himself never felt lonesome. Indeed, he was seldom more than half conscious of his surroundings.

The inhabitants of the square agreed that he was "queer" but discussed him no further. Readers (if there are any) are going to say: "This fellow, Jefferson, will now do some wonderful thing and conclude this story."

On the contrary—Jason was interested merely in dreams—not in their fulfilment.

Jason had gazed at space for a long time one evening when he was rather annoyed by a girl who, sauntering slowly, absorbed in a book, halted before him in such a manner as to completely obstruct his view. After she had remained there about five minutes, Jason coughed. The girl raised her head, startled, and looked at him for a second. Then she sat down on the other end of the bench and continued reading. Jason looked at the ground and wished he hadn't coughed.

At length the girl closed the book and murmured to no one at all "That was some book!"

Jason looked at her sharply. She seemed harmless, so he ventured to ask, "What's the name of it?"

She replied, in a very enthusiastic tone, "It's called 'White Cliff Trail'; a man named Darius Taylor wrote it. It's all about cowboys and Indians and a wonderful dog. There's a rich man in it who tries to buy cheaply the land on which the hero is trying to start a ranch, because he knows there's oil on it, but the hero doesn't, see?"

"Oh, yes," said Jason when her stream of talk halted for a minute. "I think I've read that book, too. It's

pretty good, but—you know the scene in the library?—well, I'd change the place where the hero comes in. I'd have him come in wearing the clothes he does on the ranch, big, heavy boots, plaid shirt and those funny-looking woolly trousers cowboys wear. If the scene were written that way you'd see the difference between the cowboy who's trying so hard to make his ranch a success that he can't spare the money to get a regular suit of clothes and the rich Millieuse in his evening clothes. Then I'd have him, Millieuse, afraid Ingleton would mark up his floors with the big boots but Millieuse wouldn't dare speak to him because he'd be afraid he'd make Ingleton mad and then Ingleton wouldn't sell him the land he wanted.

"And then the place where Ingleton's dog finds the letter that tells about the oil on Millieuse's lawn and brings it home to Ingleton—I wouldn't have it a letter—I'd have it a map, a geologist's map with the places where oil was marked on it. Millieuse would probably have only one letter, but he might have half a dozen maps and he'd probably not miss the map as soon as he would the letter, see?"

Jason stopped. He wondered what had made him talk so much. He had never said so much before in all his life. He had never talked about his dreams! in fact he was rather ashamed of them. What must this girl think of him? Well, it was her own fault. She'd started him. He glanced at her. She was listening intently, fascinated. So he talked on. When the entire book had been revised—this took about an hour—and he had to stop for lack of material, the girl spoke.

"Why," said she. "You tell stories well, really. Better than this author, I think."

Jason, a little embarrassed by the compliment, fell silent and occupied

himself in digging a hole in the ground with his heel.

"Did you ever try writing—for the magazines or something?" she inquired, abruptly.

"Why, no," replied Jason, slowly. This was a brand new idea. He turned it over in his mind. "No-o, I never thought of doing that. Never occurred to me. Rather a good idea, though. But—I don't know—"

Obviously Jason was still floundering. You see, he, along with quite a few other people, liked to be informed beforehand when he was going to meet an idea. He wanted to know what to say to it.

"Anyhow I couldn't very well. Because, even though I do get good ideas, the minute I take a pen in my hand to write a letter or something I can't think of a thing—not a thing!"

"That's easily fixed," cried the girl enthusiastically—she was really a very enthusiastic person—"I can write for you. I know shorthand work as a "stenog"—and you can talk while I write it down."

"But," objected Jason, rather lamely, "the stories mightn't be any good. How do we know they would be accepted? You might have all your work and trouble for nothing."

The girl didn't bother answering his protests. She said, "Listen. Doesn't this sound important—Miss Barbara O'Donnell, private secretary to the famous author—why, what is your name, anyway? To think I've been sitting here talking to you all this time and I don't even know your name?"

"Jason Jefferson," he answered, watching to see if she'd smile or say, "how odd!" as people generally did.

"Jason Jefferson," she repeated, only smiling a little bit. "How nice. It jingles sort of."

"I'm not doing this stenographing just to be nice, you know. If you do get famous, I want you to promise me a job as private secretary. Promise?"

"Sure," laughed he. "But you'll have to wait quite a while for your pay. How about a half share in whatever I get—that would be fair, wouldn't it? And say, I don't know your name yet, either."

"Barbara O'Donnell, I told you once. That offer of yours—do you really mean it? I warn you. I'm trying to make all I can out of you?"

"Of course I mean it."

"Then let's get started as soon as possible. Tomorrow at half-past six here—will that be all right? I've got to go now. Good night."

"Good night, private secretary."

That next night and many nights thereafter the two sat on the park bench, Jason talking rather slowly, choosing his phrases carefully, while Barbara's pencil flew over the pages.

When at length the story had been typed—it was quite a long one—it was placed carefully in an envelope and mailed to a well-known publisher. Strange to say, the publisher not only accepted the manuscript but gave Jason a considerable sum of money and a contract for three others of the same length.

Jason's fame was soon established and his name made—well, if not exactly a household word—a very familiar one to the American public.

And Barbara, you ask? Did he marry her and live happily ever after? No, my readers, he did not, for two reasons: first, young men have an annoying habit of not falling in love with every girl that does them a good turn and, second, (this is the chief reason) I hate sentimental endings.

MARTHA BARRIS, '27.

School Activities

II. M. S. PINAFORE

The Glee Clubs certainly did "shine" on the night of January 30th. Such a production has never been seen and probably never will be seen again in the history of Arlington. It is true that this same production was given several years ago, but *that* performance included outside talent, while this year's cast was entirely of the school—either members or graduates.

The cast of principals is to be congratulated on their fine work.

Dan Hooley carried off the character of an "English Lord" in an admirable manner.

Carl Settele made a very efficient Captain Corcoran.

Joe Ennis displayed the possession of a wonderful natural voice. We hope that Joe will develop his vocal powers to the best of his ability.

Ken Call played up to the hard part of Dick Deadeye in a wonderful manner.

We want to thank Anna Fellows (Pridham) for devoting her time and talent to the enrichment of the production.

Mary Schrode made an entrancing Little Buttercup.

Bob Thompson looked "cute" in his costume.

Paul Corcoran, Bob Sproule and James Baston played minor roles to perfection.

Alice Devine scored an encore with her "Sailor Hornpipe" dance. Her imitation of Sir Joseph was especially clever and won her the applause of the audience.

Joe Ennis and Anna were perhaps

at their best in the duet "Farewell My Own," but it is hard to pick their best piece.

The remaining members of the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs took the parts of Sir Joseph's Sisters, Cousins, and Aunts.

By an unfortunate mistake Carl Binnig's name was followed by '27. This should have been '26.

Marion Mortenson did a credible piece of work at the piano.

The Business and Advertising end of the production was taken care of by Mr. Robinson and Claude Higgins.

Miss Sydnor was the Dramatic Coach and her coaching made a decided change in the conversations.

Mrs. Stella Marek Cushing was Stage Director.

And of course—Miss Pierce was Musical Director.

The receipts were much more than anticipated and after paying all bills a considerable sum has been left for the Music Fund. C. A. H.

CROSS COUNTRY

Our harriers, the New England Champions, were awarded with the varsity "A" and certificates by the Athletic Association and presented with miniature silver track shoes by the local Post of the American Legion. The boys who received these rewards were: Frank Vossahlik, '25, Manager; John Walsh, '25, Captain; "Jerry" O'Neil, '26, Captain Elect; Ellsworth Brown, '26; Roy Perkins, '25; Roswell Eldridge, '26; Del Everett, '27; Cliff Merrill, '26. "Jerry" O'Neil was then elected to lead the Red and Gray outfit to another victory in 1925-26.

EXCHANGES

The comments which we have made cover only a very small portion of the magazines we have received but we appreciate the courtesy of all the editors who exchange with us.

The Megaphone, Dean Academy. Your alumni department is the most complete we have found in any of our exchanges. Couldn't you have a few more editorials?

The Advocate, Needham, Mass. You have very commendable, humorous cartoons.

The Red and Gray, Lynn, Mass. The material you obtain for your paper is nothing short of marvelous!

The Meteor, Berlin, N. H. Your publication of an Industrial Edition is very novel and interesting.

The Herald, Holyoke, Mass. Your club notes are your strong points. More jokes and class notes would improve *The Herald*.

The Live Wire, Newbury, Vt. A very complete paper for its size.

The Register, Burlington, Vt. We admire your exchange department especially, although the whole magazine deserves much credit.

The Record, Winchester, Mass. Your jokes are few. Where are your exchange comments?

Latin School Register, Boston, Mass. The various departments are very well taken care of, but we think a page of humorous class notes would be interesting.

The Spaulding Sentinel, Barre, Vermont. The short story, "What Was It? A Mystery," was in every way worthy of the prize it took.

The Periscope, Bridgewater, Mass. There are some very interesting articles in your Latin and French Departments. Why not group all your advertisements together at the end of the magazine?

The Partridge, Duxbury, Mass. We enjoyed your short stories immensely.

E. H. S. Record, Boston, Mass. Your exchange column is one of the finest we have ever seen.

The Minutewaskan. The only fault we can find with your paper is the arrangement of the advertisements, but your exceedingly humorous "Chest Expander," almost atones for it.

The Imp, Brighton, Mass. We enjoyed your "Rhymes and Jingles" department very much.

The Profile, Plymouth, N. H.

The Meteor, Bangor, Maine.

The Beacon, Gloucester, Mass.

Packer Current Items, Packard Institute.

The Graphic, Amherst H. S.

H. C. I. Scroll, Charlestown, Me.

Student's Review, Northampton, Mass.

M. H. S. Review, Medford, Mass.

The Laurel, Farmington, Me.

Kent's Hill Breeze, Kent's Hill, Me.

The Pilgrim, Plymouth, Mass.

Student's Pen, Pittsfield, Mass.

Reflector, Woburn, Mass.

Argus, Worcester, Mass.

Register, Burlington, Vt.

Philomath, Framingham, Mass.

Voice, Concord, Mass.

Olympian, Biddeford, Mass.

Mirror, Dedham, Mass.

The number of comments on the CLARION that we have received shows us that we are "arriving," and the editors wish to thank all the papers who have helped us build up our exchange department.

The other exchange editors have been very generous with comments this month; no doubt they will make up for it next month, but we will not trouble. According to these criticisms, we seem to have a pretty fair magazine, but remember there is always room for improvement.

The CLARION. The Class Notes have a different meaning from ours! Very clever, too!

The CLARION. We wish to state that your exchange plan is very commendable and your cartoons good and numerous. A finely arranged paper, not lacking in interesting material.

—*The Imp*, Brighton H. S.

The CLARION. Your paper is great. It is certainly on the road to perfection.

—*Hi-Spirit*, Enosburg Falls H. S.

The CLARION. Your short stories are rather brief but keep up the good work.

—*The Kent's Hill Breeze*...

The CLARION. One of our new acquaintances. Your departments are all complete except the alumni. Try to enlarge it.

—*Spaulding Sentinel*, Barre, Vt.

The CLARION. We like "Getting a Driving License," it is realistic. The Joke Department is well handled.

—*The Student's Pen*, Pittsfield, Mass.

The CLARION. This is another of our interesting exchanges. It shows co-operation plus school spirit. Your "Class Notes" are especially good.

—*Coburn Clarion*, Waterville, Me.

All due apologies to Lord Byron

There is pleasure in the marshalless halls,

There is a rapture in walking double file;

There is society where no teacher calls Upon me to recite; From these afore

I love not discipline the less, but freedom more.

—*Timely Eclipses*

The day you found out that all those F's didn't stand for fine.

When Mrs. Moffat or Miss McCarthy finds you chewing gum.

When you hear the one in front of you using your own *special* excuse.

When you discover that the school doesn't believe this "better late than never" stuff.

Will a certain teacher tell us why boys are wiser than girls?

—*As Others See Us!*

Found on a Sophomore paper: "The traffic squad are to be congratulated on their unobtrusiveness. There are only one or two aggressive persons who shout:—

'Single file! Single file.'"

Miss Jewett: "What is one of the fastest horses, nowadays?"

Picone: "Spark Plug."

—*Extract from Tenneyson!*

E. Lane the fair.

E. Lane the beautiful.

E. Lane the lily maid of Astolat.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

The team started the season with Johnnie Lane, '26, as Captain; John Hawkins, '25, as Manager; and R. C. Henriens as Coach.

The first game was with Somerville in our gym. Our basket shooters defeated the lads from the neighboring town 34 to 9. The Lane brothers, Ed. and John shone for the A. H. S. and a diminutive forward called Crebetti, scored 5 of Somerville's 9 points.

The next game was with the Alumni on December 23, 1924, and the result was a 51 to 20 victory for the A. H. S. team. Al Marsters and Joënnie Lane played well for the High School and Bob Fall starred for the "has beens."

During the Christmas Holidays the team went to Passaic, N. J., to meet the "wonder team" of that city for the 150th game and which resulted in the 150th straight victory for the N. J. outfit. Our boys lost 73 to 33. But Passaic had no "cinch" at that. Al Marsters and Captain J. Lane were the stars for the A. H. S.

The next day our boys were defeated by the Morristown, N. J., team 25 to 19.

On January 16, the B. C. High five were our guests in the gym. Again our boys emerged the victors 21 to 18. Al Marsters scored the most points for the Red and Gray.

January 23 found the team down to

Salem where they defeated the basketballers of the "Witch City" 25 to 12. Al Marsters and Ed. Lane scored the majority of points for Arlington.

On the 28th our boys defeated Somerville for the second time. This time at their own court, the score was Arlington 23, Somerville 12. Again Al Marsters and Ed. Lane starred for the Red and Gray.

On January 31, Braintree was defeated 39 to 4, in the gym. Braintree didn't get a basket but got their points on fouls. The Lane brothers and Al Marsters piled up the points for the A. H. S.

On February 7, B. C. High tendered our boys a defeat on their court. The final score being B. C. High 16, Arlington 13. Captain Lane and Marsters played well for the Red and Gray.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Girls' Basketball season has been most successful so far this year. The Arlington team has been in lead of the Greater Boston Interscholastic League since the first of the season. The other teams in the league are Winchester, Watertown, Wellesley and Melrose. A cup is being offered for the winning team. The good sportsmanship of the Arlington players is remarked by all and this is as much to their credit as the score of victories. Ruth

Dugaan is Captain of the team and Marjorie Manning, Manager. The girls' team is made up of the following players: Ruth Dugaan, Marion Mortenson, Helen Lane, Wilma Corcoran, Anna Burns, Edith Johnson, Elizabeth O'Neil, Nerina Malatesta and Frances Tranfailla.

Scores of the games played so far:
 Arlington 42 — Watertown 25.
 Arlington 25 — Wellesley 13.
 Arlington 29 — Winchester 11.
 Arlington 38 — Winchester 19.
 Arlington 27 — Melrose 10.

The following girls received their A in Field Hockey:

Captain Ruth Dugaan
 Manager Anna Hardy
 Captain Elect Helen Lane
 Helen Gamage
 Helen Stokes
 Edna Lowder
 Marjorie Manning
 Wilma Corcoran
 Edith Johnson
 Elizabeth Smith
 Irene Connors
 Ellen Rourke
 Doris Monroe

ICE HOCKEY

Under the leadership of Jack Buckley, '26, as Captain, "Lead" Marsters, '25, as Manager, and Bill Barry as coach, our puck chasers started the season by bowing before the Alumni 5 to 0. Del Everett and Buckley did all the starring there was for the A. H. S.

The next game was a league game with Brookline on January 12th, and the home team started out well by winning 1 to 0. Del Everett caged the disc which raised the score for Arlington. Chamberlain at goal played an excellent game staving off many certain goals.

On January 19 our puck chasers bowed to Newton in a league game. Chamberlain at goal played well while Holbrook starred for the Orange and Black aggregation. The final score was Arlington 0, Newton 6.

Melrose defeated the team on January 28, 1 to 0. It was a hard knock but Melrose had to go the limit to do it. Dan Scanlan and Captain Buckley played well for Arlington.

On January 29 Rindge Tech bowed down before the onslaught of the Red and Gray. It was Arlington all the way. The final score being Arlington 5, Rindge 2. Dan Scanlan played best for Arlington.

FOOTBALL

After our boys won the Championship of the Mystic Valley League by "swamping" Melrose, the Athletic Association held an assembly and awarded the varsity "A" to the athletes who, during the season earned them. The following boys received certificates and letters:—Bradford Doty, '25, Manager; Griff Roberts, '26, Captain; Arthur Gaskill, '26; Dan Scanlan, '25; Lloyd Marsters, '25; Al Marsters, '25; Carl Sumner, '27; Donald Jones, '25; John Dale, '26; Frank Goodwin, '25; William Rife, '26; Charles Dennen, '25; Joe Crosby, '26; William Cauty, '26; Ed. Lane, '26; Walter Dale, '25; Horace Gowans, '26; Harold Hamm, '26; Captain Elect, Ambrose Babbitt, '26; and John Canniff, '26. Harold Hamm, who played an excellent game in the backfield was elected to lead next year's eleven to another victory over Melrose and likewise the championship. A few weeks later these letter men with Coach Henriens and Assistant Coach Bean were awarded miniature gold footballs by the local Post of the American Legion.



What books have you read that have taken you to far-off lands?
Carpenter's Geography.

Not German, Either!

We hear that MARKS are lower!

Fashion Note

The "suspender" dresses so popular now are simply another evidence of Woman's equality with Man.

Best Seller of February

"The Tale of Two 'F's,'" by Fannie Flunkum.

By a unanimous vote we want an "anti-rattle" peanut bag for school use!

Editor, telling CLARION Board what to write for Class Note: "Make out an exam which contains nothing but foolish questions."

Voice: "Huh, we could use any one of those we had last week."

The classes of '25 and '26 have decided that the following is the prize joke:—

S-O-P-H-O-M-O-R-E-S

Miss Shedd: "Miss Horton, take this sentence. Aren't you glad that he is coming?"

Charlotte: "Er— Oh, Yes!"

For Sale: "A good watch in excellent condition—no jewels—no face—no hands—no nothing—good for amusement in study periods. Apply to Lead Marsters (Adv.)."

Mid-Year Exam for Our Faculty

How long is a comma and why? What for?

How many layers in a layer cake? Name in order.

Construct a five-sided square with six sides.

How high is up?

Pronounce uibet vicissnmnk and translate.

Make out a cross-word puzzle in Chinese.

Recite two thousand lines—consecutive.

Identify—Crustparmenthysrantisyist-finokkd. Where found and how? By whom? When? What for?

Spats have been added to the equipment of the well dressed student. Haven't they "Rags?"

The Seniors, they are mighty,
The Seniors, they are great;
But it takes the little Sophie
To make this school first rate!
(More Sophomore propaganda!)

We all agree that Joe Ennis acted very much at home in some of the "difficult" scenes of Pinafore.

—That Dan Hooley was "sweet enough to be kissed."

Mrs. Moffat: "I used to get all mixed up in my dates."

We were recently informed that a girl had her dress ruined by sitting on some gum.

Ted Thomas suggests that the difficulty might have been overcome by chewing the gum.

What is a night without an English home-lesson?

A Treat.

Miller, in Biology: "I knew some people over in Belmont and they bought some oysters and they all turned pink."

How the Mighty Have Fallen!

The day after "Pinafore," Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., was seen slinging butter at Ames, Dick Deadeye was weigh-

ing "spuds" at the Cloverdale, Ralph Rackstraw was driving Holt's old gray mare, and Bill Bobstay was selling turpentine and wood alcohol (?) at Shattuck's.

Such is life!

Miss Conway: "Identify Carthage."

Sophie: "Carthage was a very brave and loyal Roman General."

Please!

—Will Miss Pierce tell us why the 1925 chorus is the best she has ever had?

—Will Miss Hutchins tell us why she occasionally wears her necklace hanging down her back?

—Will Miss Bullock name her favorite pupil?

The notice on the bulletin some time ago, concerning "Boat Construction" was only for those gentlemen who "paddle their own canoes."

Age Limit, 16!

Probably the reason why there isn't more poetry in this issue is because so few have a poetic license.

The Seniors think they know it all,
And probably they do!

But when it's time to graduate,
They'll envy Sophies, too!

Question on Senior English Exam: "He ate and drank the precious words, His spirit grew robust."

Interpretation: "He read a book and grew fat."

Mr. Fowler: "Name a product of petroleum used in your home."

Tartleton: "Sliknm."

Some Seniors stood on the car track,
A car was coming fast;

The car got off the railway track
And let the Seniors past.

(Evidently written by a jealous
Sophie.)

The early bird gets the worm, but a
late sophie gets a slip.

Safety First!

Miss Treat: "Wimm, you stay fifteen
minntes for me at the close of school."

G. W.: "Give me time to go to the
coat-room and salvage my rubbers."

Song Titles

"Oh, How I Miss that Old Gang of
Mine."—Miss Connor, C. J. H. S.

"I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles."—Al
Marsters.

"Tell Me Dreamy Eyes"—Teacher to
pupil in study.

"All Alone"—Anyone in Room 14 at
1.15 (?).

"Oh Joseph"—Harrington.

"Oh Lady Be Good"—Pupil to
teacher who has caught him doing
something.

"Maybe You Will and Maybe You
Won't"—Pass your subjects.

"Haunting Melody"—The Orchestra.

"Sing a Little Song"—The Glee
Club.

"Don't Blame It All On Me"—Any
culprit.

Many rubbers have been taken from
the coat-room by "Miss-take."

We should like to make her ac-
quaintance.

A noted author once remarked that
a fool was a person who asked ques-
tions that no man could answer. Now
we wonder *who* made out the Mid-
years?

Wanted: "A manager for the Arling-
ton High School Tiddlewinks-Six."

Hooley be?

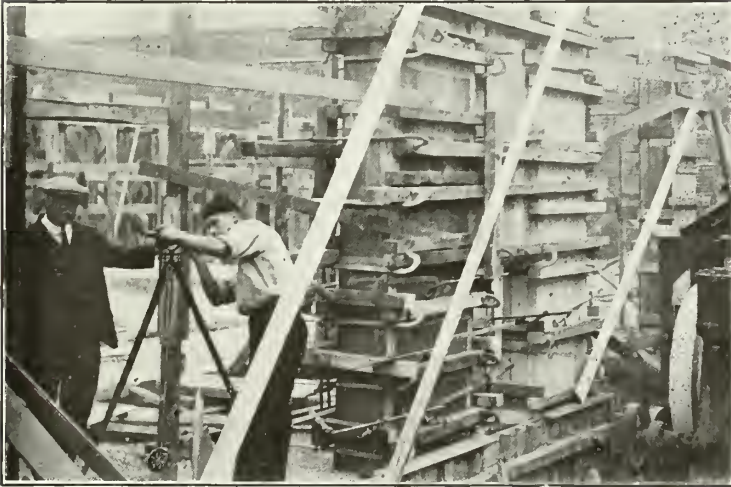
R. Phelps: "Where is my polygon?"

R. Stoker: "Up the geomtree."

We wonder if the "Senior Orators"
are really appreciated as little as the
Soph's mid-years would seem to make
them.



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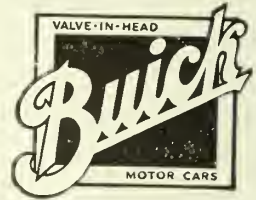
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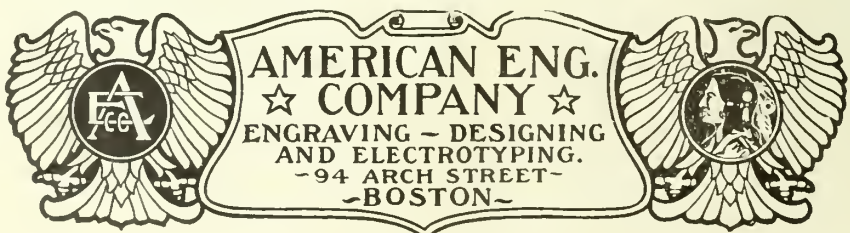
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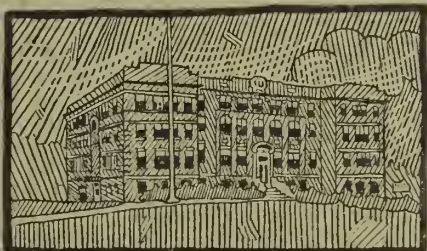


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JUNIOR ISSUE

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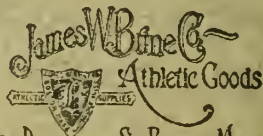
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Entered as Second-Class Matter November 9, 1917, at Boston, (Arlington Branch) Mass.
P. O., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Acts of
October 3, 1917, authorized June 6, 1919

Volume II.

ARLINGTON (Boston), MASS., APRIL, 1925

Number 4

Clarion Board of Management

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JANE GILMORE, '25

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Exchanges

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Editorials

OUR LUNCH ROOM

The Social Welfare Committee has recently written to several schools requesting information concerning their lunch rooms. I happened to see one of the replies and I was very much impressed with the size and completeness of the lunch rooms of these schools, which were smaller than ours. There are several improvements which, I believe, could be made in our lunch room and I will say a few words regarding them.

What impressed me most was the large variety of things that they offered to eat, for example: apple pie, coffee, various kinds of cake, fruit, and soup, besides many other things which we never see.

It seems to me that in a high school the size of ours we might have a greater variety of food.

Another improvement which I think would make things more agreeable would be to serve lunch after school until possibly two o'clock. This would make it unnecessary to go home, and yet would assure those who remain for afternoon sessions something to eat.

A few chairs placed in the lunch room would also add somewhat to the pleasure of eating. As it is now a person having a dish of ice cream in one hand, and a bowl of soup in the other, finds himself in a very embarrassing position.

If a little more attention was given to what the student wants to eat, and less to the bread and milk diet, the lunch room would certainly be of greater value to the

school. I also believe selling food after school hours would be a great help. These two suggestions I feel would, if carried out, make things more pleasant for everyone. I hope this recommendation may inspire others to give their opinions as to how we can improve the lunch room.

G. BOURNE, '25.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Our school numbers among its many advantages a class in Public Speaking. This course of study has been the cause of much critical comment by the Juniors and Sophomores, and many hours of worry for the unlucky Seniors, but everything good has its critical points.

For all their worry and anxiety the Seniors realize now, and will realize much better in the future, what this branch of study means to them.

The student taking Public Speaking is fortunate in many ways. He gains confidence, fluency, and the ability to say what he has to say and then stop.

I am sure that for all the joking that has been cast upon Public Speaking the school appreciates this course.

—A SENIOR.

Some have said "Life is a Comedy"

Others have said "Life is a Tragedy"

But I say "Life is a composition of humor and pathos, so blended, that separated they are false definitions of that much defined word, "Life."

MARGARET DONAHUE.

"ETERNITY"

Thou art fathomless, thou bottomless
abyss,
Thou art as limitless as the sands upon
the sea shore.
No one who has ever entered thy portals
has ever returned.
Thy great iron gates hath opened and
swallowed him up,
Thy great iron doors hath then closed in
upon him forever.
Thou art as silent as a tomb
Yet thou dost put fear in the hearts of
all those who think of thee.
Thou dost silence those who would laugh
For thou art Eternity.

MARGARET DONAHUE.

Arlington is getting ambitious! One
of our seniors is corresponding in Latin
with a student in Kansas. The first let-
ter proved quite interesting so we are
passing it along.

Ilium, Kansas.

Martii Undiviginti, MCMXXV

Care Amice

Meus magister mihi tuas litteras dedit
et posse scribere tibi exsultabar.

In nostro ordine sunt septem, quattor
puellae, duo pueri, et Miss Grantham.
Sumus etim—nunc in libro tertio. Nos
puellae sumus anxietates evolvere fabu-
lam de amore Didonis et Aeneas, sed
pueri volunt evolvere Aeneae descensum
in Inferum.

Recepimus literas decem per actis
classicis, quarum tuae sunt nonae.

Evulgatisne instrumentum Latinum?
Valimus facere sic. Etiam habemus col-
legium Latinum et orchestram Vergilium.

Litterae in Latina, quamquam difficiles,
sunt placentis, ita maneo tuum responsum
ardente mente.

Vale!

MARJORY G. DOUGHTY.

BEING A SENIOR

Never have I felt so important, so in-
dispensable, in all my life. I am not con-
ceited, but neither am I blind. I see my
superiority, for I am a Senior.

A Senior is to the other classes as a
mother is to a baby. The Sophs especial-
ly need cuddling and coaxing but, for that
matter, the Juniors can't be trusted to
take care of themselves. So you see our
responsibility. However, we are equal to
the task; no firmer shoulders can be found
to bear the burden of the underclass-
mates' inexperience. We have reached a
high pitch of perfection, as our conduct
shows. You never see a Senior out of
line or whispering after the bell rings.
Such instances as these show our perfect
training and prove our ability to raise
the other classes.

We Seniors always coöperate with the
faculty. A cold stare from us answers
the Sophs' efforts to communicate, or a
reprimand shows the Junior the error in
his gum chewing habit. Thus the Senior
body as a whole is a Law and Order com-
mittee in itself.

In our speeches in the assemblies we
earnestly endeavor to reform our wards,
for we believe that they are degenerating.
Never before has such a gum chewing
epidemic broken out in this school, and
as you know that we do not chew, you
can infer who the culprits are. It is to
our heart breaking grief that our honor
is smirched by association with such neg-
ligent pupils. However, nothing can
swerve us from the course of our duty.
Our determination to bring up our mis-
guided friends grows firmer each day. We
still have half a year and with a will like
ours miracles can be accomplished.

1925.

Remember Our Advertisers

BUILDING MODEL SAIL BOATS

A model sail boat regatta is to be held at the Arlington Heights Reservoir on Wednesday, May 27.

Invitations have been issued to pupils of the Arlington High School, Newton Country Day School, River's School, and the High Schools of Newton, Belmont, Lexington, and Reading, to enter their model yachts.

The models must be built by the pupils entering them. There is no limit to the size of the model. The rigging is left entirely to the discretion of the entrant, except that a pennant of the school colors, not less than two inches long, must be flying from the top of the mast.

It is hoped that the Arlington High School will have a goodly representation at this regatta.

A cup is to be presented to the winner by the Marblehead Model Yacht Co., of Marblehead, Mass.

To the boy constructing a model yacht, it is well for him to know that the fundamental laws of naval architecture and marine construction which govern the design of ocean going liners and yachts, may be applied to the small craft and for this reason, a scale drawing of some famous racing boat is very desirable for a boy wishing his model to attain maximum speed.

The fittings, such as spars, rudder, tiller, travellers, keel fin, etc., should be just as light and simple as possible, and at the same time, be strong enough to stand the strain of their work.

It is very important in model construction to find the point of lateral resistance on the hull, and see to it that the mast is placed in such a position that the center of effort in the sail is in its cor-

rect position. The center of effort is usually just a little aft of the point of lateral resistance.

This allows the boat to head up into the wind without too much rudder. Using too much rudder, of course, would cause a drag and tend to lessen the speed of the boat.

It is the tendency of a great many model builders to use too much sail and keel. The hull and keel should be kept just as light as possible. The nearer an upright position the boat keeps, the faster she will cut through the water and with too much sail, an upright position is impossible.

Arlington High should have a good representation at this regatta, and may the Red and Gray be among the winners, but if victory fails to smile on us, let's take our defeat like gentlemen.

SCHOOL

Books, lunch tickets, slickers, office, green grass, dancing in the gym, themes, hot dogs, report cards, electric lights, history, marshalls, syntax tests, shy glances, after school in room 14, flag salute, visitors, five-minute bell, dramatic club, dumb-bells, blots, colds, school song, pupils, gum, tardy slips, straight hair, Caesar, hockey, mid-years, smiles, athletic association, chocolate bars, car tickets, recess, class notes, law and order committee, flat flunks, orchestra, cramming, fire drills, pencils, snow, principal, baseball, frowns, seldom "no-school" bell, bobbed heads, ink, bulletins, good recitations, jumping clock-hands, newspapers, quiet study rooms, electric cars, lunches, teachers, rulers, football, rain, assemblies, pens, basketball, schoolhouse, notebooks, vacations.

ELIZABETH SMITH.



HOW BOSTON WAKES UP!

Let us imagine ourselves in Boston, watching the city wake up. The stars have already paled and the blue-black of the sky has changed to gray. But still the city seems to sleep, waiting for the sun. As the sun begins to peep above the horizon we hear the rumbling of market wagons, and the city itself begins to stir. Now the sun is shining brightly and the sky has changed to a blue. Store-keepers are opening their doors; Italians arrange their stands laden with pyramids of fruit, carefully shining the apples to a glorious red.

If we could look into the elevated trains, we would see people of every description. On the earliest trains come the workmen, each with his lunch pail. An hour or so later come the clerks and stenographers. But between eight and nine the elevated does its real work. The cars are packed. There are young men, who talk of business; older men lost in thought; giggling girls who rave on about their heavy dates; students who never take their eyes from a French grammar; tired ones who sit with folded hands and stare at nothing; and girls chewing gum, who hang on to a strap with one hand and turn the leaves of "College Humor" with the other. A little later come the courageous army of shoppers, who skillfully make their way down Tremont Street.

The Common is also a scene of much interest. The sleepers are awake and rub-

bing their eyes with smudgy fingers. There are men who spend the entire morning reading newspapers others have discarded. There are women reading, and little girls in charge of half a dozen youngsters who are revelling in the dirt.

It is now well along into the forenoon and already, what a bustle and noise passes through the whole city!

M. HILLIARD.

THE MURDER OF KING GETSYAGOAT

It was a hot sultry day in mid-July and excitement reigned in Mosquitoville. Excitement of any kind was not unusual but *this* was an unusual excitement, most unusual. King Getsyagoat, the youthful leader of the mosquitos, had been murdered, cruelly assassinated, by a male member of the human race. There was no doubt of how the murder had taken place for it had been witnessed by the king's young and lovely bride, Queen Bitesmall.

The two were returning from their honeymoon when the king, spying the huge limb of a plump male, sunning on the beach, invited his wife to dine. The queen was too fatigued to accept but consented to wait for him, and seating herself on the cool skin of a banana peel watched the silky body of her husband as he glided away and alighted on the huge limb. He soon found a soft juicy spot and was about to set his tender teeth in the meal when a hairy hand came down

upon him; there was a splash of blood, and, without a murmur, the dauntless young king met his death. Queen Bitesemall turned pale with fright and would have fainted had not a true knight happened by in time to rescue her. Hast'ning home he spread the news and summoned the army before the queen.

It was not long before the entire army came, in swarms, and stood bare-headed before the pale, but brave figure of their beautiful queen.

"My people," she began emotionally. "I plan to get back at the vile and despicable man who killed my husband. I shall drive him from our happy hunting grounds. Are you with me?"

"Ay! Ay!" answered the soldiers and, led by the noble queen, they flew on until they came to the figure of a man stretched out upon the sand.

"Go, my good knight," ordered the queen, "and see if that is our victim."

The knight saluted and obeyed but soon returned saying:

"No, fair queen, that meat is dark. The murderer's was soft and white."

"Forward fly!" shouted the queen, and on they went, on and on, tasting each individual who happened to be lying on their grounds. At last the knight returned with an evil look in his eye.

"It is he!" he reported, "and he is fast asleep."

"Charge!" cried the queen, and the men obeyed, circling about their victim's face, biting here, biting there, until with an oath the man arose and fled the beach.

The little army, now minus a few members, flew homeward, victorious but weary.

"And now, my brave men," said Queen Bitesemall as they reached the palace and she pinned medals on their noble breasts, "Let us agree that we will drive off any murdered who dares to kill one of our good men."

"We swear we shall!" shouted a lieutenant and, swearing in unison, the soldiers bore their queen away.

Moral: Never kill a mosquito when another is nearly to witness.

D. BLEWINS.

THE OLD REVOLUTIONARY HOUSE

By E. A. H., '26

I saw a house upon a hill
Its windows shut, its dark krooms still
How long it's stood there, none can say,
Perhaps from that far distant day—
When rival hosts in battle clashed,
When cannons roared, and muskets
crashed—

That far-off day, when farmers stood
And fought as fearless freemen should,
If that old house, now worn and gray,
Could only speak, what might it say
Of our brave sires, who fought so well,
The battle fierce of which 'twould tell!
Oh, old gray house, on wind-swept hill—
When winter storms grow sharp and
chill,

Are mem'ries yours of fires roaring,
Of red flames ever higher soaring,
Of stirring days when your brave mas-
ter,

Racing homeward ever faster,
Gained the door with manly stride,
Home at last from stirring ride,
Telling of some moonlight sally,
Or a quick, heroic rally

'Gainst the onward pressing foeman
Beating back the hardy yoeman?

O dark old house, now chill and cold,
If your noble tales were told—

Your stories of those fine old days

When men for Freedom fought, not
praise

'Twould lift the heart of every soul
On and up, to their great goal.

FOGGY DAYS

As I walked to school this morning in the fog I thought of the many days in the summer when we have thick, damp fog such as this. I have always loved foggy days. They seem so mysterious. Almost anything could happen, ship wrecks, murders, robberies. Some people say the big things in our lives happen in big storms. I think the big things in life happen on the foggy days.

This morning everything on the way down to school looked strange. Houses seemed large and very tall. We could not see them until close to them, then they seemed to step out of the gloom like giants, curious to know where we were going.

In the mystery of the fog my imagination runs wild. The fog seems to be especially made for covering up crimes. Imagine how easy it might be for one, under cover of a thick fog, to come creeping softly and silently up to some lonely traveler on a country road, then suddenly dash out at him, strangle him and take his money or life. How I would love to do that to some of my teachers who, when I have something between sixty-eight and seventy on a test think that they ought to give me an F on my card. I would jump out suddenly at a teacher from a bank of fog, trip her up, hold a revolver over her heart and say, "You didn't have any pity on me, why should I have any pity on you?" She would then weep and implore and promise an A on my card. But I would be generous and say if she would give me just a C, I should be entirely satisfied.

My imagination is certainly running away as usual on a foggy day. How I love to sit and dream out on the piazza of our summer cottage on a foggy day! I am happy then, for school, midyears, and studying are far away. Everything is shut out except a circle around the

cottage. The bell buoy rings steadily ding, dong. The fog horns bellow at each other, whistles shriek; but all sounds are muffled, making them all the more weird, in the thick bank of fog.

BETTY DOANE. '25.

THE SECRETARY'S REPORT

(Dedicated to Miss Treat)

I suppose that each one of us on earth here has some task which seems to him more distasteful and difficult than all others. I have, and I am going to relieve my mind of my pent-up feelings in regard to one bit of work that frequently comes my way—the writing of the Secretary's Report in my English class. Of all tasks I have ever accomplished or ever expect to, this is the one I like the least.

In the first place I must be constantly on my guard during the English period and constantly alive to this task. I have to watch the little brown book go around the class so that I shall be prepared when my turn comes to give a full account of the proceedings of the class. For woe is me if I miss my turn and neglect to write a precise little page. He who lets the duty slip must write the report for two days instead of one! It is this constant dread of the task coming my way, and the fear of neglecting it that makes my English period an hour of horror.

And then of course after I have waited and dreaded it long enough, the book actually comes into my hands. Immediately I grasp a piece of paper and take notes on all that goes on in the class. At the end of the period, I have on my paper a mass of scribbled, illegible words. When I get home, I have to decipher this mess, arrange my data in correct order, and write the report. Oh, here is the real task. I begin, "The class met as usual." Then I slump back in disgust for everyone begins his report in that fashion, and the expression is now obsolete. I try again, but alas! Who can be original in a Secre-

tary's Report? But I stick to my task and at last it is done. A very unbeautiful script it is, for at every word my pen has pierced the thin, rough page, and the whole composition has a muddy aspect. Well, it is the best I can do so I let it go at that.

The next day is a very happy one indeed. At the beginning of the third period I rise and read my little composition. At last after awaiting the awful ordeal I have written and read the Secretary's Report. I close the book with a triumphant flap, sit down, and with a bland, blissful smile I pass it on to the next person.

HILDA FROST, '25.

THE HORRORS OF *SNOW BOUND*

"The sun that brief December day rose cheerless over hills of gray, and darkly circled gave at noon, a sadder light than waning moon." What fond memories those familiar lines call to our minds, at least to the minds of the Junior Center folk! How often, when walking through the halls, we have heard an exceedingly familiar voice repeat mechanically this phrase which is just as familiar, "One hundred lines of *Snow Bound*, twenty a day, for one week."

We have gone sheepishly into Room Five, and asked Miss Reynolds for a copy of English Poems. She always asked us if we wanted any particular poem. The answer was always a quiet, "*Snow Bound*."

We took the book which she gave us, and tediously copied twenty lines. That precious sheet of paper on which those twenty lines of *Snow Bound* were copied was taken home and the lines were wearily learned.

Oh the feelings we experience the next morning, when the spoiler of dispositions, the alarm clock, went off at 6.30 instead of 6.45; but we had set it for that time,

for we must hurry to school in time to write what we had gone to sleep and waked up saying.

We trudged to school thinking, "A prompt decisive man"—Oh! what comes after that?" "A prompt decisive man, no breath our father wasted, 'Boys a path,' " etc.

We reached school to find many others in the same plight as ourselves. We tried to write standing up, sitting down, against the windows, doors, and corrugated walls. We forgot our lines which meant that we must do double the next day. But, in the end we handed our papers to the owner of the familiar voice, and went to our classes.

All this, however, is in the "used to was" for the owner of the well-remembered voice, who is loved by us all, has repented, and now uses *Snow Bound* as Whittier intended it to be used.

ALISON FERNALD, '27.

DAY DREAMS

The greatest advantage of a day dream is that, unlike ordinary ones so often due to an excess of mince pie and other indigestibles, you don't "wakeup" at the crisis of the dream unless you wish to. Then too, it is impossible to choose what you want to dream of. The gifted day dreamer may well be envied by millionaires, heroes, and a myriad of other distinctive people.

Can he not be a star on a football grid-iron, baseball diamond, or the hero of a battle? Of course he can. Consider the joy of turning deaf ears to a wearying lecturer and journeying upon the ocean, or winning a dazzling automobile race, or going through a rustling, chattering woods in the autumn in pursuit of a prancing buck deer, and eventually outwitting the proud beast, and "bringing down" your first venison! As soon as the ordeal of the audience is over you are

brought back to their midst again by the harlot of consciousness, which is ever at our command. You can distinguish the person who has drifted into the world of unreality in that throng. He is the one in that sullen, discontented crowd who shows the pleasure he has had by his serene, unruffled appearance.

The indiscriminate indulgence of this diversion has its disadvantages. Again, you may pick out the person in a museum the class room by noticing his lack of response. In reply to a question which the teacher darts at him, he stammers, and stutters, and dazedly gropes for an answer, too frequently giving a reply that causes a snicker from the more attentive people. But let me take you with me on a dream that you may discern for yourself how consoling this habit is. Just a minute until I fix my eyes upon that massive cloud and quiet my mind. Already—

* * * * *

See a sparkling, late September morning in the Green Mountains of Vermont. The sharp air accelerates the blood to a seaping, surging flow. Life beams in perfect tranquility. Two boys are cantering along a cramped country road. Far below them the sun glinted in darting strings of gold upon the rippling, blue waters of an expansive lake. A squirrel campers gleefully up and down the muscular limbs of the trees, that trimmed the road, ceasing occasionally to chatter at the equestrians from his precarious perch. The horses quicken their pace to a run. Look, the boys are matching the fleetness of their mounts. That rangy bay colt does not find it so easy to outrun the sturdy little Morgan beside her. It is a close contest which ends abruptly when the bay colt is possessed with an unconquerable desire for a draught of the water that bubbles enticingly in a mossy brown barrel by the roadside. One of the boys chuckles at the awkward lurch

of the colt's rider. Ah! Do you not feel as though you understood for the first time the significance of the word "Free!"

The narrow road soon turns up a mountain and dwindles into a dim footpath. A gate bars the way, and one of the boys dismounts to open it. The little chestnut Morgan flashes through the gateway and along an old lumber road down through a shadowy glen, across a straggling brook he splashes and abruptly slithers to a halt before another gate. The boy on the Morgan glances back that wood road extending beneath the arch of inter-mingling maple branches to watch his companion ride up. What a picture the approaching horse and rider make! The bay colt topped with a strongly-built, handsome rider in a red and black checked shirt, the graceful coöperation between rider and ridden, make an entrancing picture. Hear the thud of the hoofs upon the turf, with the occasional clang of iron shoe against rock. But the two boys with their horses are through the gate and on their way once more. A snatch of song floats over the mountain-side, and makes the cattle cease their grazing to gaze at these intruders of their kingdom.

At last the horses have reached the summit of the mountain. The boys strip the saddles from the heaving sides of the beasts and hitch the horses where they may have an abundance of the sweetest of grasses, in the shade of two giant maples, the lightning rods of the mountain. The boys themselves before a freshly kindled fire eat their lunch with great avidity and gaze, and gaze, and gaze. No one could get a surfeit of that view. The trees are changing color. The splotches of color on the mountain side resemble those that may be seen in the tiers of gaudily clothed people in the stadium. The mountains converge below into a cup shaped village. Autos bob along and coast beyond the range of vision. Three

deer cavort about an immense ledge on the opposite hillside. A flash of white tails and they bounce down the hill. Over there an ancient sugar house slumps against a neighboring maple tree; a relic of sweeter days in many senses of the word. A farmer is gathering shiny loads of grain for his horses to eat in the approaching winter. But there goes the bell. Did you like the day dream? I thought you would. See you this afternoon.

PAUL R. ANDREWS.

There's something in me akin to the gipsy
That beckons and lures me on today,
I long for old wharves where white-winged fleets
Set sail toward dim Cathay.

Somewhere in far-off, unknown waters
My ship of dreams—the color of shells
impearled
By the tossing of the waves—lies waiting
For me,—its cobweb sails unfurled.

LOUISE BRADLEY, '26.

EXILED

The blizzard howled on, beating the cruel hail and snow against my frozen face. I stumbled on, half dead from hunger that gripped me and the fierce contact of the blizzard, hoping to find shelter. For hours I waded through snow, waist deep, before I saw a light. Here was shelter and food which I would be able to pay for. I was thankful, for I knew another mile would have finished me.

I finally reached the door of a rickety, country farmhouse with the roof sagging in at one corner under the heavy weight of snow, which, nevertheless rose as a mansion before my hungry eyes. I knocked several times with my frozen hand. The feeling had fled from it. A pain shot through my head and all went

black. When I came to, an old man with a wizened face was feeding me with a spoon. In his hand I glimpsed a bottle, which was labelled with something about a mule. Apparently prohibition had not yet gone into effect in these parts. His wife was patting the dog, a beautiful Airedale, who regarded me with silent sympathy; then fell to scratching his ear. The woman sprinkled some powder on the dog, who responded with a grateful look.

I paid liberally for my supper and soon afterward was escorted to my bedroom aloft. It was a dreary hole with a cot bed that nearly filled it. The old man warned me to be unafraid if I, during the night, heard strange sounds, as the house was haunted. I was so tired and cold that I did not undress, but fell asleep with the patchwork quilt drawn about me.

Midnight! I awoke and lay in a cold sweat waiting for a sound. At last it came again: "Driven from home," a long moaning, ending in a wail. I nearly expired when it came again, and again. "Driven from home, driven from home." It was terrible. I finally took hold of myself and jumped up, resolved to locate the exiled one.

I tiptoed to the door and listened. A rat scurried over my toes and I jumped back. The voice came again: "Driven from home," through the inky darkness, sending shivers up and down my spine. I traced it to the kitchen and crawled in on my hands and knees. I could see nothing, yet it seemed to come from under my nose. That piteous, blood-curdling cry: "Driven from home." I lit a match and peered around. The dog was asleep on the mat, and the cry seemed to come from him. I crept over, and lo! with an added gruesomeness, it came again from—a flea sitting on the dog's nose with giant tears rolling down its cheeks.

When I awoke the next morning I

agreed that stimulants were good, if not given in an overdose.

G. ROBERTS, '26.

WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?

"Her nose crushed terribly into his shoulder, she admitted breathless: 'Yes, I know you love me! Yes, I—love—you! But—'"

"Ann!" called a voice.

The effect on the reader, who was sitting on the floor, was instantaneous. She started, and sat rigidly intent for a moment; then, as the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps became audible, she hastily lifted up the cushion of a nearby chair and thrust the magazine, which she had been reading, under it. Before she had time to rise, a thin, scrawny woman of fifty, dressed in the most strictly tailored clothes, entered the room and after a glance over her tremendously large pair of spectacles, cried:

"Ann Hollingsworth! You'll catch your death of cold! How many times during the last two days have I told you *not* to sit on the floor?"

"Very many times, auntie," said Ann, rising meekly, "but, you see, I—"

"And you are so careless!" interrupted Aunt Tabitha Hollingsworth. "See—that cushion is upside down!" She made a dive toward the traitor cushion, and, lifting it, saw the ill-fated magazine. "Snappy Stories," she read in a voice that was in itself an impeachment. There was a moment's silence, followed by a long lecture for the culprit, and then, "Snappy Stories," gingerly held between two of Aunt Tabitha's fingers, was on its way to destruction—the fireplace.

Ann sighed, but then, suddenly remembering that the dinner party she had planned such a long time ago was going to take place the next evening, she smiled, and threw all other cares aside.

Ann Hollingsworth was a very attractive girl of seventeen—rather tall and slender, with deep blue eyes and jet black hair that was extremely boyishly bobbed. She was a perfect flapper—modern—fun-loving—good-natured—alluring—independent, and the only child of doting parents. That explains Ann.

Her mother and father had gone to Buffalo two days before to attend the funeral of a distant relative, and had left Aunt Tabitha in charge of the house, the two maids, and Ann. Christmas vacation had just started, and so far it had been a very unhappy one for the daughter of the house, because the arrival of her aunt—a creature of extremely mid-Victorian ideas—had upset many of her plans. The night before, her aunt had strenuously objected to Ann's going to the theatre with a very nice young man, in fact, *the* very nicest young man, namely, Graham Clarke, Jr., on the ground that "the theatre is a most demoralizing place, frequented by worldly people." That *did* disturb Ann quite as much as the time when Aunt Tabitha had upbraided her for using a lipstick, and delivered a most impressive oration on the sin of Jezebel.

Ann had not yet spoken to Aunt Tabitha concerning the long-planned party, so, about an hour after the episode of the "Snappy Stories," having gathered sufficient courage, she broached the subject to her. It was evident by the look on her dear aunt's face that she greatly disapproved of such a thing.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Do you plan to have a crowd of twelve noisy, impudent rowdies to dinner? What do you think the house will look like when it is all over?"

"But, Auntie, my friends aren't noisy, impudent rowdies," protested Ann. "They're nice, respectable, quiet girls and boys. And, besides, mother said that I could have a dinner-party on the twenty-

seventh of this month, and that's tomorrow, so—"

"Very well, Ann," consented Aunt Tabitha, "but *I* shall manage it."

So it came about that Ann did have her party, but, as her aunt had stated, *she* managed the party. Ann invited her guests, and they all came, expecting to have a wonderful time such as they always did at the Hollingsworth home. However, they had yet to learn that with an Aunt Tabitha around things run somewhat differently.

In spite of the fact that Ann protested, saying that there would be thirteen at the table, a thing which would never do, Aunt Tabitha took her place at the head. She said grace, much to the surprise of everyone, and afterwards the dinner proceeded with no one saying a word save dear Auntie, who delivered lecture after lecture on the carefreeness, disrespect, and egotism found in modern youth—an interesting topic—to Aunt Tabitha.

After dinner, everyone moved quietly into the living-room, and sat still, not daring to move, waiting, and wondering what would happen next. They didn't have to wait long, for the over-bearing Aunt Tabitha soon entered with an armful of picture albums and a hymn book. She distributed the former, and after seating herself at the piano, started to play "Rock of Ages," and suggested that the rest join her in singing it. Some did, because they didn't dare not to, and some didn't because they didn't dare to. On the whole it was a *most* exciting evening! At half-past nine, acting on a not very gentle hint dropped by Aunt Tabitha, the guests departed, each with a sigh of relief.

"There, that's over," Aunt Tabitha remarked, turning to the place where Ann had been standing a few minutes before. But Ann was there no longer. She was in her room, lying on the bed, weeping, and confiding to her pillow that "it's the

first time the Hollingsworths had ever made a failure of anything, and it was all Aunt Tabitha's fault. Mid-Victorian! Ugh!"

Two days later Ann's parents arrived home, and it didn't take long for Ann to blurt out her sad story to the two whom she knew would sympathize with her. Her father laughed and told her that she could have a real New Year's Eve party the next evening.

"And you may have just as many of your friends as you want, honey Ann," her father promised, "and I don't care how late they stay."

Ann had never felt any happier in all her life than she did the next evening—and she had never looked any lovelier, the latter a fact which Graham Clarke was very quick to observe.

Everybody had a wonderful time. There weren't any family picture albums and hymns—nothing but jazz, and good eats, and all that goes with them. And when, late in the evening, Graham caught Ann under the mistletoe, Ann gasped, and grinned, and guessed that if Aunt Tabitha had been there, she would have cried:

"What's the world coming to?"

E. DEWING, '26.

SONNY'S FIRST DAY AT A. H. S.

"Yas, Sonny has had a purty hard time of it here in Arlington High School. Course 'tis knider too bad Cambridge and Somerville aren't no nearer, so he can go there if he gets tired of this here school, but I rather guess after Sonny gets a few things changed to suit him he'll like it alright and stay.

"Wife an' me went to school on the first day to just sotta tell them he was comin'. When wife says to me, "Deuteronomy," says she, for being as 'twas in public she thought she'd better use my

whole name, "I don't like the idea of our Sonny walking so far on the brick walks, it's bad for the nerves and 'course we don't want his nerves to be bad because a president always has to have good nerves." I think about it for a few minutes and then I says (says I to her) "Wife," says I, "what d'y think about buyin' him an autimobile?" Well sure if that warn't just the thing. 'Course she was kinda skeared about lettin' him run it but Sonny always was a keerful one, so finally I got her convinced. After we'd been a talkin' to Mr. Gammons a while, wife said sumthin' about it and he suggested one of them Fords; said 'twas good enuf fer runnin' 'round in, but I up and told him that there warn't nuthin' 'bout its being good enuf to run around in, and anyway no son of mine was ever going in one of them Fords. Anyway warn't no use in talkin' 'bout it, it all depended on what Sonny see'd fit to choose.

Wall after a while she an' I figured that 'twas time for Sonny ter git started so next mornin' we got all fixed up to go ter school with him. Well sir, d'ye suppose he'd let us go with him,--no siree. He 'lowed that if we tried to go up with him he wouldn't move a step out of the car, you see he had it by this time. He said he wouldn't even drive us up to school and we knowed he wouldn't. So there warn't nuthin' left ter do but stay home.

At noon time she got kinda oneasy 'bout him and she says, says she to me, "Pa," says she, "I think p'raps sonny might be sotta hungry and I guess I'll take him up a little lunch." Course I agreed so in a little while she came in and she had a little package of livers and gizzards for himself and a package of fried chicken all tied up with nice big pink bows. I said sumthin' 'bout Sonny not bein' extra perticular about fried

chicken but she 'lowed that he could give it away if he didn't want it. I was just a little doubtful 'bout the pink ribbons too, but wife, she was all set up 'bout it cause pink always was Sonny's favorite color, so I didn't like to do nuthin' to discourage her, I thought I'd leave that to Sonny.

Wall, when she got there there was some 'citement. Ter begin with when they asked Sonny his name he said "Deuteronomy Jones small 's" senior" and some o' them pupils up there seemed to think t'was funny but I don't see as its any funnier than Deuteronomy Jones Senior. Then Sonny's first period class was in room thirteen and d'y think they could persuade him to go in there, wall I guess not. Said t' always had been his unlucky number and he was blessed if he was goin' in there for a class 'specially algebra. As Sonny was goin' through the corridor lookin' fer a room that suited him he seen some boys mod'lin in clay. Well sir, you know what Sonny is when it comes ter mod'lin. He jist walked inter that room and started tellin' them they was doin' it all wrong. Seems thought one of 'em was doin' a frog and Sonny up and told him didn't look no more like a frog than he did. So it couldn't a been a very good one 'cause you know Sonny's a perty likely lookin' young feller. I think he looks sumthin' like I did when I was a youngster but of course she thinks he looks like her so just ter keep peace I let her have her way. Well, they got into a purty good agerment but then the teacher interrupted and told him he couldn't stay here unless he had a slip and Sonny wasn't reck'nin none on slippin and he didn't care much for the room. T'was too small, so he went along.

Just then the bell rang and Sonny got to thinking t'wasn't very p'lite not to go in room thirteen, but of course he

couldn't change his mind just for them. For as you know Sonny has a very strong mind, 'specially when it's made up. So he decided he'd go in twelve or fourteen, but he liked fourteen better so o' course he went in there. Wall, just the minute he got in there he heard frogs and he got up and went to the window and there was a whole pond of 'em. That gave him an idea, but he thought he'd better stay a while just for manners, so when the next bell rang he got up and went outside. Yas sir, if y'd ever see him when he came in. I didn't. But they told me he was a sight but he had his frogs. He took them right into the room, where he had left his books, and bless me if one of them critters didn't have to go and get out'n his pocket and while he was tryin' to get that one another got out. Well, Sonny said he don't believe none o' them gals up at that school'll ever have lung trouble. But he jest picked up his frogs and got out o' the room 'fore any of 'em had time to get down again. Then he went up to prove to that other boy what a frog looks like.

By that time Sonny had some reputation and when he went to room twelve for algebra they was already for him. Well, blest if that same old trouble 'bout subtraction didn't come up. The teacher did it different from any of the three ways he had been taught so he told her 'twas wrong nad started in a tellin' her how he did it but he got his aughts and his naughts all mixed up. But when he finished, he found she had the same answer as he had and that made 't alright 'cause the only thing he cared about was the answer anyway.

So he stayed there a couple a more periods till he'd found out how to do it.

Then 'twas time for lunch so he bought himself sumthin' ter eat, she hadn't goth there then, and followed the rest down to the gymnasium, there's

another one o' them words I been waitin' to spell. When he got down there, they was all dancin' but one. And so he thought he'd ask her to dance. But, he made a mistake 'cause it seems 's though she was a teacher just standin' there to watch 'em.

When the bell rang, 'twas the signal to go upstairs to class but Sonny was used ter havin' a longer time and he decided to take it.

So he went outdoors and went for a little ride. Then she come along and 'course they couldn't find Sonny nowhere for he warn't there. But jest as she was in the middle of her hysterics, in walks Sonny, jest's calm nad cool's could be.

What? Oh, yas, Sonny come home then 'cause he had to bring her home but after we had sotta explained 'twas different from goin' to school in the South 'twas alright. So he stayed and anyway, where there's so much space for movin' 'round up there it's 'bout as good as three schools.

HELEN B. JOSEPH, '25.

KNOWN ONLY FROM EXPERIENCE

James Phillip Worthington, Jr., called Jimmy, except on rare occasions, which he always remembered, thrust his hands into the pockets of his black velvet breeches and gazed out of the library window at a steady downpour of rain.

"Toes out, Jimmy," reminded his governess, a tall thin woman with grey hair and sharp features.

"Uh—uh," Jimmy obeyed, scraping his heels along the polished floor.

"Yes, Miss Weald," Jimmy again obeyed, this time in a tired voice.

"I wish it would stop raining."

Miss Weald went back to her writing.

"If I went out it might stop raining." No response. Jimmy tried once more,

but receiving no sympathy, amused himself by pulling out the threads of the window tassel.

"If it stops raining, can I go 'funning'?"

The curtain went flying to the top.

"No, now sit down and be quiet for a few minutes," ordered Miss Weald, and Jimmy reluctantly sank down on the floor and frowned at his toy railroad.

Jimmy's days were regulated according to a plan created by Miss Weald or, as he called her because she signed her name E. Weald, "Ewee." Of course, "Ewee" was not used when there was any danger of the owner hearing it, but Jimmy delighted in "Eweeing" her loudly and daringly in his own imagination.

"Ewee" had a system for everything. Her life was ticked off by the clock, as well planned as a concert program; and thus she made Jimmy's.

He arose promptly at eight, bathed, dressed, then masticated, very slowly, a carefully selected breakfast, supervised by the ever-present "Ewee." The rest of the day was divided into hours of special duties until, at four o'clock, Jimmy was given his freedom. From four to six he neither bothered nor was bothered by any thoughts but those of play. He was given complete independence, and he made use of it as far away from "Ewee" and the thoughts of lessons as he could possibly get without having the two hours taken away altogether.

This time he usually spent "funning" with a group of boys upon whom he had stumbled one afternoon, while playing Indian with Moses, the old coach dog. Moses, dashing across the field behind the house, had discovered a small hut, otherwise known, by the sign above the battered door, as "The Fraternity House." Like a true scout, Moses had reported to his chieftain, who, hastening to the so-called house, introduced himself

to the five boys, seated at the time in the "reading room," as Captain Jimmy Worthington. He was welcomed into their company, and, after several trials to test his ability and to prove his good sportsmanship, was made a member of the "Sagacious Six."

"There's the mailman, and it has stopped raining!" This from Jimmy after ten minutes of train-wrecking, during which the train carrying Jimmy had arrived safely at a station where there were only boys, while poor "Ewee's" train had jumped the track, and lay steaming on its side with "Ewee" underneath. Jimmy left her there, struggling among the wreckage, and ran downstairs two steps at a time. He came up quicker than he had gone down, with a letter in his hand.

"From daddy!" he exclaimed, "open it quick!"

"Ewee," forgetting his impoliteness in the excitement of a letter, obeyed. Daddy lived in New York and came down every other week-end to play with Jimmy. Delightful times they had together, fishing, riding, doing everything different from the ordinary duties.

"He's—why Jimmy!" "Ewee" grew pale, smiled, a surprised smile, then regained her composure, and said slowly: "Your father is coming to-morrow night, and he's bringing you—"

"An air rifle—it is, isn't it? He promised me one," interrupted Jimmy.

"No, something much nicer," answered "Ewee."

"What?" Jimmy grew impatient. He had never seen "Ewee" so mysterious.

"A new step-mother!" She waited for the result. A minute elapsed, and then:

"What's a step-mother?" asked Jimmy slowly.

"Why, your father's second wife," explained his governess, folding the letter and putting it in the pocket of her neat,

tailor-made dress.

Jimmy walked to the window. A step-mother! It didn't sound very interesting.

"Do you think he'll bring the rifle, too?" he asked anxiously. Then as he heard an eager bark, he exclaimed:

"Oh, there's Moses! I must go funning now; it's four o'clock."

The next morning was Saturday, and, because the house was in a state of unusual excitement, Jimmy was excused from his daily tasks, and left to amuse himself. Ten-thirty a. m., found him stretched out on the ground, leaning against the "Fraternity House" with four of his colleagues.

"Tommy's got the mumps," "Shrimp," the son of the town doctor, informed him.

"What's the mumps?" Jimmy's knowledge of disease began and stopped at the croup. Never, in his six short years, had he known any other illness.

"Tuh, ain't you ever had it?" asked Albert Page, otherwise known as "Hippo," because of his unusual likeness to that animal.

"What's it like?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh your cheeks swell up so they 'most bust—they ache too, and you can't eat nohtin' but water, an' if you chew that it hurts," explained Shrimp. "Most kids have it."

"I haven't," said Jimmy, somewhat doubtful, after Shrimp's explanation, whether he wanted them or not.

"You may get 'em," Shrimp encouraged him. "Ma thought I'd never get the measles but I finally did. You don't know what it's like 'til you have it."

"My father's going to bring me a step-mother tonight," announced Jimmy, several minutes later.

"Gee, that's too bad," sympathized Shrimp. "You'll probably never get out then."

"Why?" asked Jimmy.

"'Cause they're awful." Shrimp sat up and stretched himself and his imagination. "'Member Benny Caroll, Hippo?"

Hippo nodded and went back to his day dreaming.

"His step-mother used to beat him with red hot iron rods! His back used to be all red marks, and finally she killed him that way. All step-mothers are like that; they don't give you enough to eat either."

"My father wouldn't let anybody beat me," declared Jimmy.

Shrimp hesitated, then he answered: "Oh he couldn't help it. Benny's father was bigger'n yours and his wife beat him too."

"Well, I guess mine won't," said Jimmy. "Guess I'll be going home now. G'bye. C'mon, Moses."

"G'bye," Shrimp held out his hand. "If we don't see you again we'll know what's happened, but say, Jimmy, if I was you I'd hike it while you can."

Jimmy took the outstretched hand, then walked slowly across the field, filled with a new fear. Afraid of something he had never seen! As he neared the house he tried to shake off his fear, but the thoughts of the iron rods kept coming to his mind. Then he remembered Shrimp's warning: "You'd better hike it while you can." What a splendid plan. He would "hike it" and, perhaps when daddy discovered how lonely it was without him, he would send the step-mother away.

When James Phillip Worthington, Senior, and his bride, arrived that night, they found "Ewee" alone.

"Jimmy is lost!" she sobbed, more from fright than worry. "He's been gone since one o'clock, and the servants have searched everywhere. Oh, Mr. Worthington, I assure you it wasn't my fault. He—"

"You say he's been gone since one?" Mr. Worthington put his coat on again.

"Get me a lantern and I'll find him if I have to walk from here to New York."

Four hours later he returned, his clothes torn and dirty, his hands scratched, but with the sleeping Jimmy in his arms.

"We found him about three miles off with Moses standing guard," he explained wearily. "Put him to bed, and I guess a good sleep will fix him."

Jimmy did not awaken until ten the next morning. He sat up, then he remembered.

"Ewee!" he shrieked.

No answer.

"Eweee!"

Again no answer.

"Miss Weald!"

The door opened and a tall lovely lady stood on the threshold. The loveliest lady he had ever seen. She was dressed all in white, and her hair looked like gold as the sun shone upon it.

"Good morning, dear!" she smiled, the loveliest smile!

"G-good-morning." Jimmy gulped. "Where's 'Ewee' a-and who are you?"

"I'm your step-mother!" She sat down on the edge of the bed. "I know we'll get along famously together." All at once Jimmy was ashamed.

"Y-you'd never use iron rods to beat me with, would you?" he stammered.

"Why, no, son," she smiled, and with many attempts not to cry Jimmy told her his fears. When he finished, she was crying too and holding him very tightly in her arms. Oh, if Shrimp could only see him now!

"I-I won't ever run away again." Jimmy got up and searched for his handkerchief. She gave him hers, and said, smiling:

"Of course you won't! And, now, Daddy's waiting to take us on a picnic! Five minutes I give you to get dressed. When you are ready you're to call 'Moth-

er' and we'll go down to breakfast together."

"Yes'm," replied Jimmy meekly.

"Yes, what?" she laughed.

"Yes—yes, mother!"

"That's fine!" she bent and kissed him. "Now, remember, only five minutes."

After she had gone Jimmy lay still and closed his eyes. Iron rods. Huh! Shrimp didn't know. Poor Shrimp, he didn't have a step-mother. His father hadn't been married twice and his mother wasn't pretty. Neither was Hippo's. How they would envy him! Perhaps they would not understand, they had such a wrong idea of step-mothers.

"It's like the mumps," Jimmy decided. "You don't know what it's like until you have it."

D. BLEVINS, '26.

THE MUSICIAN

The room was dingy and dark, with only one small window, which let in barely enough light to show the surroundings. Two broken chairs, a small table, and a couch covered with ragged blankets were all that furnished the room.

The door slowly opened and a tall man entered with faltering steps. His white hair and beard were long and unkempt. He closed the door and took from a shelf above the table a violin case. Holding it carefully in his arms, he carried it to the couch. His face twitched with pain, and tears ran down his wasted cheeks. He took the violin out of the case and sighed as he look at it.

"O, my friend!" he said, speaking aloud. "The only friend I have left! Not half an hour ago the Jew offered me seven hundred dollars for you. Seven hundred dollars!" A gleam of hope came to the man's eyes as the thoughts of food and a comfortable lodging were pictured before him.

"No more starving and freezing," he

said. "Just carry you down the street to the Jew, and I shall receive seven hundred dollars."

As if to carry out his thought, he put the violin back into its case, locked it, and got up from the couch. But he had barely risen, when his legs gave way and he sank down again. "I can't," he whispered, "I can't, and I will not."

He again opened the case, took out the violin and picked at the strings with his fingers. The notes that vibrated from his instrument were like the sobbing of a child. "Ah," he exclaimed, "you have a heart! Did I hurt or wrong you, my friend? I did not mean to; I do not know what made me do it. Could it have been hunger? No, I am not hungry now. I am content while I have you."

"Come, let us play once more 'The Last Hope,'" and wiping the tears with his ragged coat sleeve, he began. He drew the bow slowly at first, but with every stroke the music seemed to swell higher and higher, and all the time louder. The room seemed to sway, his eyes grew dim, the darkness enveloped him. He could only feel the music of his violin, into which he was putting his soul. His woe was transformed into music.

The musician was no longer in the shabby room. He was playing on a concert stage, and the place looked familiar. Memories flashed before him. He was back in France where he had played before. Yes, it was the same, even the people in the crowded theatre, who stared up at him breathlessly. He felt proud and joyful, and a smile formed on his lips.

He raised his eyes to the boxes above. Yes *she* was there, and as the music neared its end, she smiled at him, and threw the rose that she held in her hand. It fell at his feet; he picked it up, raised it to his lips; and as he came forward to make his bow, he was greeted with tremendous applause. He had conquered,

and now he retired amid the applause and the cries of "encore."

Again he appeared, and again he played with all his soul. He did not notice the people before him. He played as he had never played before. The violin seemed to be a living thing under his guiding hands.—

Suddenly the music stopped. The room was dark and gloomy, full of silent shadows. The musician lay as if asleep, his violin still in his grasp, and a smile parting his cold lips, for he had achieved his dream.

E. H. PETERSON, '26.

LINES

There are many kinds of lines.

1st: The definition of a line is, "that which has length but not breath or thickness." Example—a line of poetry, meaning that which one seldom reads and never learns when possible to avoid.

2nd: There is the line upon which wet clothes are hung for the amusement of the wind. This type of line may also be used to test the breathing ability of man. The line tied firmly about his neck, the man, or woman (it may be used effectively on either) is suspended from a tree for not longer than twenty-four hours. If when the time is up, the victim is still breathing, he has successfully passed the test and should be given a diploma stating so.

3rd: There is the line, usually a long one, outside of a moving picture building for the purpose of identifying it.

4th: There is that once known as the moist line but which has long been out of existence.

5th: There is the line one has to follow when going or coming anywhere on a fine day. This line is led by an unusual conglomeration of tin and gasoline, called a Ford, and is an excellent example of slow motion.

6th: There is the line of ancestors some people manage to find when the occasion demands it.

7th: There is the line which one puts around a hole to make a circle. This is begun at a point and led around the outside of the hole until it meets the point at which it started.

8th: There is the line used to disconnect one telegraphic station with another when one wishes to call the doctor, police, or merely a friend. This line is also used for the trysting place of sparrows.

9th: There is the line of considerable weight which some people use as an aid to conversation. This seldom changes.

10th: There is that which everyone rejoices to see but which is never used soon enough—the closing line. Example: this one.

—D. B.

SHOULD "MOTHER GOOSE" BE INCLUDED IN OUR SCHOOL LITERATURE?

I sincerely believe that "Mother Goose" should be included in our school literature and be read by every Sophomore English class. After careful study of the book and its characters, an examination should be given, testing the students' ability to grasp certain situations. I regret to say that I have never been given the opportunity to study the plots and character sketches of "Mother Goose" nor have I been taught to appreciate the morals of many of the stories. Therefore I urge, for the sake of those who will follow in our footsteps, that careful thought be given to the study of "Mother Goose," a novel which, eventually, may take the place of "Silas Marner," "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and, perhaps, be translated into Latin, for the benefit of those students who are unable

to understand the deeper thoughts and expressions in "Caesar."

After completing the first and second volumes of "Mother Goose" the student should be able to answer the following questions:

1. Did Cinderella wear O'Sullivan's Heels? If not, why so? If so why not?
2. Give the date of the fall of Jack (Jill's brother). What was the result of his fall?
3. What other famous "Mother Goose" character had a great fall? In what ways did this fall differ from that of Jack?
4. Describe one of the following characters: Little Bo-Peep, Little Boy Blue, Mary Contrary, Mother Hubbard.
5. Whom did Simple Simon first meet on his search for the pot of gold?
6. Locate: London Town, Primrose Hill, Mother Goose Village.
7. What were the first words of Little Jack Horner after extricating the plum from the pie? Where was he at the time?
8. Did anything detain Little Miss Muffit from eating her curds? If so, what? Explain circumstances.
9. What is the moral of the story about Little Polly Flinders?
10. Why didn't Jack Spratt get a divorce from his wife?
11. What animal do you connect with Tom, the Piper's Son?
12. Identify: Peter Piper, Peter Pumpkineater, Bobby Shaftoe.
13. In the second chapter of Volume II the author makes the statement that Jack-Be-Nimble jumped over a candlestick. Why didn't Jack walk around the candlestick?
14. Did Old King Cole smoke cigarettes? If not what did he smoke? Did he wish to listen in to a radio concert? If not for whom did he call to play for him?

EXCHANGES

Every school magazine that comes, no matter how small, contains some helpful suggestion. We hope that the CLARION will do the same for others.

The Argus, Worcester, Mass. You have a very readable magazine, but where are your exchanges?

The Chimes, Scituate, Mass. Your cover design is unusually good. A few more Class Notes would add much to your magazine.

The Argus, Worcester, Mass. Your cover design is unusually good. A few more Class Notes would add much to your magazine.

The Crimson and Gray, Southbridge, Mass. We enjoyed your paper,—especially the jokes which are exceedingly.

The Crimson and Gray, Southbridge, Mass. We enjoyed your paper, especially the jokes which are exceedingly funny.

Live Wire, Newbury, Vt. Your poems are worthy of praise.

The Argus, Gardner, Mass. A very well set up paper with excellent cuts and arrangement of advertisements.

Packer Current Items. Your "Sketches and Library Column" are worthy of commendation.

The Spotlight, Grafton, Mass. Your magazine is very neatly arranged. Why not add an exchange column?

The Racquet, Portland, Me. The poem in your exchange column is clever. We hope that we will be listed in your column of "Bests" some day.

The Brocktonia, Brockton, Mass. An exceptionally complete magazine full of worth while reading.

The Meteor, Berlin, N. H. Your cuts are especially attractive and your staff is to be congratulated on its fine work in every department.

We are very grateful for all your comments and will certainly try to make our magazine well worthy of them.

The CLARION—Attractiveness is the keynote of your paper and we admire your Editorial Department. Your Literary Department contains a great variety. We especially like your Poetry Column, and we also think the cuts in your paper very good.

The CLARION—The editorials in your Christmas number were very interesting. The "Poetry column is splendid and you have good jokes.

Meteor, Berlin, N. H.

The CLARION—A splendid magazine. We think your "School Notes" are the most humorous that we have ever read. Why not add a contents page?

Herald, Holyoke, Mass.

The CLARION—A splendid magazine, CLARION, is yours. You may well be proud of it.

Lynn Classical H. S. *Gazette*.

The CLARION—Your writers are frank and honest, to say the least. We refer in particular to the author of "On Keeping One's Hair in Curl."

Medford H. S. *Review*.

The CLARION—We congratulate you on your exchange department. Your criticisms are indeed helpful. Your paper is well arranged and every department is complete.

Reflector, Woburn.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

THE DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club meets on Thursday mornings, while those more musically inclined are proving that "this is, without any doubt, the best chorus ever!"

The main object of the Debating Club is to talk and to talk intelligently, which also means to think intelligently.

Miss Riley is the teacher in charge of the club, and she has been teaching the debaters the fundamentals of arguments and exposition.

It is hoped that we may hear the Debating Club in assembly, if not this year, some time next year.

RACHEL CROSBY, '26.

GIRLS' CLUB

The Girls' Club is an entirely new organization in our school. The object being to get together and talk matters over. The first meeting was held Tuesday, March 31st, at 3 o'clock. The speaker was Miss Cora Riley, formerly Dean of Cedar Crest Cottage. She spoke on "Morals" and afterwards answered questions. It was extremely interesting. There was an entertainment preceding the talk. Refreshments were served. A large number attended, and it was quite successful.

Helen Stokes was elected President.

PAULINE CROWE, '25.

ICE HOCKEY

On Friday evening, Feb. 13, Capt. Buckley's charges met defeat at the hands of Cambridge High and Latin. The final score was Cambridge 2, Arlington 1. Dan Scanlan at right wing made the lone tally for Arlington. This was the official

windup for the Arlington outfit, although a season of ups and downs due chiefly to the poor weather conditions, it was successful in many respects.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

The Girls' Basket Ball Team carried the honors this year going through the season undefeated. The majority of games were won by a large score, as is seen by the schedule. On March 6, they beat our rivals, Melrose, with the score of 44 to 13. They also played Wellesley and Everett, beating them both by large scores.

The Watertown game, last but not least, was not so easy as the other games. At the start of the game Watertown took the lead and kept it the first half. In the second half the Arlington girls showed more pep and raised their score so that at the end of the third quarter the scores were very close, Watertown in the lead. The last quarter was very exciting as first Arlington and then Watertown would take the lead. The last few minutes Arlington outplayed Watertown and might have saved the score from being a tie, 22-22, if they had had more time. Both teams played a very good game, and it was considered the best game of the season for both teams.

A great deal of the girls' success is due to the coach, Miss McCarty, who spent much time and hard work in coaching the team. It was because of her efforts that the girls were champions. Marion Mortenson has been elected captain for next year, and we all wish her and next year's team the same success that the girls had this year.

TRACK

Track practice started the first week in April with a goodly number of candidates reporting. Al Marsters is captain and Arthur Marsh manager. This season's schedule is one of the hardest in years, and with much veteran material available the team should have a fine season. Several members of the team have been working for the past few weeks widening the track, thus making it more suitable.

The following schedule has been arranged:

April 27Tufts Freshmen
May 7Watertown
May 14Wakefield
May 22 ...Mystic Valley Championship
May 29Somerville
June 6Harvard Interscholastics

ELLSWORTH BROWN, '26.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

On Saturday, February 7, B. C. High School quintet avenged themselves of a previous defeat earlier in the season, by defeating the A. H. S. aggregation in a Cambridge gymnasium. The final score stood, B. C. High 16—Arlington, 13. Ed Lane and Al Marsters played best for the "Red and Gray."

Saturday evening, February 14, our boys had as their guests the Clifton, N. J. team. Arlington walked away with the Jerseyites. The final score standing Arlington 40—Clifton, N. J., 29. Al Marsters played in excellent form throughout the game, scoring 13 points for his team.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 18, Lexington came to our gym and returned home with a 41-20 defeat pinned on them. Al Marsters and the Lane brothers played best for the A. H. S.

Salem came to our gym on Friday evening, February 20, and avenged themselves of a previous defeat at the hands of Arlington. It was an excellent game throughout, splendid teamwork on the part of both teams was evident throughout the game. Al Marsters and Captain J. Lane were the stars for the A. H. S. outfit. The final score was, Arlington 18—Salem 21.

On Friday evening, March 6th, the Mitchell Military School quintette were defeated by our boys in the gym. It was Arlington's encounter from start to finish. The final score was Arlington 53, Mitchell Military School 6.

The Lynn General Electric Basket Ball team were the guests of our boys on Friday evening, March 13. The team came to Arlington highly rated, but proved a "false alarm," as the final score showed. At no time did the A. H. S. team exert themselves, and the final score stood, Arlington 45—Lynn General Electric, 16.

The Basketball team closed its successful season with what might be termed a "double header" with the fast Dedham team.

The first game was on Friday evening, March 27, at Dedham. Dedham won by one basket, the final score being Dedham 26, Arlington 24.

The next evening, Saturday, March 28, Dedham came up here. And in one of the best games ever played on the gym floor, Dedham bowed down to defeat before the onslaught of the Red & Gray. The game was very close, but the best team won, the final score being Arlington 17—Dedham, 13. Thus terminated perhaps the best season the home team ever had.

DAN HOOLEY, '25.



The recent earthquakes were caused by Cohen, who, in rehearsals for his (or her) Shakespearean debut surely did take some heavy death-falls.

The Juniors are considering a prom. The Sophomores wish them *good luck!*

If Doc McCarthy would station himself at a convenient window at 7.59 every morning, he would surely discover many brilliant track prospects.

Miss Cooper: "What is the past participle of the verb 'raise'?"

R. Butter: "Raisin."

A Few Truths from the Class of '26

The faculty is a body of teachers paid to help the Seniors run the school.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

Conductor: "Fare, please."

Miss Murdock (absent mindedly): "Faire, faisant, fis."

In the February number of the CLARION (1924) it was wished by F. E. Lane, secretary of the Class of '24 that in the near future students of the A. H. S. would conduct assemblies worthy of the school. Now that this wish has been fulfilled, I make and second the motions that F. E. Lane, and perhaps a few others who desired the same, be sent engraved invitations to some of the worthy orations now carried on by the class of '25.

Schiesel has made such remarkable progress in English that Miss Fair has invited him to sit beside her at the desk.

Translations in Latin III

"I do not deny that I am engaged."—
Phil Carter.

Lost—One, fair, true love. Finder
please return to Eddie Cohen.

Yes, Throw Them Away!

Miss Pierce: "That's coming, drop
your chins, boys!"

Lost—Ten deficiency slips. Finder
please keep it dark.

We understand that the dinner party
given the girls basket-ball team was a
howl in every sense of the word.

Everyone in Miss Treat's second period
English Class was hunting for inspira-
tion. Clancy passed by. Everyone set to
work.

The Only One!

Miss Pierce—"Hark! I hear a man's
voice."

Clancy rises (demurely?).

P. Pierce (explaining English lesson
to a visitor): "We've been reading 'As
You Like It,' er—one of Shakespeare's
plays, you know."

Just Juniors

U will agree that that's enough.

Now we ask you

If you can think

Of anything better (?) than

Riting Class Notes for the

School paper.

Don't Worry, Joe!

Joe MacFarlane (translating Latin):
"Lest anyone of you should think that
I am wonderful!"

Miss Wakefield (continuing an expla-
nation): "Now, here comes a complete
failure"—and in walked James Baston.

We Think So!

Rosenberger (before the mirror):
"Gee, ain't it tough to be handsome!"

Next time Winn wears his checkered
golf socks, ask him if he wants a caddy.

Miss Jewett:—"Are you through yet,
Alton."

Alton:—"No, not quite."

Miss Jewett:—"I don't mean through
talking, I mean through with the experi-
ment."

Efforts of Kenneth Call

Oh, the Juniors are a funny bunch
They thrive on Campbell's soups.
They think they're smart in everything.
But they're just a bunch of goops.

Miss W. K. D.: "With whom is Jack-
son compared?"

Bright Pupil: "A Stonewall."

"Fish" Harrington to Miss W. (as she
was leaving to go to the library for
books): "If you see any 'Fitt's' in there
(history textbooks) please bring one in."

Apparently the boys in the cast of
"Midsummer Night's Dream" "roll their
own."

It doesn't speak well for the school to
have such a large sale of peanuts—they
are the food monkeys and elephants enjoy
most!

June: "What's your idea of chorus?"

Your: "A Stygian cave forlorn
'mongst horrid shapes and shrieks, and
sounds unholy."

Rules and Regulations of the Law and Disorder Committee

1. Always bring something to school for your teachers. That is, be teacher's pet.

2. Come in late as many times as possible. That's what tardy slips are made for. Mr. Gammons will also glance at you in approval.

3. Above all talk back to your teachers. They admire you for being so outspoken.

4. Race down the hall in full gallop. In this way you gain the affection of the Student Council and they will speak kindly to you.

5. Brand your trade mark in or on your desks so that when you become president of the U. S. you may return and think over with joy your past life. Varnish and desks are cheap.

6. Slamming erasers and spitballs is quite essential, for who knows but what this training may come in handy in the next war. Accuracy in throwing might win you a promotion.

7. Hook school at the slightest excuse. The truant officer wants to earn his salary.

8. All waste material such as gum, chewing candy, paper, ink, and so forth must be thrown on the floor to help keep the janitor busy.

If you follow all these rules we are sure that you will be kicked (we mean expelled) from school in two weeks or less.

Miss Bullock: "What made you stop studying?"

E. Forrest: "Oh, the men!"

Townsend:—Le miel coûte cinq sous par livre. (Honey costs 5 cents a pound).

Miss S—: Oh! You don't pay much for *your* Honey, Townsend.

Evans:—Hum-m-m-oh! Townsend!

At That Rate It's Worth F.F.

G. Winn:—"I think this theme is worth an 'A,' there is everything in it I could think of."

T. Thomas (to Miss Butterfield): "Hey—"

Miss B—: "I may be from a small town but I'm not 'hay.'"

I Guess Not!! Prove It!!

Buckley caused quite a rumpus in Miss Jewett's fourth period Biology class, when he made the statement that boys work harder than girls.

Scintillations of Seniors

Now I lay me down to rest
Before I take tomorrow's test.
If I die before I wake
Thank heaven, I'll have no test to take.

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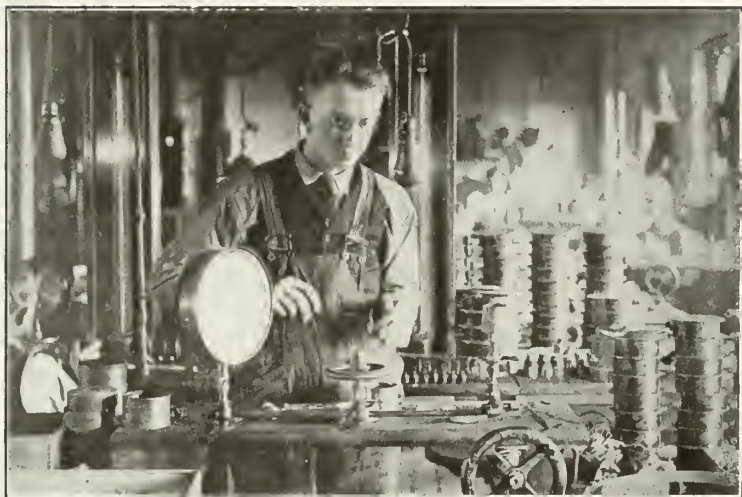
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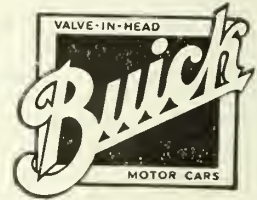
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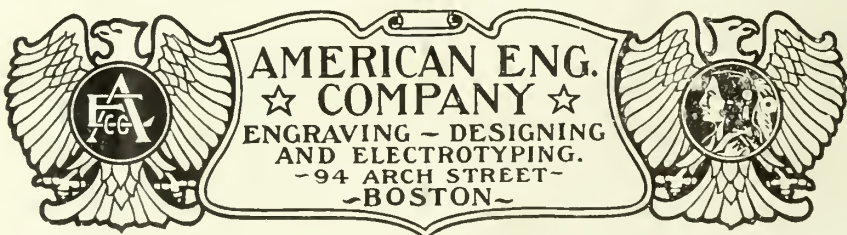
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CLASS ORATIONJOSEPHINE JERADI

SELECTION BY THE ORCHESTRA

PROPHECY

CLASS SONG*Written by* MARGARET AGNES DONAHUE

CLASS WILL, 1925

It is the custom all over the world, for man before he reaches the termination of his earthly career, to arrange for the disposal of his earthly possessions. Therefore, it is fitting that we, the graduating class, who have reached the termination of our scholastic career, and are about to break the bonds of fellowship which have linked us to our schoolmates and take our places in the world, should, through a friendly interest in the future of the underclassmen, set forth in writing what is positively our last will and testament.

Therefore we, the Senior Class of 1925, of the Arlington High School, of the Town of Arlington, County of Middlesex, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, United States of America, Western Hemisphere of the Terrestrial Sphere, do solemnly make these last bequests:

1. We leave to Mr. Gammons our honest affection and deep admiration for his kind interest and friendship during our four years under his guidance.

2. To all other members of the faculty with whom we have come in contact, we give our sincere thanks for their earnest coöperation and helpful advice.

3. We leave to the Juniors the sacred Senior precincts of rooms 12, 13, and 14. May they fill them as nobly and as faithfully as we have done.

4. We give to the Sophomores our sublime Senior dignity. May they strive to attain it.

5. To the incoming *children*, we bequeath the unoccupied room to the left of the gymnasium, to be equipped as a nursery.

6. To Mr. Hatch and Mr. Boynton, we leave a stirring novel entitled, "Get Your Man."

7. To "Rosie" we give the present concession at Spy Pond Field.

8. We give to the wandering canines of Arlington, who seem to have Room 14 as their objective, our hearty endorsement of the "Open Door" policy.

9. To each and every study room we bequeath a beautifully bound volume of "College Humor."

10. We leave to the Glee Club the sterling Mr. Clancy, self-stated, the only man in Chorus.

11. We bequeath to the Dramatic Club the services of Miss Sydnor, what more could be desired.

12. To Swadkins and Cohen we leave a handsome wooden loving cup to be awarded to the one who succeeds in growing the least before graduation.

13. To Walter Nicholl we give a vote of thanks for his unfailing faithfulness in bringing us our paper every morning.

14. To the P. G.'s of next year we leave a brown derby. The teachers can decide which one will need it the most.

15. To the captains of the Boys' baseball, football, and track team we extend our sincere wishes and support for a Mystic Valley Championship team in each sport.

16. To the leaders of boys' basketball and hockey, girls' basketball, field hockey and all other sports not heretofore mentioned, we wish a successful season.

17. We give to Mary Leary a vanity case engraved with the words, "Save the Surface and You Save All."

18. To Eddie Picone we give a large sized trailer to be attached to his flivver, so that *none* of the East End may have to walk to school next year.

19. We give to Joe Duffy, guardian of the great open spaces, a box of his

famous 2 for 5 cigars and the city of Miami to smoke them in.

20. We leave to the Girls' Club Johnnie Lane, the masculine Beatrice Fairfax, to solve their problems.

21. To all students who have not yet reached the age of reason we give the privilege of falling through the ice while sliding on the swamp.

22. We leave a pair of double action roller-skates to the future bearer of the bulletin.

23. To Mr. Fowler we bequeath the bottling rights of all escaped fumes from the gas house, which may be found wandering through the school.

24. We bequeath to the lunch room a full supply of India rubber ice-cream dishes to lessen the duties of Mr. Robinson.

25. To the study room we leave the position of Chief Errand-Boy to the lunch-room left vacant by 'Lead' Mars-ters.

26. We establish a fund to buy sun glasses for the unfortunates who are forced to look at Goodale in his red hot sweaters.

27. We leave to Joe Downey a little song entitled, "Don't let the basket-ball team be Passé-ic (Passaic).

28. We leave to the coming senior English classes, with a sweet smile of revenge, the opportunity to suffer, but not in silence, on the platform at Assemblies.

29. To the coming Seniors we also leave a very successful method of retaining the right to leave assemblies first.

30. To the Comb and Mirror Brigade, found in the boys' dressing room every morning, we appoint Jerry O'Neil to instruct them in, "The Care of the Hair," and "The Science of Tying Bow-Neckties."

31. We leave a sign to be placed over the door of the Library reading, "The Home of Lost Souls," for the benefit of the office, which tries to reach these individuals by telephone instead of Ouija board.

32. We give a gold medal to be awarded to the one who manages to leave room 13 by the wrong door when Miss Bullock is on the job.

33. We bequeath to "Doc" McCarthy a pair of white linen knickers and a silk hat, to be worn at all track meets.

34. For the amusement of the Law and Order Committee we will install revolving doors at the entrance of the Boys' and Girls' dressing rooms.

35. To Joe Crosby and "Buck" we leave a supply of tardy slips stamped with the words, "The Last Shall be First."

36. To the A. H. S. and to everyone associated with it and our four happy years there, we leave the best regards of the Class of '25.

Given and signed, by the Class of 1925, of the Arlington High School, on Wednesday, this twenty-fourth day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five in the presence of the following witnesses:

Chester A. Moody,

Superintendent of Schools;

Herman Gammons,

Principal of A. H. S.;

Martha S. Moffat,

Class Advisor;

Philip French,

Class President;

John Walsh,

Member of Law and Order Committee.

John O'Hara.

FOR THE CLASS

Tonight we are being graduated from the Arlington High School where we, for four years, have been fitting ourselves to realize our ambitions. We are here to receive the reward for these years of study, in the form of a diploma. Our diploma, however, is only a symbol or the material part of our reward, as we shall later come to realize. For as we go out into college or business we shall become more impressed, as time passes, with the value of our years of endeavor in this high school.

It is not, however, without some trepidation that we leave our classrooms, where everything possible has been done to help us, and go out into a strange world where we shall have to depend more or less upon ourselves to solve the problems that arise. But knowing that tonight there are thousands of others starting out for themselves in this game of life, we resolve to go forth, keeping our ideals high, our standards lawful and our purposes firm. We will do our best at whatever we attempt, whether we meet failure or success. For it has been very truly said that "When the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name He writes not that you won or lost but how you played the game." So as spokesman for the class of '25 it is a pleasure to welcome to our graduation you parents and friends whose sympathy and encouragement have meant so much to us in the past, and on which we feel sure we can rely in taking our next steps forward.

PHILIP FRENCH,

President of the Class of 1925.

THE CLASS ORATION

As I look back to-day on the four years that are now completed, I feel that they have been four of the happiest and most beneficial I have ever known. Many

have been the pleasures we all have enjoyed, and the friendships we have made here will last to bring back to us memories of our high school days.

When we first came here to school, little did we realize the momentous value of the years that were to come. Now that the time has passed, we should ask ourselves if we have done our duty. Have we persevered; have we done the best we could toward our studies; have we taken our share of the responsibilities of life or have we taken only the pleasures, the fun, and left the work for someone else to do?

If we can answer, "Yes, we have done our duty," then we have not wasted our time, but if we cannot answer these questions in the affirmative, it is now too late, for we are to enter a time of life that will be different from the past four years.

We owe more to this school than words can express. Here have we spent our time forming our ideals, molding our characters, and shaping our future lives. To those seniors among us who do not study further, but go directly into the business world, this school has provided the knowledge that will help them to meet their work squarely. To this school also, those who are to go on with their studies owe the foundation for their college work. Here we have received a broader outlook on life, and the desire to be better citizens, to take our places in the community, and when the time comes, to help make this world a little bit better because we have lived in it.

The opportunities we have overlooked, we cannot now regain, but you underclassmen can profit by our mistakes. If you have been neglecting your work, you can start anew next year, and do justice to your studies so that at your graduation, you can join the ranks of the glori-

ous youth who go out into the world to take the responsibilities that fall on them.

The world has called us, the younger generation of America, its white hope; but it is waiting to see us prove that statement. It is watching to see us shape a future safe for democracy, for liberty, and all the ideals that this country stands for. We must live up to the expectations of our country, for we are the builders of the future. We can not do our work if we are not prepared. Even though our teachers can tell us what to do, they are powerless if we do not help ourselves. Before us are the examples of a long line of American heroes stretching back to the founding of our country. They have made this country what it is to-day. With our strength and youth and energy, let us make a future worthy of the part by working for the highest interests of humanity so that this government "of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

—JOSEPHINE JERARDI.

OUR FOUR YEARS HERE

Tonight we are graduating—the end of our high school career has come, and now must we look back and see what we have accomplished, what this school has done for us.

Looking back to 1921 and considering many things we have been an exceptionally fortunate class. We were the last class to be a freshman class—to have that time old privilege of "sitting on the shelf." When we became sophomores, it was true, we felt rather insignificant, but we rejoiced that we had no shy or stupid freshmen to bother us. As juniors we spent the year reviving old customs—such as the publishing of the Clarion, the school paper, and the giving of proms during the school years. Seniors, at last, we thought that all we would have to do

would be to act as dignified seniors should and take a rest. But alas! we found that we must master that fearful art of public speaking, and think up entertainments for the willing eyes and ears of the undergraduates. College Board examinations ghosts dogged our footsteps night and day. But still we found plenty of time to be just dignified seniors.

However, these things are trivial, for we have stored away in our memories the memorable styles of Caesar, Cicero, Virgil, the mysteries of shorthand and typewriting, intricate mathematics and sciences, histories and broadened our views by the study of modern problems.

Then too, we have learned that to become good men and women we must understand and practice good fellowship and sportsmanship—to be clean and fair in every deed. We have learned the inestimable value of true friendship. We must yet learn to shoulder disappointments and to do the next best thing with good grace. Because for every disappointment that we successfully meet we have earned a great reward and that reward—we have become better men and women for it.

We have acquired ideals too, during these four years of study and play. Ideals—those intangible somethings that almost spiritual part of an ambition which civilization spends a life time to reach. Perhaps we have only formed them, perhaps only begun to prepare ourselves to work for them—to develop the characteristics of the men and women of tomorrow. A modern ideal, that which stands for the best in manhood and womanhood today, more than ever before is—must be higher and harder to reach. It is a golden castle gleaming out above a cloud capped mountain up which the way is never easy. The goal of an ideal cannot be easily reached. If it seems or becomes

easy then we have made a mistake in calling it an ideal, for it is only a commonplace. To have ideals and work for them is one of life's finest tasks. Into this task must we now put ourselves with eager readiness.

But, you ask, how can we know all this of the great world when we are but mere school children? Indeed is not our very school a miniature world in itself. For here we are the big world in little, the big world with all its peoples telescoped down to this. We have our own little problems to work out, our interclass, or as they might be termed, international, relations to adjust, to study the problems of the big world from our own standpoint, and, perhaps the most important of all, our knowledge and power to meet world ideals.

Of these world ideals the most important, the most vital, are World Peace and Universal Brotherhood of Man. These are the ideals toward which the world is blindly, but with ever increasing clearness, struggling. Then, weighing heavily down on us is the realization that upon our shoulders this great burden of responsibility is soon to be laid—for we are the coming generation. Are we ready or capable for this task. No! not at all, but, after all, we have begun to make ready for it. We have discussed World Peace from many angles and strongly expressed our individual views. This world, torn and bleeding by war's cruel fangs, cries out to us, this generation, to make it a safe home for young and old alike, to let nature wend her way undisturbed over its surface to paint it in her beautiful colors—to make it a place safe for Democracy. It is a labor too great to be put into words. But we *must* accomplish it.

Universal Brotherhood of Man! what a paradise of meaning lies beneath these

words! Not a single diplomatic relation strained—national intercourse, free and easy unmolested peace on the high seas—every man a brother to his fellows and war—that frightful monster—something entirely unknown! Again I say the task of accomplishing this lies upon us.

With each generation the size of its work has increased. And so ours is yet greater than any before—even here in school we have realized it, and like those immortal Frenchmen we, too, have a motto:

They said "They shall not pass"!

We say, "We will succeed!"

All this and much more have we learned in this building. But these myriads of things flash through the brain like an instant flash of lightning for, here, tonight, our minds are turned toward that future into which we step tomorrow.

In behalf of this, my class, I take the liberty of thanking first of all you, our parents, and then the other citizens of Arlington who have made this education possible, and you who have helped to make us fit citizens to meet life's tasks rightly and eagerly.

—HELEN B. STOKES.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1925

The real starting point of our Class History was in what is now called the Center Junior High. It was here that we gathered on September the tenth, 1919, from the north, south, west, and east ends to go through this two-year finishing school. We were soon taken under the protective wing of a very motherly teacher who had a great fondness for poems on nature, especially one by Whittier. The dear lady never seemed tired of having it recited to her. It wa

toward the close of our stay here that a group of students who were then Freshmen, headed by George McClellan and "Brainy" Hughes, invited us as a body to the Senior High School to listen to a supposedly instructive talk on "The Intricacies of Finding Rooms Eight and Eighteen." The talk, although very interesting, was not very helpful, as it confused us more than it instructed us.

Nevertheless, after a short vacation we gathered at the right and left sides of the high school building like frightened lambs before the slaughter amid the jeers and wise remarks of our lords and masters, the sagacious upper-classmen. We entered the building walking on air, so it seemed, for many of us tripped on the stairs and were conducted with a great deal of confusion to that part of the hall designated for newcomers, which is traditionally known as the "shelf." It was from this lofty but squeaky position that we gazed with frightened eyes on the upturned grinning faces of the afore mentioned upper-classmen. We listened to a very instructive talk by our new principal, Mr. Gammons, not a word of which we remembered five minutes later. As this was our first impression of Mr. Gammons and as first impressions are always lasting, you can be sure we had a good one. In our four years under Mr. Gammons' fatherly guidance I am sure that we all have come to love and respect him for the wonderful type of man that he is. So began our life in the Senior High School in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one.

After all the upperclassmen had held their class meetings and had elected their respective class officers. It became us as Freshmen to follow in their footsteps and to elect our class officers. We did and the results were as follows: Richard

Rideout, President; Helen Stokes, Vice President; Donald Jones, Treasurer; and Robert Thompson, Secretary. Under the leadership of these four brilliants we suffered the taunts and abuses heaped on our already weary backs by our lords and masters. This condition might have been tolerated by us if we could have reciprocated on the next supply of raw material. But such was not our luck as we were the last Freshman Class to enter here. With no hope for relief most of us received the required ten points and passed on into the then lofty position of Sophomores.

Although we advanced a step in our progress through Arlington High School it did not mean much, due to the fact that nobody came to take the places just vacated by us. Therefore, although we did not quite so much resemble the national color of a well known island we were still considered the baby class of the school and were treated as such. The first event of the year was the election of our class officers. Richard Rideout was again elected as class president with the following aides: Helen Stokes, Vice President; Robert Thompson, Secretary, and Donald Jones, Treasurer. It was during this year that a school paper appeared called *The Red and Gray*. Although it was a very excellent paper in all respects it did not have the years of tradition behind it that *The Clarion* had, and it was replaced the next year by *The Clarion*. As the green class we still contributed a large number of the class notes, but this only showed our school spirit. Mr. Moody, our new Superintendent, arrived during this year, and with him came the thorn in the path of our progress, the mid-year and final exams. Although we railed against this new innovation I am sure that after taking them for the past three years and observing

their benefits we now fully appreciate their worth to us. So past our Sophomore year.

After the customary vacation we entered our Junior year with the usual high spirits that had been characteristic of us in the past two years. We held a meeting to elect our class officers. This time Alton Marsters was chosen as President with Daniel Scanlon as Vice President, Edwin Wraga as Secretary, and Margaret Merrill as Treasurer. Under the guidance of these four satellites and one Leslie Winchenbaugh a plan was formulated for Student Government in the school. An assembly was held during which such brilliants as Bob Thompson, Fred Ryer, and "Winchy" spoke on the beauties of student participation in the running of the school and its many advantages. A vote was taken at the end of the assembly and it seemed that the student body was unanimously in favor of the plan. In fact some students went so far as to raise both their hands in their ardor. Due to the ambition of our class officers and the new found energy imparted by the Student Council it was decided that we would have a real honest to goodness Junior Prom. The gym was appropriated by the committee and it was shortly converted into an enticing Japanese garden for the gala occasion. The Prom was an entire success both financially and socially, and a great deal of credit for its success was due to the sense of cooperation that the Student Government imparted both to the faculty and the students. Mr. Henricus, our new physical training instructor, was introduced to us by Mr. Gammons via the platform, and he immediately told us one of his many anecdotes. This lodged him firmly in our good graces, and on the strength of it he informed us of the new plan of exercise that we were about to have thrust

on us. This fact somewhat cooled our ardor. Due to the energies of some of our classmates headed by Stanley Troy, the *Clarion* was renewed with more brilliant success than ever before. Our Junior year closed when the ever charitable Seniors in their own inspiring Will left us their home-rooms which they hoped we would fill as well as they did.

We returned to school after what seemed a terribly long vacation, and with the dignity that would befit a Bourbon monarch we marched with stately tread to the citadel of our endeavors, the front-middle section of the assembly hall, there to set an example for the underclassmen in poise, manners and a display of facial dignity, which, of course, becomes Seniors only. We were also allowed to walk out first if we were quick enough. Very shortly after our arrival we held a class meeting and elected the following classmates to lead us through the most important year of our career. Philip French was elected President, Marjorie Manning Vice President, Robert Thompson, Secretary, and Donald Jones, Treasurer. As was characteristic of our class all through its history, and as we all know history repeats itself, we were again picked as the unfortunate objects of a new experiment. This time it was Public Speaking, the idea being to have each Senior display his or her oratorical powers at least twice during the year. But as the year progressed and Senior after Senior-ita appeared on the platform and expounded every thing from the qualities of the "Father of his Country" to the widely read and much abused Webster's Dictionary it was unanimously decided that our class as per usual had again succeeded with its experiment, and Public Speaking had come to stay. I am sure that Miss Pierce will hate to see us leave, not because she will lose the best Senior chorus

she has ever had, but she will also lose her noted baritone and other singers of equal note. We shall all remember the excellent production put on by the Glee Club during this year, and the large part that members of our class played in it. "Pinafore" will probably be remembered as one of the elite in Glee Club offerings. I hope that Miss Pierce is favored by the gods and that she will have plenty of new talent to take the place of Messrs. Hooley, Thompson, Call and Settele. I also hope that she will put on many more plays of the Pinafore type that we, as alumni, shall surely witness. The Dramatic Club will also lose by our graduation numerous stars from its ranks. We have all ap-

preciated Miss Sydnor's offerings and I hope that her vacant spaces may also be filled with the type of amateur actor that Jim Baston has been. Another sufferer due to our leaving will be the orchestra. No more will enraptured audiences sit and listen to the melody of Claude Higgin's xylophone or the soothing peal of Walter Nicoll's flute, unless of course we part with cold cash to hear these gentlemen in Symphony Hall.

Thus endeth the history of the class of Nineteen hundred and twenty-five. Part we must, but never shall we forget those joyous days at school.

—JOSEPH McCONOLOGUE.

Graduation Program

PROCESSIONAL MARCH, "Priest's March" from *Athalia* ... *Mendelssohn*

ENTRANCE OF CLASS OF 1925

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

INVOCATION

FOR THE CLASS

PHILIP MELVIN FRENCH

President of the Class of 1925

OUR FOUR YEARS HERE

HELEN BENEFIEL STOKES

President of the Arlington High School Girls' Club

"The Village Blacksmith" *Noyes*

SENIOR CHORUS

ADDRESS

MacGREGOR JENKINS

of the Atlantic Monthly

CLASS SONG *Words by* MARGARET AGNES DONAHUE

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

ALEXANDER H. RICE

Chairman of the School Committee

RECESSIONAL MARCH, *Triumphal March* from "*Aida*" *Verdi*

ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Class Song

Alma Mater, we have loved you;
You have been our guiding star.
Yet we now must part and leave you
And go on to the fields afar.
Other vistas lie before us,
Other pathways still untried.
Yet your light will ever lead us
And will always be our guide.

We must break the ties which bound us
Through these years of joy and woe,
Yet a thread will ever linger
Shining with its golden glow.
In our life's web interwoven
It will glisten bright and clear;
It will brighten Time's broad roadway
We shall travel without fear.

You have lighted up our pathway;
You have led us ever on.
Yet we now must from you sever
And to greater heights press on.
Your fair memory shall not perish;
It shall ever be alive.
We your name shall always cherish,
We the class of '25.

—MARGARET A. DONAHUE.

Class Ode

The parting hour approaches;
We are faring forth from home;
We have left our sheltered haven
For the vast blue sea to roam.

Our ship has been at anchor,
But now we must set sail.
We are leaving familiar waters;
We are breasting the gale.

We are leaving the placid inlet;
We are faring forth to sea.
The shore is far behind us;
We seek the ocean free.

The surging surf is before us,
But conquered it must be.
The waves will seek to drown us
Ere we sail out to sea.

Let us not sink beneath them
But strive with all our might
To reach the port before us
Where flashes our beacon light.

When the mounting waves are wildest,
Even on the darkest night,
Then must we do our strongest
And push on and fight.

Let us keep our port before us,
Let us never turn away;
Let us see it ever clearly
As we see it now to-day.

To-day the winds are with us,
The helm is 'neath our hand;
But in the years to follow,
Our ship may run on sand.

Let not that fear deter us,
Let us on with greater force.
Sustained by growing courage,
We will swerve not from our course.

—MARGARET DONAHUE.

Class of 1925

Mildred Adams	Frank S. Gassett	Doris Neill Monroe
Elsa Linnea Anderson	Ethel May Gillis	Gertrude Morris
Paul Revere Andrews	Jane Hylan Gilmore	Lillian Theresa Mullen
Edith E. Baker	Frank C. Goodwin	Walter Augustus Nicoll
Robert Hill Bean	Gordon L. Grant	Helen Norton
Harrison Gardner Bourne, Jr.	Anne Borden Harding	Helena Margaret O'Connell
Helen Dorothy Bowman	Anna Hardy	Donald Charles O'Connor
L. Pembroke Brown	Helen Louise Hendrick	John F. O'Hara
Elizabeth Cain	Evelyn Rita Hickey	Sybil Chipman Olive
Kenneth C. Call	Thomas P. Hickey	Alice Louise Pangborn
Marie Capelli	Claude Austin Higgins	Porda A. Papouleas
Constance Childs	Marion Hilliard	Edith M. Patterson
Edith Ciuolo	Daniel McCabe Hooley, Jr.	Gladys Virginia Perkins
Irene M. Connors	Frances Myra Irwin	Roy Adams Perkins
Margaret C. Coughlin	Helen Gillies Irwin	Richard Lutz Phelps
Lillian C. Cronin	Josephine May Jerardi	Signe Marie Gunhild Pihl
E. Pauline Crowe	Edith Emilia Johnson	Claire Augusta Purcell
Edith May Cutter	Donald E. Jones	Florence May Reid
Walter Francis Dale	Helen Barton Joseph	George Lawrence Rider
Louise G. Delany	Arthur C. Lindaw	Grace Edna Rosenberger
Charles Laurence Dennen	Charlotte Lloyd	Frederick Vincent Ryer
Alice Gertrude Devine	Dorothy Anna Locke	Daniel Francis Scanlan
Elizabeth MacKay Doane	Helen M. Lowcock	Dorothy Louise Sexton
Margaret Agnes Donahue	Edna Mae Lowder	Margaret A. Shea
Bradford Doty	Helen Weston Lyndon	Randall Mann Snow
Helen A. Downey	Joseph P. MacConologue	Gladys May Sparks
Warren Drouet	Joseph F. MacFarlane	Helen Benefiel Stokes
Ruth Cecelia Dugaan	Janet Beattie MacLean	Helen Gertrude Sullivan
Mary Lillian Dunn	Ethel Mae MacMillan	Gladys Munroe Surles
Evelyn Mae Dwyer	Marjorie Manning	Robert Francis Thompson, Jr.
Curtis F. Elie	Arthur B. Marsh	Gertrude Mary Travers
Earl Lloyd Farmer	Alton Kimball Marsters	Marcia E. Tuttle
Paul Albert Fitzgerald	Lloyd Vernon Marsters	Francis Joseph Vossahlik
Mary Josephine Flynn	Roy Maynard	Ruth Bradley Wadman
Ruth Agnes Foley	Adrienne H. McCarthy	John Joseph Walsh
Emilie Louise Forest	Doris J. McCarthy	Hazel Mildred Waugh
Charles William Frazer	William Henry McCarthy	M. Una Wilkins
Philip Melvin French	Thomas McCutcheon	Robert Andrews Wilson
Hilda Louise Frost	Mary McDevitt	Paul Vinal Winters
	Margaret Merrill	Franklin Edwin Wyman

Arlington High School Clarion

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

Published during the school year by The Students of The Arlington High School
Entered as Second-Class Matter November 9, 1917, at Boston, (Arlington Branch) Mass.
P. O., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Acts of
October 3, 1917, authorized June 6, 1919

Volume II.

ARLINGTON, (Boston), MASS., JUNE, 1925

Number 5

Clarion Board of Management

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DOROTHY HOWSE, '24

JANE GILMORE, '25

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Club Notes

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ELLSWORTH BROWN, '26

Club Notes

RACHEL CROSBY, '26

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ALBERT BROOKS, '26

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RICHARD BLASDALE, '26

THE SENIOR MEMBERS

OF

THE CLARION BOARD

wish to dedicate this their last issue to

MISS TREAT

who has given much time and advice to the Board, and who was in no small measure responsible for the return of THE CLARION as the official "voice" of the Arlington High School.

Editorials

WE ARE PROUD OF—

John S. Crosby, '21, who has been elected president of the Senior Class at the Massachusetts Agricultural College. He is to serve until the class has its first reunion. Crosby has served in this position for four previous years.

Hilda Frost, '25, who won first prize with the poster she entered in the State Thrift Contest.

We, the members of the Class of 1925, have come to the end of our High School life. Our path has been hard, its borders rocky, but we must forget its hardships and our faulty actions along its route and look forward with determination and grit to the life that is to come in the outer world.

We must forge ever onward to the successful goal of each individual ambition, so that we may ever be an honor and an inspiration to the Arlington High School of to-morrow.

We appreciate the support of those merchants in the town who are ever willing to donate advertisements to the Clarion. It always has been and still is an act of charity, for a short chat with any of our advertisers will convince the sceptic person that few Arlington people trade at home and so the returns on local advertising do not pay.

It is a pity that this condition exists, for anyone can do his shopping in his own home town economically and easily. It is hoped, however, that in the future

an advertisement in THE CLARION will give the advertiser much benefit because THE READERS OF THE CLARION have acquired the habit of CONSULTING THE ADVERTISING SECTION and then—TRADING IN ARLINGTON!

OUR LUNCH ROOM

The last issue of the CLARION contained an article under the above title. In fairness to the Domestic Science Department, this reply was written.

The article stated that there was a lack of variety in the menu offered in our lunch room as compared to that of other schools. To show that our lunch room offers a great variety on its menu we give below an example of two days:—

Milk, Cocoa, Lemonade	5c
Sandwiches—Ham, Cheese and Pimiento, Jam, Peanut Butter, Lettuce	5c
Bread and Butter	2 for 5c
Baked Macaroni and Cheese	10c
Fruit Roll	3c
Tomato Bisque	5c
Fruit Salad	10c
Lemon Pie	10c
Ice Cream	8c
Bananas, Oranges	5c
Candy and Peanuts	5c

The following day there was a change in menu, as is the policy each day:—

Milk, Cocoa	5c
Sandwiches—Egg, Jam, Lettuce, Peanut Butter	5c
Plain	2 for 5c

Delmonico Potatoes	10c
Corn Soup	5c
Date and Cheese Salad	10c
Bran Muffins	3c
Chocolate Blanc Mange with Whipped Cream	10c
Ice Cream	8c
Bananas, Oranges	5c
Candy and Peanuts	5c

It seems doubtful that any other school can offer a more varied menu and charge such moderate prices as those above.

Even though the Domestic Science Department were to add to the menu, experience has shown that our pupils prefer the "wrapped" lunches—chocolate bars and peanuts. When such a condition exists, it is a wonder that those in charge of our lunch room dare to prepare as much of a variety as they have.

Lack of space prevents the use of chairs and until more room is given to the lunch room our pupils will have to depend upon their own dexterity and luck to succeed in "having a dish of ice cream in one hand, and a bowl of soup in the other."

ADVERTISING

Any magazine or pamphlet ever published, to make both ends meet, has had to have some other way than subscriptions to finance it. Perhaps the best and most common way is by including advertising on some of the pages and charging a rate for the same. Yet some magazines can charge nearly double for their advertisements than others do. Those magazines

have of course a large circulation but that is not all. Among the leading magazines a great number of them will not accept an ad until its advertisement has been verified, while others conduct laboratories at their own expense, to test the advertised article, and if it passes their vigorous test a sign or note is placed on the advertisement, signifying to the subscribers its merits. The latter method is impossible with THE CLARION but the former method is strictly adhered to. The advertisements of this magazine are of the best and most all of local interest. They are put there for a purpose and not to take up space. They are inserted at the expense of the advertiser, who expects your patronage for his trouble. By patronizing these advertisers you will not only help them, but you will in great measure benefit the school paper.

RICHARD BLASDALE.

MISTAKES

Learn from your mistakes, but don't cry over them. We best redeem the past by forgetting it. He who never makes a mistake never makes any thing.

The trouble with a person who never makes a mistake is that he doesn't know a mistake when he makes one.

Wise men make mistakes, fools, continue to make them.

Remember that when you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper, and when you're in the wrong you can't afford to lose it.

--JOE MACCONOLOGUE.



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Not long ago, near the place where I spent my vacation, there was a country road. Many mornings, just as the sun was rising, I trod the winding path among the birches on my way to the pond.

At this time, while the dew sparkled on the blades of grass, between the dirt paths, the small pools of water among the outcrops of ledge shone like molten metals in the sun.

Near the close of the summer only by the difference in the length of the grass could one know this was a road.

On one side, there was a stone wall which inclosed an orchard, on the other, a continuous row of elm trees which cast cooling shadows along the path.

Every morning on our way home from the swimming hole over the red bridge, which the road crossed below the orchard, my pals and I stopped at the orchard for some apples and sat under the elm trees to rest.

The last time I visited this section the country road was gone; the grass, the elms, and the stone wall were all gone, instead a wide, barren, concrete road cuts a swath through the orchard and climbs the hills into New Hampshire.

Motorists consider this a most beautiful turnpike, for it is now the main road through the mountains, but the folk who knew the old road find no pleasure in the noise and dust of an endless stream of cars.

—JOHN WALSH, '25.

One of the aims, I imagine, of the unfortunate seniors of our school who deliver the weekly orations is to hold the

interest of the generally bored audience. Being one of this group I think that I am justified in giving a few suggestions for improving the present condition of our assemblies.

When the underclassmen and women gather within the walls of the assembly hall, it is usually for most of them, not long after they have tumbled from their "downies" at the unwelcome alarm of the clock. Therefore the so-called orators not only have to hold their friends' attention, but also wake them from their temporarily disturbed slumber. It seems no easy task for these modest and diffident children on the stage.

I don't know why, but for some reason the struggle of some poet for his success or even any deep political campaign does not appeal to a half-awake gathering such as this. If the hardships of this poet must be repeated and if this political subject must be discussed, I advise—for the sake of the unhappy pupils who must speak twice this year—that this assembly be postponed until everyone is wide-eyed and fairly intelligent looking.

Very seldom do the seniors choose topics that arouse a spark of interest from the student body but of course, there are times when it is amused. At such times the seniors must rejoice, for then the inevitable squeak of the musical lounging chairs is not so frequently heard. That is the sign of a successful assembly!

In order to be attentive this particular audience desire a little touch of humor. Nine out of ten of the assemblies this year that had a bit of fun in them "went over" much easier and more pleasing to all concerned than the laughless ones.

Next question, what does this critical group enjoy? They like anything containing a bit of originality and individuality. They, also, greet humorous jokes at the student body with applause, but more especially some witty statement about the faculty. Of course, these should not be too personal!

I think that more trifling remarks combined with the statements of the more serious nature are what is needed to make every assembly a success.

—ELIZABETH SMITH.

THE SENIOR

Senior, do you realize what that word means? You will say that it means that you are a member of the graduating class of Arlington High School, but that is not all that the word signifies. Why back (can you stretch your memory so far?) when you were a Freshman, you first began to be a Senior. That is, you first began your training to be a Senior. Then, you began to learn what later would fit you to be a member of the graduating class. Your parents, your teachers, and your classmates all helped you. For four years with their aid you have been traveling toward this point. Now, you have reached it. Have you thought of your training? Do you realize what you may be? To help you to understand your position let us look backward.

In those early days when you came into high school as a Freshman you were but a child, quite an uproarious, irresponsible child. Your teachers had to work hard for you. They taught you how to study, and the value of studying. Your upper classmates taught you to be less boisterous, and more courteous, and also your first lesson in school spirit. At that time you were very attentive and very eager to show that you loved your high school. You made a good beginning.

The next year you were a Sophomore when you came back among us. But alas! during the vacation, in some lamentable way you had acquired a most disgusting sense of your own importance. Of course, we all had to teach you the utter foolishness of this. Your trainers realized that conceit is not one of the attributes of a Senior. The task was not easy and was not accomplished until the Sophomore became a Junior, and lost his conceit when he became acquainted with the responsibilities of a Junior.

By the time you were a Junior everyone was rather relieved. You had lost your conceit, had gained a larger measure of school spirit, and were studying diligently. That year you learned to be reliable. Your lessons were difficult but (you) undaunted finished them successfully. You became ambitious, and worked hard to keep your record high. You learned your Junior lessons so well that the last lesson to make you a full fledged Senior was left to your fourth year.

In September you came back to Arlington High School for the last time. You showed your importance for just a little while until you settled down. The teachers impressed upon your mind your last great lesson which you would not fully learn 'till the end of the year, that lesson was responsibility. When you heard this, and some examples of your duty were shown, you asked in bewilderment, "Am I expected to do, to be this?" Apparently it was so. Your trainers stood back to see what you would do. You were a good sport. You sincerely tried your best to be reliable, dependable and to keep the other classes more loyal toward the school. Of course, it was hard when everyone laughed at your seniorly dignity. But they stopped laughing because they saw you were sincere. You went on true to your standard; you did your part until graduation. Now in truth you are a

senior, but your real task is just begun. As your teachers have taught you your lessons you must teach others. As you have been helped you must help others. The whole world is your school now, Seniors, and all the people in it your classmates to serve and love.

HILDA FROST.

SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVEMENT OF OUR ASSEMBLIES

I think our assemblies could be improved upon if they were varied a little more and did not have just speeches every time. For instance in one assembly have a debate on some interesting subject and one that is causing much discussion, either between a selected group of boys and girls or else between mixed groups. Another time the Seniors could have a contest in public speaking. To be sure they have had one of these but I think, seeing everyone enjoyed that one, they could have more of them. As some assemblies have been devoted to boy's athletics, why shouldn't some be devoted to girls' also? The subjects of the talks might be more interesting. Of course I know it is hard to think up different and interesting subjects but I also think better ones could be found.

The Dramatic Club takes part in the assemblies and the Oral English students take part, so why couldn't the orchestra do something? A concert given by them would be most entertaining to all. Also, some other time a few selected ones could give solos with the addition of a few speeches. This perhaps would be better than the former, as there would be a mixture of both music and public speaking.

To put the school in an amiable frame of mind for studying, a song might be sung at the end of each assembly. If these suggestions are followed out, I think a marked improvement ought to be shown in future assemblies. ALICE WALKER.

When you were a Freshman, Sophomore, or Junior, if you can still hark back to those dear, dark days, it was very satisfying to count up on the calendar and find—32 more days of school. But, when you get to that elevated stage of being a Senior, it is quite a different story. Of course, to some Seniors it means one thing, to some another and to some it means only thirty-two more chances to skip a class, fake an excuse, or be late. But about this time I think that most of us begin to realize that being a Senior is not so grand and glorious after all. To be sure we occupy the choice homerooms; in the coat room we have the hooks nearest the door, but they are also in the darkest corner; and now we leave the assembly hall first, but "now" may soon become "was." But we are given all these things merely as a "good sendoff" and the only revenge we can get is by sending some of our class back for P. G. courses.

Seniors are, were, and always will be a pitiful lot. We are the rulers of the school board's chief realm, but for such a short time that our reign is soon forgotten, not only by ourselves but by the other classes. Another class takes our place and, more insignificant than Sophomores, we go down in the lengthy annals of the school as Alumni.

—H. B. J.

AIM HIGH!

One's aim in life should be high. Far better it is to kick the ball over the goal than under for, according to the rules of etiquette, over is over and under is under. Says which? However, to proceed, for to proceed is to go forward and go forward we must except when there is danger of being put out at the next base. Again: one's aim should be high. Take, for a proof of this excellent advice, a sparrow, (that is a small bird having legs,

wings, ears, a beak and other possibilities), standing upon the limb of a tree. Below the tree, or rather at a safe distance from the tree is a boy, a boy (definition the same as for "sparrow") and a rifle.

The boy is planning to shoot the sparrow, perhaps for vengeance, perhaps for fun; whatever his motives his plans remain the same. The question arises, shall he aim high or low? Eventually he will aim directly *at* the sparrow but being a member of the A. H. S. rifle club, and also being slow to judge, he is undecided whether to aim above the bird or below. To aim below would be to simply wound the bird in the knee or perhaps only to put a hole through the tree trunk, where to aim high—ah! to aim high! I firmly assert and I say it with my position that to aim high would be far better. The bullet, without doubt, would, upon dropping, fall upon the bird's head so fracturing his skull and putting an end to his dastardly deed.

I must also put an end to this most dastardly oration and I further advise you, one and all to aim high for shorter home lessons, higher for longer vacations, and highest for better and fuller CLARIONS next year.

A SOPHOMORE'S SENTIMENTS TOWARD SENIORS

What does the word *Senior* mean to most of us, or in other words what is a Senior? Webster's gives the definition as one who is more advanced in dignity, rank, or office; a superior. This of course is true, but I also think of a Senior as someone to be looked up to, and to be consulted in case of need. I think that a Senior in our school lives up to these requirements pretty well.

The lower classes, especially the Sophs, are rather inclined at times, to outwardly ridicule and make fun of these qualities

of the Seniors, but I don't think there are many who don't way down in their hearts feel something of respect and awe toward the Seniors. The reason for this is plain, because in the eyes of a Soph a person who has stood successfully four years of hard study certainly deserves respect. I should think a Senior, in his turn, could hardly look at a Soph without envy because although he has passed through four years of work he should love this school and hate to leave it.

Besides feeling respect toward a Senior a Soph is apt to ask one for advice. A Senior having been here longer than a Soph naturally knows the ropes better, and is able to answer many questions and give good advice. In fact for the first few weeks of school most Sophs would be practically lost at times without the guiding hands of some Senior.

These words of praise to the Seniors coming from a Soph may sound like rebellious words to the Sophomore class, because all good Sophs are supposed to outwardly ridicule the dignity of a Senior just as much as all good Seniors are supposed to outwardly despise the lowliness of a Soph. They are however not meant in a rebellious sense or in the sense of lavish praises to the Seniors, but I don't believe there are many Sophs who would not unite with me in saying something good about a Senior class that we all are proud of. I also believe the Sophs would unite with me in wishing the Seniors good luck in their lives to come, and in hoping that the Seniors will remember the "lowly" Sophs as long as they will remember the "*mighty*" Seniors.

—DEL EVERETT.

OUR SENIORS

Although the Seniors think that they are all going to graduate this June some of them will be sadly disappointed when the final marks are given out. For how

could a class of such haughty and dignified students devote so much of their valuable time to studies. For their time is more profitably spent in strutting around the school and wasting time in study periods showing the lower classmen how it feels to be a Senior. I pity those who will stay behind, for the Juniors, having practised being Seniors, will have nothing to do with those who gave them lessons the year before.

"Pride goeth before a fall," from this I think that most of the Seniors are due for a fall this coming June and a good one too, from the way they are conducting themselves now.

Not only do they think themselves so great in class rooms but they are just as stuck up in assemblies. A few weeks ago they staged a silent protest against the lower classmen passing out before them. The next week as the lower classes believed in the proverb, "Age before Beauty," for ours are handsome classes, the Seniors, some of them old enough to be through college, were allowed to pass out first. Another salient feature of these same assemblies is the Senior orations which they seem to think in a class far head of Demosthenes, Cicero, or Patrick Henry. But not so with the Juniors and Sophs who usually started the class work with another day gone wrong.

As a class the Seniors have points much better than these but I will let them point these out themselves, as they always do.

—BORIS FOSTIACK.

ARE WE OLDER?

Graduation time is approaching. We Seniors "are ready to take upon ourselves the responsibilities of life," at least so many Commencement orators have said. Evidently we are supposed to have put on age and become suddenly serious and full of "realizations of the tasks ahead of us."

Just when we have, presumably, undergone this transformation has never been mentioned. The change must have occurred sometime during the last semester, for up to then the Seniors were regarded as normal student slightly elevated above the rank of other classmen. It is strange this speedy evolution of happy-go-lucky boys and girls to staid minded men and women.

But is it true that we are older? A stranger might possibly answer no, if he were to judge us by our actions, for we act more the part of children than when we were Sophomores or Juniors. At that period of our growing up we were afraid to seem too juvenile, lest we should be considered infants, of which we had a horror, by the "almighty, dignified," Seniors. However, when we reached the privileged (?) state of Seniors, we immediately became "frolicsome," and further showed our childishness by discountenancing any imitations of our actions by the under classmen who seemed as if they had a very slight chance of ever growing up as we had. We giggled and drew pictures, but became horrified and disgusted to see the "youngsters" showing such signs of their infancy. We liked to do anything but work, yet admonished and lectured our "wards" if they showed tendencies to leisure and staying out nights. In fact, we were so puerile that we did not know enough to practice what we taught.

Yet we must have matured in some way, or so many would not say that we have become men and women. How are we older? And if we are old, why are we playful? I am no philosopher, but I shall make an attempt at answers. We are older because our minds have matured a great deal since our entrance as freshmen. We perceive questions and issues with a broader vision and

clearer reasoning; we have more power; we have a greater sense of fitness; and we have higher and nobler ambitions. The answer to the second question is harder. If we are older, why are we playful? One reason might be because we have harder work to do and so for recreation we turn to simple means of enjoyment—"a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men." Perhaps we feel that because of our model behavior for three long years we are entitled to some amount of foolishness, that some nonsense will keep us from drying up after having piled and stuffed our brains with knowledge for so many years. However, a very good reason for juvenile behavior is that we really do realize the seriousness of the situation upon our finishing high school and that we are doing our best to retard the growth of that realization by acting as if the situation were the reverse, by trying to thrust aside unpleasant thoughts. This is really why the Seniors seem to be examples of anti-thesis and cause the question, "are they really older" to arise in people's minds.

—J. G.

WRITING FOR THE CLARION

O! How I cursed the day when Miss Treat announces that our homework for the evening will be "to write something for the CLARION, a story, composition, or familiar essay, not less than 300 words." That is all, merely, 300 words. But that evening, when you have finished all your other homework, (of course you leave your "story, composition, or familiar essay" to the last), you sit down and think for about five minutes, yawn once, possibly twice, and then let out an explosive "Gee Whiz!"

"What are you 'gee whizzing' about?" your father asks, and you tell him.

"Do you mean to tell me that you can't think up a story," he says, "why, look at all those stories that were written for previous editions of the CLARION, pupils wrote those."

"O, yes," you say, "of course I could think of *those* things, but they've already been written," and you once more lapse into thought.

And then the family make the usual varied suggestions, from gruesome murder plots to the lighter subject of the intricate movements of Uncle Charlie's "Adam's Apple" (it works on the elevator principle).

And suddenly a thought! An idea! Why not write about the troubles of writing? So I did. This essay will not have interested anyone who has no trouble in writing for the CLARION, but I believe that there are many sufferers like myself who will be pleased to let out their pent-up feelings on paper.

—JAMES WOOD.

A DOG'S TALE

(With apologies to John Taintor Foote)

I decided to run away from home this morning. I ran out of the door. No one was looking. I ran down the road and came to a long street. It was a wide street filled with automobiles going fast. I decided to cross. I didn't see an automobile coming down the street. I nearly bumped into it. The man shouted words at me. It was lucky that I didn't know what they meant. I don't think my mother would have approved of that man.

Pretty soon I came to a big building. There was a big field in front of it. I started digging holes in it. A man come running quickly. He shouted words that sounded something like the ones the automobile man used. I ran hard.

I came to a door in the building. I

decided to go in. Just then another dog came out fast. He was a mongrel.

He said, "Youse better stay out of there if youse want to be healthy."

I felt brave. I thought of Horatius at the bridge. He was brave. I learned about him from Tom. Tom is a Senior. He knows everything.

I went up some stairs. A bell sounded. I looked around for the fire-engines. None came. I waited.

Soon a boy came. He ran fast. His face was red. He pushed a door open. I ran in with him. We were in a long hall. We had a race.

I saw a man coming. I remembered what the mongrel had said. I hid around a corner. I waited a long time.

Another bell rang. Girls and boys came out of rooms. It was like the subway. I went there once with Tom. I slipped out another door. They were all going downstairs. I went with them. They all went into a big room. It was as big as our whole house.

I saw Tom. He was sitting in a long row of chairs with some other boys. I ran down the aisle and looked at him. He uttered words beneath his breath. Then he told me to keep still. All the boys were laughing. I sat down on the floor beside Tom.

Pretty soon someone talked. Then everyone sang. I sang too. They all turned around and looked in my direction. Tom got red. He gave me a poke. I started to bark. A big man came quickly. He took hold of my collar. He pulled me out of the big room. He opened a door and pushed me out. Then I remembered what the mongrel had said.

I ran home fast. I was glad when I got there. I hid under Tom's bed. I wonder what will happen when he gets home.

—DOROTHY BELCHER.

SEA-MOODS

The splendor of the setting sun fast changing into the deep greys and purple of a peaceful summer twilight, the soft swish of the waves as they chase each other up the long smooth stretch of the beach; the keen, bracing smell of salt air as a particularly mischievous wave dashes against a jutting rock sending the soft spray into my face as I sit in my favorite nook on the beach listening to the strains of some quaint sea songs which drift to the shore from an old Italian fishing schooner anchored far out in the harbor. The sea is in a friendly mood tonight; inviting confidences—in return telling stories of far beautiful countries and heroic deeds. Some of the tales are sad for they are the stories of brave men, men who were as courageous in death as in life. These stories are told in whispers with now and then a sigh of regret that this mood cannot last forever, for the Sea is a thing of ever-changing moods. Even as I listen I hear a rippling laugh and behold a happy joyous sea.

The twilight has deepened into a velvety darkness and overhead the stars have appeared like dancing sprites; the moon has risen making a pathway of golden light straight across that vast expanse of sea—a fairy road; the strains of music have changed to a rollicking accompaniment for the dancing waves. Now the sea is in a happy, joyous mood; beckoning me to follow that fairy road to the mysterious land far beyond the horizon.

Thus the Sea with her ever-changing moods lures and entices the mortals of the land to follow her into a land of mystery and adventure.

—UNA WILKINS.

"THROUGH THE YEARS"

The door was half open. Smoke curling towards the ceiling issued slowly from the rooms within. In the room, stretched languidly on a chair, was a man. A queer looking person, to be sure, with dark hair streaked with gray, an aquiline nose, and a rather too large mouth. But the eyes were the predominating feature. Green they were and piercing. He was attired in a dressing gown, the tassels of which reached almost to the ground. On his feet were a pair of brown leather slippers. His dress was the same as that of any normal person, differing only in that, on his head reposed a tall silk hat, and on his hands he wore a pair of white kid gloves. I have now endeavored to describe accurately Mr. Adrian VanHeusen.

Footsteps were heard in the hall outside, and a fair-haired, brilliant-looking boy of about eighteen entered. He was dressed in a knicker-bocker suit, and carried a book. "Good evening, uncle," he said. The man on the chair started as though from a dream. He dropped the half-burned cigar and said, "Er, good evening, oh good evening, Robert." The boy made no further remark, but laid the book on the table and quietly left the room, closing the door after him.

The man remained for some moments staring into space, then arose and walked over to the table upon which reposed the book. For several minutes he gazed down at it. Then, slowly he lifted the cover and began to count aloud until he reached thirty. From the thirtieth page he extracted a bouquet of withered flowers. Passionately, he clutched them to him and began to sob. Heart rending sobs they were, which bespoke of an anguished heart, tried to the utmost. One by one he fingered the flowers, muttering the while. Then, even as the emotional scene had begun, so it ended. With the flowers still clasped in the hand he strode to the win-

dow and stood looking out at the moon-lit garden. The white stone fountain could be heard playing in the center of the garden and its whiteness gleamed in the moonlight. Adrian VanHeusen spoke, "Miriam," he said, "how the years have flown." His tears trickled down and dropped on the flowers. Slowly, he made his way back to the chair.

The scene thus described took place annually, on the anniversary of that day thirty years ago when he, a young man, was slowly walking down the aisle of a church, to the strains of a wedding march, a beautiful girl named Miriam by his side, with raven black hair and radiantly young, when suddenly she extended the hand in which she held the bouquet, the same bouquet over which Adrian VanHeusen had but a few moments ago cried, toward him. Only then they were fresh and fragrant flowers. She had thrust them toward him and had gasped, "Adrian, keep these, I am dying." With that she had dropped to the floor dead. Great excitement ensued. The doctors had said a heart attack. The tragedy was much talked of, but Adrian VanHeusen had shown no emotion. During her funeral he had remained calm. No one knew of his inward agony. He wished for no one's sympathy. His heart became bitter. He rarely went out. His servants feared him. The only one who held any place in his heart, was his dead brother's boy, Robert. Only once a year did he go through that book and extract the withered flowers, placing them a page ahead each year. Miriam had said, "Adrian, keep these," and he had remained faithful to his trust.

The book in which the flowers were concealed was entitled "Macbeth" by William Shakespeare. He alone knew why he had chosen this book. He lighted a fresh cigar. Again, slowly, the smoke circled toward the ceiling. Adrian Van-

Heusen began to drowse. As though he were dreaming faintly, he heard a voice sweetly singing in the distance.

Through the years, through the years,
As the birds return in Spring,
So I come, so I come
And I sing, and I sing.

When the owner of that voice hovered into sight he tried to call out to her, for indeed it was Miriam. Miriam the girl of thirty years ago, unchanged for the years. Suddenly he sat up with a start. The vision had faded. The illusion had gone. How fleeting these moments of happiness, his first happy moments in thirty years. Too sweet to be realistic. Realities are never as sweet as fleeting, fanciful moments spent in a pleasant dream. Actual happiness can never be as sweet as a dream, even though it is the realization of that dream. He had told himself all that he wanted was to hear Miriam's voice again. And so, after thirty years, he had. And on the anniversary of that day. What a coincidence! In a dream he had heard her perhaps, but he, Adrian Van Heusen was convinced that it was real. He really believed that he had heard and seen Miriam. Perhaps he was demented. Perhaps he was not. Who knows? Suddenly he clutched the chair. Pains gnawed at his heart. Maybe his hour had come, maybe it was the reaction from the dream. He couldn't call out. In fact, he didn't want to. He felt himself slipping, slipping, he extended his arms. Perhaps he again saw Miriam. The song rang in his ears.

Through the years, through the years,
As the birds return in Spring,
So I come, so I come
And I sing, and I sing.

His hands dropped to his sides. The soul of Adrian VanHeusen had flitted out into the great unknown. Strange the threads which are woven in this web of Life.

"RATTLER."

K. K. K. RANSOM

As a tall, lanky individual, dressed in white flannels, a blue and orange striped sweater, and an oversize derby, signed the register of a secluded hotel in the New Hampshire White Mts., the clerk was completely overcome.

It was not a shock nor an attack of apoplexy, but the extremely stylish gentleman had marked three big Ks and *ransom*, directly following, upon the register.

The clerk slowly assisted him to his room and left him with such unusual speed that he did not wait for the man to take his hand out of his change pocket, to present his aid, the endowment which the boy usually lingered about for.

As soon as he had returned to the office desk, the clerk rang for the manager, who, evidently did not see fit to answer it. Therefore a "plain clothes" man was called and the register had been carefully examined with a reading glass. Not knowing what to do, the "P. C." called two detectives which were placed in the shade, or rather, as detectives stories say, as his shadow.

About 11.30 or to be exact 11.32¼ P. M. East. Stand. Time., the gentleman, concerned, emerged from the hotel with the detectives "hot on his trail."

He was now dressed in an inconspicuous brown suit, just the color, men not wishing to be noticed, or to commit a crime, wear. At a short distance from the hotel he disappeared in the dark and stillness of the mountain night.

In less than an hour, the detectives returned, and although they kept a close watch all night, they did not find their "meat."

The next morning, the cause of so much fear and anxiety, entered the dining room, promptly as the breakfast bell rang.

This was too much for the detectives

and because they had failed to live up to their "sleuth diplomas," they took leave. It was not "French leave" for they didn't wait to collect their pay.

On the table in the smoking room were the Boston morning papers. On the headline of one in big, red letters was—

BIG MURDER ON STATE ROAD NEAR BOSTON

and underneath in smaller letters:

K. K. K. Suspected

How the shivers had run down the clerk's back when he read it.

Everything was against him: the detectives had left: here was a K. K. K. agent seeking ransom: this murder which had just happened, which would make the agent more urgent; and finally, the gun he had placed under the counter, lacked a hammer.

When the "slippery" one came out of the dining room, the clerk ducked under the counter. In several minutes, when, as he thought, the "coast was clear," he popped his head above the counter to obtain a bird's eye view of the situation.

But he didn't get it. All that he got was the cause for another stroke: his kidnapper, to be, was leaning on the counter, back to, reading something; the clerk didn't wait to find out, but immediately disappeared again, this time for a good, round, five minutes. When he appeared on the "landscape" again he was not the same appearing person, that he was when he left the scene. His patent leather hair was sadly disordered, he had walked on his "shine," and his lip was swollen, where he had bitten it in his anxiety. But on the counter was another cause for panic. The agent had left a note, probably the request for a ransom, or a murder warning, or a—there was nothing which did not enter the clerk's head.

Trembling and fearful he opened the note, which read:

Mr. K. Knox Kransom,
Riverfield Hotel,
Riverfield, N. H.

Dear Sir:—Am indeed glad to find your case came through satisfactorily.

After you return from your vacation, if you will be willing to join the Knockem Dead Detective Agency we will be glad to guarantee you \$2500 per month.

I. DOE GETTUM,
Sec'y, Knockem Dead D. A.,
New York.

The next day the clerk loitered, while Mr. K. Knox Kransom came to the counter to get a stamp. When he had gone, the clerk decided he would have to give up his hotel work, if it was necessary for him to spend six hours a day on his "Correspondence Course under the Auspices of Gettem and Keepem Detective Agency."

—EDWARD THOMAS.

CLARION news! I sit me down with pen in hand, which, upon discovering its dryness, I soon exchange for a somewhat dull pencil. CLARION news! Suddenly the quotation from Collier or Shakespeare, (I've forgotten which, comes to my mind: "No news is good news." Whereupon I decide to pass in the above wise crevice and hither me hie to bed. But, the thought of a possible dismissal from the CLARION board, upon which I feel honored to claim a position—a position—ah!—the word inspires within me an idea! After celebrating the birth of the said idea in a manner altogether unfitting a Junior, furthermore a Junior who still cherishes dreams of someday gaining the virtues of Seniorhood, I settle me down to convey my gleaming thoughts to the minds of others.

Position in life is everything! The foundation of my theme having been laid, I attempt to build upon it. Once again, position in life is everything, and, yet

again, it is nothing. Everything, nothing. Nothing, everything. Take, for instance, a member of the so-called Student Council. A white button and the reputation of holding an honored position are enough to gain, for himself, a clear passageway in the center of the hall. Take the same member, between five and six P. M., fighting his way homeward from the big city. All the white buttons and respected positions in the world wouldn't gain for him a clear passageway through the ever-struggling subway mob.

Looking up the various meanings of the word position, my eyes chance to fall, as eyes often do (especially glass ones), upon the definition "posture." Yes, here is another example of position in life being everything—or nothing.

Let us turn our thoughts to the lad (or lass) who carries himself erect, whose sitting, lying and standing positions are excellent. He has escaped the notice of the correct posture artists, his position has meant nothing to him, until, one sunny day he is lying in his usual correct position upon the beach, engaged in translating a difficult passage of College Humor. A fly buzzes about his head and alights upon some part of his body. Immediately he strikes at it, his aim is successful, and he goes on with his work without having disturbed himself, physically or mentally. In comparison, take the boy whose position is "cagey," who has that college slouch. He is sprawled out in his usual sloppy position, the same sunny day, engaged in the same sunny task as the lad of the correct posture. A fly howls about his head and alights upon some part of his body. He tries to brush it away, strikes at it, and, after several vain attempts, is forced to change his position and eventually seek comfort elsewhere. Which has went to prove that position in life is everything—or nothing.

At the end of my wanderings I am undecided whether it wouldn't be wiser to pass in that wise crevice. But, no, at least my efforts to help fill the pages of the CLARION will be appreciated, and, speaking of the CLARION, let us not forget that the Juniors have the task of carrying on the good work next year. Make the resolution, after reading this collection of words, that such foolishness will never be given breathing space in our CLARION next year, that there will always be an over supply of literature, of class notes, of poetry; that if you have not passed in material this year, you will work extra hard next year to keep up the good reputation that the class of '25 has gained for us.

DREAMLAND

There is a land far off to the West
Where the winds of Fortune blow.
There's a sea of crystal where dream
boats rest,
For 'tis there that the dream boats go.

This land is a land of Love and Delight,
Yet a land of Sorrow and Pain.
There the sun never can shine too bright,
Or the world be too full of rain.

'Tis the land where the cool blue mists
come down,
And the breezes of Memory blow,
And the stars like gems in the Dream
King's crown
Twinkle and wink and glow.

'Tis the land of Ambition, this land in
the West,
But sometimes 'tis dark Despair.
The dreams that we dream are not al-
ways the best,
But they hold us and keep us there.

—R. E. H.

Friends, Seniors, classmates,
 Lend me your ears!
 I come to bury the Seniors,
 Not to praise them.
 The fame of a class lives on for aye,
 Its members forgotten with grad'ation;
 So let it be with this class.
 The Seniors are a pitiful lot,
 Yet wise and extra clever.
 But Sophies say they're overbearing
 And truly they are a truthful class.
 The Seniors did the CLARION renew
 And many things brave and noble.
 You all did see on Commencement Day
 How they hid behind the screen.
 Did this in Seniors seem over-bearing?
 Yet the Sophies say they are
 And surely they are a truthful class.
 My heart is in the Year Book with the
 Seniors
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

—H. B. J.

OUR CLASS

When we came to A. H. S.—the class of
 '25
 They put us on the tip top floor—and
 scared us most alive.
 They called us "little freshman" then, and
 said that we looked green.
 They thought much of their own sweet
 selves, and their intellectual mien.
 They strutted proudly all about—the
 young ones and Seniors tall;
 Insisted that we were not made to rank
 with them at all.
 When to the Assembly hall we went, we
 sat upon the shelf.
 The *Seniors* passed out first *those* days,—
 one could not think of self;
 And the other classes sat silent, reverent,
 all
 To watch the haughty Seniors file from
 the assembly hall.
 And then when we were Sophomores, one
 thing they did begin,

They started in again to have some
 dancing in the gym.
 'Twas not till we were Juniors that our
 ability did shine.
 We made the other classes step right up
 in the line.

Before we go any farther, we must not
 forget to say
 We aren't a bit conceited, for we were
 just made this way.
 It was some of our Junior boys that
 before the whole school went
 To ask us what we thought about some
 student government.
 Since then we have adopted it and surely
 it's been fine.
 We even have police men now to keep
 us in the line
 Another thing important that we as
 Juniors did—
 We started up the CLARION, and it
 from debt we rid.
 And then we had a Junior Prom the first
 for many a year,
 We held it in the spacious gym of
 A. H. S. so dear.
 And now that we all Seniors are our
 mettle is at test.
 We *always* put our school work first and
 strain to do our best.
 Because next year we want to go to col-
 lege, school, or work.
 And if we want success to come we
 cannot stall or shirk.
 This year it is required of us to stand
 upon the stage
 And extend to all of our classmates ad-
 vice both droll and sage.
 We don't enjoy all this a bit—they seem
 to think we do—
 We only speechify because we must in
 order to get through.
 When in the years that are to come our
 successors do the same,
 We wish that they may all attain our high
 standard of fame.

The agonies of assembly day we'd under-
go as of yore
If Seniors still could pass out first all
down the big hall floor.
Now we hope that you will remember us
for things that we have done,
When we are scattered far and wide, and
every goal is won.

—HELEN LOWCOCK.

OUR DESTINY

by MARGARET A. DONAHUE

The zero hour is approaching,
We are faring forth from home.
We have left our sheltered haven,
And we must go on alone.

Our ship has been at anchor
But now we must set sail.
We are leaving familiar waters.
We are breasting the gale.

We are leaving the placid inlet,
We are faring forth to sea.
The past is far behind us,
The future is yet to be.

The billowing foam is before us
But conquered it must be.
The waves seek to drown us
As we sail out to sea.

Let us not sink beneath them
But strive with all our might,
To reach the goal before us
Which flashes its beacon light.

When the breakers are the wildest
Even on the darkest night,
Then must we be our strongest.
And push on and fight.

Let us keep our goal before us.
Let us never turn away.

Let us see it ever as clearly
As we see it now to-day.

To-day the winds are with us
The helm is 'neath our hands.
But in the years to follow
Our ship may run on sands.

But let not that deter us
Nor swerve us from our course.
Let it serve to spur us onward
Higher, still, with greater force.

IN '63

Now listen, my dear old friends of the
class of twenty-five,

Some day when you're gray and fifty
or maybe fifty-five,

Upon an impulse happy you'll drift over
to the door

That leads up to the attic, a treasure
trove evermore.

There the day long you'll poke and
'mongst old trash you'll putter,

Pulling out pictures and postcards,
and making a terrible clutter.

At last way back in a corner, hid in a
dusty nook

Your eyes will spy a something that
turns out to be a book,

And when it's open you'll cry, "Oh my
land sake's alive!"

'Tis my own dear blessed CLARION
of the class of twenty-five!"

Then out will come your glasses, you'll
skip over to the light,

Bless my soul, you'll stay there reading
it until has come the night.

And all the old jokes, and the pictures of
the faithful friends you have had
Will fill your cup to overflowing and
make your dear old heart glad.

H. L. F.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE Senior Frolic



THE SENIOR FROLIC

One of our Senior English Classes held a "frolic" on May 11th. The proceeds were to help out with the expenses of the Year Book. Practically all of the pupils attended which of course was encouraging. Who didn't enjoy it? It certainly was interesting to see some of our boys, including the

Class President, partake in the aesthetic dancing. Who didn't laugh to see Doris McCarthy bring "little Sammy" Slosburg in by the ear! Without a doubt the performance was a success and we wish to thank the student body for its support.

Pauline Crowe, '25.

DRAMATIC CLUB

On Friday evening, May 29, The Arlington Dramatic Club presented James M. Barrie's comedy, "Quality Street," under the direction of Miss Nannie A. Sydnor. Although the night was rainy there was a good sized crowd which accepted the play with a great deal of enthusiasm. Those in the cast as well as Miss Sydnor deserve a great deal of credit for the splendid work done by them.

Miss Sydnor made an opening speech. She was presented with a bouquet by the members of the Dramatic Club as a token of their appreciation of her work. The cast were as follows:

Miss Fanny Willoughby	Agnes Ahearn
Miss Mary Willoughby	Dorothy Delay
Miss Henrietta Turnbull	

	Natalie Eldridge
Miss Susan Throssel	Elsie Gates
Miss Phoebe Throssel	Alice Weeks
Patty	Lenna Whitehill
Charlotte Parratt	Gladys Surles
Harriet	Clara McBay
Sergeant	Frederick McArthur
Valentine Brown	Robert Sproul
Blades	Prescott Baston
Spicer	James Baston
Old Soldiers	Proctor Michelson

Pupils	
Georgy	Robert Daley
Miss Beveridge	Fanny Adolphson
Arthur Tomson	Edward Cohen
Isabella	Alice Devine
William Smith	Anthony Camarano

—PAULINE CROWE, '25.

EXCHANGES

Reflections of others in our mirror:

The Alpha, New Bedford, Mass.—A very well planned and well supported paper.

M. H. S. Review, Medford, Mass.—Clean cuts, and well handled departments combine to make a very "newsy" magazine.

The Cambridge Review, Cambridge, Mass.—Your editorials are good proof that you have the full amount of school spirit that you will need in presenting *Beau Brummel*. We wish you success!

The Punch Harder, Andover, Mass.—Your literary department is the best one in your paper; but haven't you any poets?

The Aegis, Beverly, Mass.—"Current Happenings" and "Near Jokes" are quite original!

The Hebronian, Hebron, Me.—You have wonderful athletic write-ups and your jokes aren't far behind.

The Racquet, Portland, Me.—The Literary Department seems to be the strong point of your magazine. With such ability another page of editorials would not be amiss.

The Review, Lowell, Mass. — Why don't you separate your departments more? Your Joke Department is excellent.

The Argus, Gardner, Mass.—We have nothing but praise for your magazine.

The Minnetwaskau, Glenwood, Minn.—The *Old Town* is deserving of great praise.

Packer Current Items, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We found no exchanges in your paper, and but a few jokes. The literary department, however, is exceptionally fine.

Clarion—We are glad to hear from you your paper is very complete except that your joke section is quite small.

Review, Lowell, Mass.

Clarion—You have a very good variety. *Alpha*, New Bedford, Mass.

Clarion—Why not shorten your Joke Department and put in a French or Latin Department?

Dial, Brattleboro, Mass.



TRACK

The first meet of the season was with Tufts Freshman at Tufts Oval. Arlington took six first places but lost the meet by the score of 38-34. Al Marsters and Johnnie Walsh were the individual stars, the former accounting for eighteen points while Johnnie scored ten. Al's broad jump of 20 feet 11 inches was the feature of the meet.

Summary

100 yds.—Won by Sisson '28; second, A. Marsters A; third, Thompson '28; time 10 4-5 seconds.

220 yds.—Won by A. Marsters A; tied for second and third, Thompson and Fraser '28. Time 25 seconds.

440 yds.—Won by Perkins A; second Young '28; third Balkus '28; time 57½ seconds.

880 yds.—Won by J. Walsh A; second Young '28; third Dimone '28; time 2 minutes, 12 2-5 seconds.

Mile—Won by J. Walsh A; second, De Verteuil '28; third, Dimone '28; time 5 minutes, 1 2-5 seconds.

Shot put—Won by A. Marsters A; second Soule '28; third Hanson '28. Distance 38 feet 8 inches.

Running Broad Jump — Won by A. Marsters A; second T. Walsh '28; third Sisson '28. Distance 20 feet 11 inches.

High Jump—Won by Walsh '28; third Vaughan A.

ARLINGTON 61, WATERTOWN 11

Our boys easily defeated their next opponent, Watertown, on May seventh. Mayo of Watertown was the lone star for his team, making all eleven points. Arlington took seven first places, six seconds, and eight thirds.

Summary

100 yds.—Won by Mayo W, second Babbitt A; third, Corcoran A.

220 yds.—Won by A. Marsters A, second Mayo W; third Corcoran A.

440 yds.—Won by Perkins A; second O'Hara A; third Lawson A.

880 yds.—Won by Kelly A; second Troy A; third Walsh A.

Mile—Won by O'Neill A; second Walsh A; third Merrill A.

High jump—Won by Vaughn A; second Revel A; tied for third, Nicols A and Bacon A.

Running broad jump—Won by A. Marsters A; second Mayo W; third Revel A.

Shot Put—Won by A. Marsters A; second Dennon A; third Hamm A.

ARLINGTON 51, WAKEFIELD 26

Arlington gained another victory by defeating Wakefield on May fourteenth. Guarnacuid of Wakefield was the high scorer, making sixteen of his team's points.



A. H. S. BASEBALL TEAM — 1925

Summary

100 yds—Won by Guarnaccia W; second Canty A; third Babbitt A. Time 10 3-5 seconds.

220 yds—Won by A. Marsters A; second Guarnaccia W; third Corcoran A. Time 25 seconds.

440 yds—Won by Perkins A; second Lawson A; third O'Hara A.

880 yds—Won by Merrill A; second Walsh A; third McKeon D. Time 2 minutes 13 seconds.

Mile—Won by Eldridge A; second McKeon W; O'Neil A. Time 4 minutes, 55 2-5 seconds.

Broad Jump—Won by A. Marsters A; second Guarnaccia, third Revel A.

Shot put—Won by Guarnaccia W; second Dennen A; third Sardella W. Distance 42 feet 3 inches.

High Jump—Won by Vaughan A; second Tasker W; third North W. Height 5 feet 2 inches.

Relay—Won by Arlington, Corcoran, Lawson O'Hara and Canty.

MYSTIC VALLEY CHAMPIONSHIP

On May twenty-first the second annual Mystic Valley track meet was staged at Spy Pond Field. Arlington emerged the victor for the second time, thus gaining two legs on the championship cup.

The records in every event but the high jump and one hundred yards were broken. Of seven records broken Arlington men broke five. This year's track team is one of the best that ever represented the school and "Doc" McCarthy is to be complimented on his excellent coaching.

Arlington had a total of 47 points, Melrose 39, Wakefield 7, and Watertown 4.

The Summary

100 yds—Won by Morris, Melrose; Flint, Melrose, second; Canty, Arlington,

third; and Guarnaccia, Wakefield, fourth. Time, 10 4-5 seconds.

Mile—Won by Eldridge, Arlington; McKeon, Wakefield, second; O'Neill, Arlington, third; Egan, Watertown, fourth. Time 4 minutes, 47 1-5 seconds. A new record.

Running Broad Jump—Won by A. Marsters, Arlington; Flint, Melrose, second; Revell, Arlington, third; Provandie, Melrose, fourth. Distance 20 feet 3½ inches, new record.

440 yds—Won by Perkins, Arlington; Felt, Melrose, second; Thompson, Melrose, third; O'Hara, Arlington, fourth. Time, 54 4-5 seconds. New record.

Shot put—Won by Dennen, Arlington; Sardella, Wakefield, second; Hamm, Arlington, third; A. Marsters, Arlington, fourth. Distance, 40 feet, 1¼ inches. New record.

880 yds—Won by Walsh, Arlington; Merrill, Arlington, second; Rooney, Watertown, third; Kelley, Arlington, fourth. Time 2 minutes, 10 4-5 seconds. New record.

220 yds—Won by Flint, Melrose; A. Marsters, Arlington, second; Morris, Melrose, third; Canty, Arlington, fourth. Time 23 4-5 seconds. New record.

High jump—Tie for first, Provandie, Stuart and Waterman, all of Melrose. Vaughn, Arlington, fourth. Height, 5 feet, 3 inches.

Relay—Won by Melrose, Arlington, second; Watertown, third; and Wakefield fourth.

ELLSWORTH BROWN, '26.

BASEBALL

The team after a brief workout, opened the season on Saturday afternoon, April 18th, against the strong Somerville nine, who at the present writing head the Suburban League, at the Dilboy Field in

that city. It was Somerville's game, the final score being 17 to 1 in their favor, but, however, it enabled Coach Henricus to try out his veterans of last year, and new candidates of this year to advantage.

The first home game of the season was with the St. Mary's High School team of Waltham. It was easily Arlington's game, the score being 9 to 4 in the home team's favor. Johnnie Lane of football and basketball fame pitched the whole game, and displayed excellent form as a moundsman. He had good support, and this combined with his excellent pitching was the feature of the game.

Our boys journeyed over to Melrose, our most "friendly" and "sportsmanlike" and most "hospitable" and most "swampy" neighboring village for the first league game of the season. Arlington very sportsmanlike let Melrose have the game in their favor, of course the game was at Melrose, and as they are such "dear friends," of ours, we thought that we'd let 'em have the opportunity of winning the game. And another feature was, that as the fans of that most neighborly village see very little "good" baseball we thought we'd give them a run for their "shekels," so the game lasted 13 innings. Then Melrose was 12 to 11.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 6th, Woburn bowed to defeat before the onslaught of the Arlington batters. This was the second League game of the season. John Beeckley performed on the mound for the Red and Gray; he pitched an excellent game. The final score stood: Arlington 12, Woburn 2.

The next game was a home game with Watertown on Saturday afternoon, May 9th. This game was also a league game. It was a clear cut "whitewashing," the final score being Arlington 12, Water-

town 0. Captain Byer and Johnny Lane were the stars of the game. Byer slammed out a "homer" and later contributed a "double" and a "single." Johnny Lane pitching for Arlington held Watertown to five widely scattered hits and fanned 12.

On Tuesday afternoon, May 12th, Arlington won its third league game of the season. Its victim being Winchester. The game was played at that town, and the final score stood: Arlington 9, Winchester 8.

On Saturday afternoon, May 16th, the Red and Gray nine won the fourth League game of the season. Who were their opponents—why, our most beloved, friendly, etc., Melrose. In slang it was a "whitewashing de luxe," but in decent, and upright English, Arlington won 3 to 0. This time it lasted only nine innings, as the Arlington fans are used to "good baseball," and it pains them greatly to see our boys tackle a slow team—so unlike what the Melrose rooters see. Johnnie Lane pitched a great game and showed the "swampy" team a few new hooks and curves they never saw before. Of course Arlington could have let Melrose have the game, but it would be only fair to let them win one, and we win one, see. Very sportsmanlike, don't cher know.

Well, they went home to their "hospitable swamp," and when they come here next fall to play football they'll go home to their "beloved swamp" again, with a still bigger "coat of whitewash" on their fragile shoulders. Kinda tough on "Maaalrose" don't you think so?

At the present writing Arlington is entertaining hopes of bringing another championship into the portals of the school. And we firmly believe that those hopes will not be in vain.

DAN HOOLEY, '25.



Miss Jewett in biology. We will now give in order the development of the modern horse, going way back as far as possible, beginning with Dan Scanlon.

A La Shakespcare

All the school's a jail and
And all the students prisoners in it.

No?

A Sophomore knows not and knows that
he knows not.

A Junior knows and knows not that he
knows.

A Senior knows and knows that he

Don't you think the "slicker chorus"
could more appropriately have sung
"It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

Senior to Soph—"Say, the last time
our class gave a play it took the audi-
ence a half an hour to leave the hall."

Soph—"What was the matter, was he
lame?"

Alan Howes had to consult Webster's
Unabridged, in order to find words to
express his opinion of the Seniors.

They Were Behind Before!

Now that the Seniors have "got away"
with leaving the Assembly hall first, they
will want to enter the lunchroom first
next.

The "cutest" thing ever seen on our
baseball diamond was Shadow Buckley
and Larry Shaw in the recent Melrose
game.

The teachers proved a most amusing
spectacle as they gazed into the depths of
Warren Kay's perpetrator of facts, look-
ing for the birdie.

Vacancies!

That illustrious actor, Slosberg, will be
sadly missed in the plays to come. For
a baby he was a talented musician, but
a fair haired boy named "Leslie" could
well act as his substitute. Hooley will
be replaced by Rosenberger. Is there

anyone to take Clancy's place as a Junior?

Cela Va Sans Dire!

In asking us to write "Class Notes" for this issue, Miss Treat suggested that this is our last whack at the Seniors. But it is also their last whack at us!

Senior—"Have you seen A. Fairchild's new golf socks?"

—Junior (Contemptuously): "My eyesight is very good."

Senior—"So was mine until I saw them."

How we will miss the witty little digs handed down to the under classmen so efficiently by the present Senior Class.

Absolutely Uncalled For!

After long consultations the "League of Notions" has decided that the greatest worry of the Seniors is whether there will ever again be a class like them. We hope not.

After inquiries about the high cost of sweaters Goodale has decided that his mud scow (alias beach-wagon) is good for another year.

E. Forrest—"Say, Gardener, what is the French word for 'cradle'?"

G. Bourne—"Bassinnet."

Fish Harrington evidently has inside information on the subject of "The appeal of the Country Road," the subject of his latest theme. Taken from personal experiences, we imagine!

There is no limit to the vanity of some of our Senior boys. Al Marsters is not satisfied with his own clothes. In fact he prefers the snugness of Lead's outfit.

Maybe he'll borrow Joe MacFarlane's, next.

Resolved—That there shall be a Junior Prom.

This must be just another one of these New Year's Resolutions—soon broken.

Senior History

Bright student—"A negro cannot vote in the South unless his grandfather voted."

Brighter still—"Gee, suppose you never had a grandfather."

Much talent was uncovered in the Senior Frolic. Some of our male dancers were graceful even into the sublime.

The school offers its sympathy to "Lifebuoy" McCutcheon and hopes that his toothache will not last forever.

More History

Perkins (after topic "oil" had been assigned to him)—"Just what do you mean by oil?"

J. MacFarlan—"Banana Oil!"

Some of the Juniors who thought the "Frolic" silly will think it "just fine" when they have their turn to act silly next year.

When the Juniors step into the shoes of the Seniors let us hope that there will be some small enough.

(Don't worry, Juniors! Alice Devine is leaving hers to Ruth Davis).

By all indications at present the Seniors should make a success of their future life.

New Fields to Conquer!

A class in Number Work will be formed by Miss Bullock at the earnest request of Homer Davis.

Corridor Chatter

"Am I going to say? Don't be foolish. I told her I couldn't possibly get it done. Was it my fault because the dance had to be last night? Why only last week I did the homework twice and"——

"I said no, and that's official. Charity begins at home, brother, and I live in a big house. You can bum your lunch checks elsewhere and remember you owe me nineteen cents from"——

"He said to me, "Can I have one of your pictures?" And I said, "Well, I only had twenty-five—just like that and he said"——

"Well, I says how about Monday night, and she says "I don't think I'll be able to go that night," so I says, "How about a week from Monday?" And she says "I'm sorry, but I expect to be busy that night too." Then I says "What are you doing Labor Day?" and she got sore and says"——

Horrors! The crime wave has hit Arlington High. It was rumored yesterday that an attempt was made to smuggle Hoodies to the stairway by reckless pupils. The quick and efficient work of Mr. Hatch broke up the gang. The police confidently stated today that clues in the form of finger prints and teeth-marks on wooden spoons were being closely and carefully followed up. It was also announced today at police headquarters that any student found with ice cream stains on his chin would be arrested on the spot and held without bail.

THE CLASS OF '25

Our Senior Year, our last year,
The end draws swiftly near.
For some it may be welcome,
But for many of us, No.
The time has come unbidden when '25
must go.

Oh, the year will roll on,
And old age come along,
But always we will keep alive
The happy thoughts and memories of
the Class of '25.

IN REPLY

The Seniors think they know it all,
According to our friend Ken Cal,
As Juniors we would like to state
We aren't what he delights to prate,
Perhaps we thrive on Campbells soups,
But we are *not* the *only* goops.

Odes to Seniors by Phil Peirce

Hoooley was a happy boy,
His spirits never sank,
He left two months early
For a good job in the bank.

Drouet is undeniably
Nothing but a kid,
But this does not at all explain
Some of the things he did.

Hurrah for fairy "Brown,"
Whose name begins with B,
His cradle in the infant's Home,
Is number twenty-three.

More Compliments, '25!

Here's to the class of twenty-five,
Are so brilliant and bright,
They proved by their own example
That Charlie Darwin was right.
F. K., '26.

Everybody makes mistakes—that's why
they have erasers on pencils.

Seniors leaving Room 21 say that they
have been mistreated.

Math!

They never met B4
But now she seemed 2 care,
She loved him 10 derly
For he was a -,000,000 aire.

Page Warren Drouet

Adv.—Wanted, a strong boy to help open a jewelry store; apply in the evening.

Miss Treat—"Well, are there **any** excuses today?"

Perkins—"Are they acceptable again?"

Some people around here think that the only thing they should use their heads for is to keep their ears apart.

Every boy has his troubles and they usually wear skirts.

The school year's rushing to a close,
We'll soon have graduation,
And after that, O boy, say we,
We'll have a long vacation!

But what's the diff, for in the Fall
Again we start our studies,
Of course there's one thing we regret (?)
We lose our Senior buddies! !

"No vegetations but cactus and palms
scattered by real cowboys."

It is really surprising the knowledge that some of our lady students have concerning that noble game—baseball. On a recent test they said that

There are several new kinds of strikes.

A strike is when you give the ball a good hard bat and throw it ten feet in the air.

A fly is a ball in the air. If you catch a ball on the fly you catch it before it bounds.

Whoa, Dobbins!

Mr. Fowler—"We don't know how long our supply of petroleum will last."

Hamm—"Looks as though we'll be going back to horses!"

A La Raft

Sloshberg (Giving a report on Irving)
"He used to take long walks up the Hudson River."

When walking past room 17 the fifth period one day, we heard Bourne saying "Kiss me." Was it a translation or merely extemporaneous.

Senior—"Cheer up! There'll be a new joke in our High School the next time the Clarion comes out.—The new Sophomore class.

How we shall miss—

Paul Andrews—Our Arrow Collar boy.

Tom McCutcheon—Our Daniel Webster.

Marjorie Manning — Our Soap-box orator.

Marion Hilliard — Our prize chorus girl.

Leo Slosborg—Our Kriesler.

Doris McCarthy—Our Anna Pavlowa.

Duke Walsh—Our Paavo Nurmi.

Alice Devine—Our Mrs. Tom Thumb.

Lead Marsters—Our feather weight.

Gardner Bourne—Our Tom Mix.

And so on.

As part of the general clean-up program for 1925 the present Senior class will be dispensed with after June and a new, brainy up-to-date collection of individuals will take their place. The present assortment of seniors that overruns the premises and makes the place look shabby, long ago proved their inability to maintain their claim of mental superiority, which should be one of the first requisites of the Senior class. Their successors have already shown a marked superiority over them in all the fine arts, and many not so fine, and have clearly

Miss Shedd's French (?) pupils handed in some of these remarks in a recent translation:

—"a wide station that turned around many houses"—

—"Where there was no other vegetation than prairie dogs"—

Some pupils go to school to weep,
While others go to take a sleep.
Some go to school to tell their woes,
While others go to show their clothes.
Some go to listen to their teachers,
Others go to hear the senior screeches.
The boys they go to reconnoiter,
The girls, they go because they "orter",
Many go for good reflections,
But very few to learn their lessons.

Sayings of the Great

Philauto—I am sorry that I have no more lives to give to my country.

Samson—I am strong for you, kid.

Jonah—You can't keep a good man
EIGHTEEN—CLARION
down.

David—The bigger they are the harder they fall.

Helen of Troy—So this is Paris.

Methusalah—The first hundred years are the hardest.

Noah—It floats.

A few however, have been omitted, we think that the following should have been included:

Miss Butterworth—"Where were you the first period?"

Miss Pierce—"This is the best chorus I ever had."

Mr. Boynton—"Its against the rules.

Mr. Gammons—"I am sure we all enjoyed the assembly."

Sophomores—Do you know now at the end of this year that:—

A quartette usually consists of four.

The brains of the school means the students—mostly the *boys*.

Room 30 is not on the third floor.

You are foolish to read this.

Deficiency slips are signed by the parents.

We are much healthier since the new candy system went into effect in the lunch room.

Most every other drinking fountain works.

Sophomores are supposed to be quite insignificant.

This year's graduating class is the best looking, brightest, etc., class that ever will graduate.

Your knowledge hasn't increased by reading this.

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morning to find it had no sup-
ply of natural gas. Here is
what happened:

Cold breakfasts, or none at
all, were served. Backyard
fires, "canned heat" and chil-
dren's toy stoves were used
to prepare food for luncheon.
Two restaurants only were
able to serve hot food; one
used a gasoline stove, the
other a bonfire in the alley.
Sandwiches at soda foun-
tains and other places were
sold out before night.

Persons with automobiles
went to adjoining towns for
their meals. Thousands of
men denied hot water for
their morning shave, refused
to shave at all. Backyard and
alley fires took the place of
kitchens for the evening
meal. Life in the entire com-
munity was temporarily dis-
rupted.

How seldom we think of
public utility services in the
terms of "What would we do
without them?"

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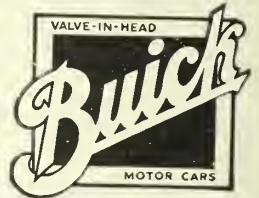
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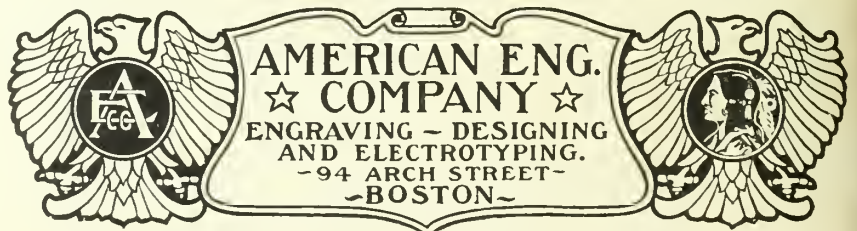
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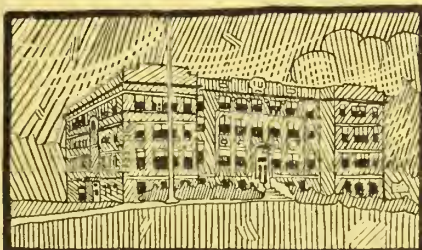
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Published during the school year by The Students of The Arlington High School
Entered as Second-Class Matter November 9, 1917, at Boston (Arlington Branch), Mass.
P. O., under the Act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Acts of
October 3, 1917, authorized June 6, 1919

Volume III.

ARLINGTON (Boston), MASS., NOVEMBER, 1925

Number 1

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Editorials

THE CLARION

Will it or won't it become a success?
Will it or won't it be one of the best?
Will its pages be filled with good es-
says and news?

Will its subscribers gain, or its treas-
ury lose?

Will the outsiders say "it's a paper
worth while,"

Or will they look on with a pitying
smile?

Oh, will it or won't it become a suc-
cess?

Will there be enough contents to send
to the press?

It's a "yes," if you're willing to all
do your share;

It's a "no" if you won't take the tren-
ble and care.—

Will it climb to the top, or will it stand
still?

It's a will it, or won't it—let's make
it a "will!"

D. BLEVINS, '26.

FOR JUNIORS AND SOPHIS

After rising to the dignified posi-
tion of Seniors, it seems that they
should be given at least one reward for
their long and hard struggle—namely
the privilege of leaving the assembly
hall before the underclassmen. This
has been a long-standing custom and as
custom becomes a habit, please, Jun-
iors and Sophomores, establish this
habit!

MABEL CARLTON, '26.

AN APPEAL

What is the matter with Arlington
High School? Why, how absurd to
ask such a thing! Nothing is the mat-

ter with our beautiful red brick build-
ing surrounded with its wide lawn,
and overflowing with dignified Seniors,
important-feeling Juniors, and inno-
cent-looking Sophomores, all eager for
an education. Yet, on second thought,
isn't there always room for improve-
ment? Is education the one and only
object of importance in high school
life?

If you should approach any pupil in
the corridors of our school, he would,
no doubt, say to this question promptly,
without hesitation, perhaps even vehe-
mently, "No!" If you should question
him further, he would be sure to add,
"What we need is more social life."

Is he right? Visit other schools,
read other school papers. For instance:
"This Friday afternoon a party will be
held by the Junior girls to welcome
the Freshman girls to this school....
The first activity of the Senior Class
will be a social to be held some time
in October."—*Haverhill Chronicle*. Or
from the History of the Class of '26,
Somerville High School: "All plays and
dances were well attended and enjoyed
by the Juniors this year. Junior night,
which came toward the end of the
year, was most enjoyable. The play
was fine, the specialties well done, the
music and dancing excellent."

So, on all sides of Arlington are
towns and cities having their own in-
stitutions of learning. Yet their
school activities do not stop with home
work, football games, and orchestra re-
hearsals. They have social life in which
all may participate. Arlington wants
this social life, too, and Arlington
ought to have it! We do not demand
sororities, fraternities and select clubs,
but where is our Christmas dance and

our Valentine party? Where was our Junior play? Why not a Senior banquet?

Get busy, Social Welfare Committee, —and let's go!

RUTH E. HOPKINS, '26.

ON ADVERTISING

A business house does not advertise merely for the sake of sentiment. The firms who have placed advertisements in our columns have made an investment. They not only desire but they expect returns. We have published and distributed copies of the CLARION. Upon us, the readers and backers of this paper, the success of our advertising depends. We are bound by a moral obligation to buy at shops which are advertised in the CLARION. Let's co-operate to make advertising in our paper a sound investment for the firms who have shown themselves to be our friends.

E. H. PETERSON, '26.

AS WE OPINE

Our Senior Assemblies have been the source of worry, amusement, and fiery comment.

A call for opinions of our Assemblies in Miss Treat's third period English Class has brought forth many interesting and candid judgments. Listen to this one:

"An assembly is an undignified gathering of all persons in the Arlington High School, for the purpose of torturing the "Seniors," shortening all periods, causing additional exercise for the janitors, and producing business for the 'Song Book Company.'" That's Charles Atwood for you.

Ruth Davis makes an interesting statement that is open to debate:—"The Senior Assemblies are the cause of many young people's becoming thin, timid and absent-minded."

Virginia Hunt says: "They are wonderful opportunities. They give the Seniors a chance to show how clever they are, and they show the Seniors

that they're not as clever as they thought they were." Miss Hunt, you talk like a Sophomore.

Dot Blevins believes that the assemblies are a good thing; but she adds: "Even Miss Sydnor cannot convince me that it is a help to the one who is doing the speaking."

Here is a frank opinion from Esther Dewing: "I think the assemblies this year have been far too interesting. A boring assembly is much more to be desired by one who is planning to study for a Latin test."

Many think that they are a "Painful but beneficial" part of our school work.

Most of us agree, however, that the assemblies this year, are entertaining and instructive, and for the most part better than last year. Such is the comment from the prejudiced minds of the "Seniors."

H. HAMM, '26.

Now that there are no monitors in chorons, the student body should do its part and co-operate with the faculty. When the matter of monitors was taken up with the "powers that be" by the Student Council, the Council was only doing its appointed task; that of promoting harmony and co-operation between students and the faculty. The faculty has done its part, now let us see if we cannot uphold our end by having an orderly chorus, even if there are no monitors to enforce the rules.

G. LAWSON, '26.

WHY I RETURNED TO SCHOOL AFTER WORKING FOR THREE YEARS

One should not sacrifice education, when opportunity presents itself, for some whim which seems, at the time, more important.

After three years in a business world with the assurance of self support, the problem of continued income and breaking away from the routine of an eight hour working day into a school program, which was new and

strange, seemed very difficult to me. But education was not to be sacrificed in the face of difficulties that seemed overwhelming. It was an opportunity that presented itself which decided my return to school.

Although the way may not seem clear when a great change like this takes place, the voice of conscience directing us within, and the urging of a kind advisor, are victorious in bringing us to a decision.

Opportunity is before us for a moment and must be grasped quickly. The voice of circumstance tells the way, and soon we are on a new road with a real task of worth to surmount. Conditions and circumstances seemingly unimportant and yet so *vitally important* in the shaping of our future are what go to make up opportunity.

To all of us comes the time when a decision backed by courage and determination means success. "Knowledge is Power." GUSTAF E. FRYE, '27.

CLASS ELECTION RESULTS

Seniors

President: Harold Hamm.
Vice-President: Roswell Eldridge.
Secretary: Joseph Downey.
Treasurer: Joseph Ennis.
Faculty Adviser: Sarah J. Bullock.

Juniors

President: Richard Lombard.
Vice-President: June Yale.
Secretary: Evelyn Young.
Treasurer: Alice Walker.
Faculty Adviser: Martha S. Moffatt.

Sophomores

President: Arthur Lane.
Vice-President: Frank Reardon.
Secretary: William McNamara.
Treasurer: Frank Foster.
Faculty Adviser: Gladys Porter.

The CLARION board extends its heartiest congratulations to the elected candidates, and places the paper at their disposal for any necessary service.

FOOTBALL

I wish someone would tell me what there is about football that makes it such a popular sport.

One attending a game for the first time would probably have a rather jumbled impression of football. There seems to be a group of fellows running and pushing each other all over the place. Suddenly the players seem to vanish and there is nothing but a large heap of legs left on the field. A whistle toots and heads begin to appear, and behold! twenty-two boys emerge from the heap. They get up, and, at another toot of the whistle, start madly rushing again. They remind one of a herd of goats, with their heads lowered, all ready to buck.

That, I say, is the first general impression one is likely to get of football, yet, even from that, every red blooded normal young person gets a thrill that can't be duplicated.

Take a cold October day, when the wind has a snap to it, a smooth green field, a bunch of fellows on it, a football, and a referee with a funny whistle. What more could one wish for?

What is it in football that makes people jump up and scream and hug the stranger next to them, and throw their hats around and, in fact, go perfectly mad when that precious ball is safely over its goal line?

Answer me, kind reader, what is it?

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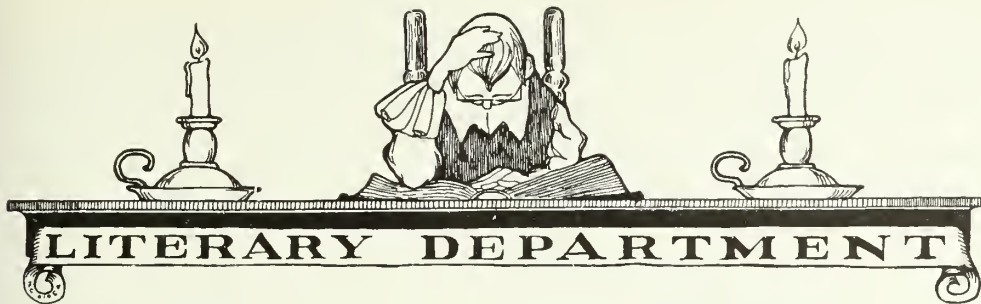
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LET'S GO!

I, the editor of the Literary Department, in order to have a more perfect paper, in order to make this part of THE CLARION a success, do beg and implore for Juniors—Sophomores, and "P. G.'s"—to search every corner of your brain, to dig down into every nook of your heart, for ideas, and then to sit down and carry them out! Open your eyes—"kodak as you go." In one minute I could name, at least, ten interesting characters, right here in the A. H. S., whose portraits I should like to pen. How many can you find? Open your ears—"stop, look and listen" for amusing or touching incidents. Every day something happens, right under your nose, that you aren't keen enough to discover, or, if you are, you aren't generous enough to share your discovery with others. If you haven't a sense of humor, find something serious, something appealing. Life is not *all* laughter. Somebody will appreciate your more serious and deeper thoughts. Open your arms and grasp the opportunity to test your ability in writing. Shakespeare didn't know that he could write until he tried it!

Then, when you have made use of your many gifts, when you have done your part to strengthen, not only the Literary Department, but every one; open your mouth and tell us where the weak points are. It is quality, not quantity, that we are aiming for. Take up the popular saying of the World War and "*Carry On.*"

D. BLEVINS, '26,

THE OCEAN

A vast solitude of dull gray, seeming, beneath the leaden sky, to plot some sinister destruction for the unsuspecting shores—that is the ocean.

A roaring, seething mass of madly rushing white-capped waves, throwing themselves with violent force against the rocky cliffs, and lending a sharp, salty tang to the driving mist—that is the ocean.

A wide, shining expanse of blue, sparkling in the warm September sunshine, rolling gently over clear, white sands, surging over the shoals in foaming waves, and breaking against the rugged cliffs, showering them with glittering spray—that, too, is the ocean.

FLORENCE YOUNG, '27.

MY ADVENTURE

One Spring day, as I wandered aimlessly down the street, pausing now and then to gaze at the sky, or yawn, or casually observe the contents of a store window, I sensed the need of a little excitement. So, continuing my journey down the avenue, I stopped for the fiftieth time before an expanse of plate glass, and stared at the gold letters on its glistening surface. I blinked my eyes and stared again; this name was strangely familiar. Then an even more familiar voice assailed my unsuspecting ear—"Rustle me a double chocolate shorty, Dad, heavy on the pecans, and make it snappy—I got a date with the Queen!" By this time I was beginning to get interested. This place must be "The Sugar Bowl" and persons within none other than Dad, its pro-

prietor, and Harold Teen. Perhaps some of the other boys were there, too: Beezie, Horace, Goofy—and oh! Where was Leapin' Lena? I cast a glance toward the curb, and voila, there was "The Tin You Love to Touch" in all her glory. That settled the matter.

Here was my opportunity for adventure and no mistake, so with my very best manner I advanced toward the door. One moment I paused on the threshold, resolving to give Mr. Teen and his friends "the knockout" and to at least find out the taste and appearance of a double chocolate shorty with pecans. The next moment I was half way across the floor to the counter, and was undergoing the worse stare I ever hope to receive.

Harold paused, his first spoonful in mid air. Dad almost dropped the glass he was wiping. Goofy blinked, and grinned, and winked. However, I gave my order quite casually, though my heart was pounding in an all too annoying manner. Then I smiled sweetly at the boys and sat down at the nearest table—to look them over.

They looked perfectly familiar. I felt as if I had known them all my life, as indeed I had since I was old enough to read. Harold was attired in the jazziest sweater I have yet to see. His hair was a remarkably fine advertisement for Slikum. His trousers were the last word. As for Goofy, he seconded the motion by a dazzling green tie and an equally dazzling smile. (Goofy's smile is about all there is to him.)

While I conducted this heavy research work, Dad appeared with my sundaes. For a moment I forgot myself in a preoccupied interest in its consistency: a double amount of chocolate ice cream covered with chocolate syrup, whipped cream and pecans with a lone cherry to crown the whole. I had to hand it to the Sheik; his taste was good at least. When I glanced toward him again, his portion of bliss was nearly finished. So, drawing a long breath, I looked straight at Harold Teen (himself) and said, "It's good, isn't it?"

I had been well aware that I had created an impression, but I was not prepared for the astounding result of this slight remark. Harold blushed to the roots of his hair, gulped, almost choked on a pecan, and finally managed, "Er-yes-yes, Miss—"

"Miss Knix," I supplied. "Don't you know me, Harold?"

Here Goofy broke in, "You bet he doesn't and I don't mean mebbe!"

"Can it, kid!" Harold replied savagely. He was beginning to be himself. Then to me— "Of course, Miss Knix, now I remember you. But-er- I don't remember your real—I mean, first name. Was it ——?"

"No, it wasn't Lillums anyway, Harold. It happens to be Mabel. They wrote the song for me, you know," I said quite glibly, but all the time my eye was on Goofy. He didn't look exactly satisfied with the situation. His happy smile had faded and the dark thunder clouds were hovering around his brow.

"Do you know, Miss Knix, the minute I saw you, I says ——" began Harold, when Goofy broke in.

"Boy friend, I bet you two bits *Mabel* doesn't care anything about what you said. I bet she'd care more about a lil ride around town——"

"In Leapin' Lena?" I inquired eagerly. "Oh, Goofy, would you?"

"Sure thing. She's right out here now."

Harold now began to show signs of rising anger, but finding he had to choose between staying behind and going with us to make a third party, he took the more promising of the two evils and fell into step behind Goofy and me. He had forgotten all about his heavy date with Lillums.

We all piled into the front seat through the employees entrance. Goofy, at the wheel, had to coax Lena a bit, but she soon decided to wake up and her violent "chug-chng-chng," combined with her shaking, rattling, and rolling was enough to wake the dead. Harold was inclined to apologize, but Goofy silenced him with a "She's all right, the world's wrong."

We scuttled up the avenue leaving little clouds of dust and gasoline smoke in our wake. On the next corner we passed "The Pink Parrot Tea Room" and a few blocks farther up, the High School. Then, turning off onto a side street we became lost in the intricacies of "the residential section." When the boys stopped talking and pointing and waving their arms for lack of breath, I took up the thread of conversation. "You know, I'm tickled to death to have seen you boys again," I began, "and it's just great of you to take me around. I wonder if you know Andy Gump and Min, and can you show me where the poor Widow Zander lives? And, oh yes! where is Gasoline Alley? And don't Maggie and Jiggs live around here somewhere?"

Goofy laughed. "You bet your sweet life! But f'evvins sake, how do you happen to know them all? I don't myself!"

"Oh, I see them every day," I said easily, "the same as I see you."

"What!" gasped Harold while Leap-in' Lena expressed her owner's sentiments in an explosive cough of incredulity. "What?"

"Why, of course," I had to explain, "Every day in the paper!"

"Oh, that!" said Goofy. "I'm always forgetting that half the people in this great and glorious country of ours know all my pet expressions——"

"And all my family rows!" interrupted Harold.

"——And every time I have a tiff with my sugar mamma," went on, Goofy, coolly, adding, "By the way, Sheik, isn't that your sweet Sheba across the street?" As he spoke he gave Lena a little more gas, so I just had a glimpse of a slim, black-haired, pert-faced, short-skirted miss with a look of intense surprise and righteous indignation on her pretty features. I also heard a smothered exclamation from young Mr. Teen beside me: "Holy cats! I forgot!"

"Forgot what, boy friend?" inquired Goofy with an annoying grin, his eyes on the road ahead.

"My date—er—er—nothing!"

And so, after an uncomfortable silence, I suggested we go back to "The Sugar Bowl," and after effusive farewells and promises to come again, I started home. I had found my adventure. RUTH E. HOPKINS, '26.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR SOPHOMORES

1. Always speak deferentially (if you know what that is) to seniors and juniors. The juniors don't matter so much but be sure you are always good when seniors are around.

2. Do not chew gum, eat candy, or throw spitballs in class, the mentioned habits being characteristic of imbeciles and we are fervently hoping that you will be at least morons or better.

3. Do not go to the library for study periods. The seniors find it so annoying to have a group of little tots disturbing them while they peruse Popular Science, Scientific American, the Open Road and other intellectual stimulants.

4. Don't indulge in all-day suckers in, by, at, or near the school. They are not used by children your age.

5. Keep in single file. Our corridors are too nice to be cluttered up with groups of wandering sophomores.

6. In assemblies let the seniors pass out first. They hate to have to climb over, or scramble through a mob of children.

7. Last, but not least, support school activities. Your money is as good as anybody's even though you are the bottom layer of the school.

GEORGE LAWSON, '26.

TRAFFIC COPS

I live on a side street. Now, that may not mean much to you, but if you have lived on this particular kind of side street, it will mean a great deal. The street is well paved, but not a through street, so there is not much traffic. There are a few vacant lots where the children like to play ball. In one of these lots there is a large hole, where the dirt has been carried

away, and this makes an ideal place to play "pirates."

On one side of our house there is a large, smooth lawn where the children love to gather to play croquet. Each child has certain rules for the game, so there is much quarreling and hollering and anything but a quiet time.

On the other side of the house there is a wide concrete driveway, and this is filled with heavy traffic nearly every afternoon, always on Saturdays; for every child in the neighborhood, from three years old to fifteen, comes here to play and each one brings something that "goes;" scooters, tricycles, bicycles, carts, and kiddie cars.

Now, of course, with so many vehicles, someone is needed to regulate the traffic, so "Joe" or "Sister" or "Richy" volunteer to be "traffic cop." In the middle of the street, just opposite our driveway, the "cop" takes his stand and directs the unruly crowd. He makes the "motorists" keep to the right, and if he catches anyone speeding, he puts them "in jail." The "jail" is a little tool house in our back yard and is very handy for "locking up" law breakers. I remember how scared I used to be when I was put in "jail." I was afraid that my playmates might go off and leave me alone to, perhaps, die! But my fears were always calmed, for either my jailers grew tired of hearing my screams, or I succeeded in pushing open the door.

What a time we used to have if a prisoner escaped! The whole "police force" would set out in pursuit of him and, when caught, the culprit would have to be locked up again and guarded more closely.

From year to year the children of the neighborhood come here to play the ever-popular game of "traffic cop." I fear that some of the boys will never outgrow the game. Very often when I look out the window, I can see a tall, thin boy or a short, fat one taking their turns at directing traffic.

I don't know that children in other neighborhoods play this game, but it seems to be an institution here.

RACHEL CROSBY, '26.

THE SEA

I.

It's sometimes light and bright and gay
And its color turquoise blue;
And in its waves the sunbeams play
Till it looks like diamond dew.

II.

Sometimes it's dark and grey and cold,
When a storm comes over the deep;
Then the waves are high and the surf
is bold,
And the rollers roar and leap.

III.

But after the storm, when the night
is there,
And the moon sails up toward the
west;
Its calm is crowned by a halo rare,
A reflection on each wave's crest.

—ELIZABETH MULLEN.

REMINISCENCES

Into the life of every boy, whether he is a "sissy" or a "mucker," there comes a time when the spirit of adventure grips him and carries him away on the wings of a fantastic dream, stimulated by a childish imagination, which leaves him altogether too soon. No boy has passed through that eventful stage of childhood that covers the years intervening between eight and fourteen, without having belonged to a secret band of desperadoes; or without having built a raft, and paddled around a pond with the enjoyment of a Magellan, or a Sir Francis Drake. Oh, to live again those days of childish innocence, unaware of the more fateful paths of life: to fish and swim without a care, and experience the thrill of being whipped for a torn stocking or a late home coming. School was a prison then! Now it is an asylum (a retreat). No longer can we be whipped for getting our feet wet, for we are now men (we think we are)! We have put away childish things, and childish thoughts.

Some of my antics will remain vivid in my memory forever. There, at least, are some memories that may be cherished without a pang of remorse, for most of our vivid memories

are unpleasant. Throughout these memoirs my boy friend will be identified by the name of "He."

He lived too far away to make a trolley messenger possible, besides, our neighbors were none too amiable. This may be due to the fact that they owned beautiful strawberry patches. The fruit of these has very often hit me in the eye as I knelt with He in the darkness of the patch, blindly feeling for the ripe ones. Occasionally we found a bad strawberry, which usually travelled through the air until it connected with the spot mentioned. However, He had eyes, also.

At any rate, we became too lazy to call for each other, so a method was devised to overcome this object in our juvenile world. Necessity being the mother of invention, we decided to signal each other with little flags which we hung on small poles at our respective houses. In a trunk in He's cellar we found material for our flags, and began our leather saving scheme. Red meant, "I'm in;" blue, "I'm out;" white, "I'm in, but can't come out." All went well until one day we forgot to change flags, and a tragedy nearly ensued. However, our friendship has not yet been shattered.

We now turn to flashlight signaling, which, you will soon find out, nearly cost me my life. He and I spent almost a whole afternoon in my cellar one winter's day, beside the furnace, learning the Morse Code. Occasionally I slipped upstairs to steal some refreshments to relieve the strain of study. Finally we decided that we had learned the signals and He started for home. Eight o'clock was the hour set for our trial, and I was to begin.

Eight o'clock, and all was well. The wind blew east, and it blew snow into my face as I leaned out to begin my test. I thought I would begin it dramatically, so I called He a name, with my light. As far as He was concerned I might have been in China, for he couldn't understand it. Finally I began to yell to him, and my voice shook the neighborhood. When He joined in it sounded like a Tong war. Our

yells would have made Paul Revere's sound like whispers. Here, however, my fun came to a close, with the window, on the arrival of my mother. How long He yelled to me I don't care, for I had other worries. After that He and I saw each other only a few times for months. Pneumonia set in, and I was laid up for a period that seemed a year.

These are but a few of my childish joys. These acts, although I didn't think of it then, were building, for me, a character; as for reputation—well, what is a reputation, anyway?

SCHOOL SPIRIT

Let us put into action school spirit as an important factor in our school life, not only in our studies, but also in our social life. Loyalty to our school, to the principles which it represents, to our teachers, and to ourselves, will create a new spirit of success.

Let me ask the question, "Are you a knocker or a booster?" A "knocker" is one who is always showing up the faults of the school but who offers no remedy. A "booster" is one who encourages a certain work, and who does his bit to help the cause.

As it is the aim of the editors of THE CLARION, and surely the desire of all pupils, to have our school paper on as high a plane as possible, nothing but the cream of the contributions received can be put before the public.

Let us, then, one and all, be boosters of THE CLARION, of Athletics, of the Student Council, of any worth while organization or idea. Eventually, every student will realize that "school spirit" will last long after school days are over—why not now?

CLARENCE ALEXANDER, '28.

ASSEMBLIES

The Composite Opinion of a Senior English Class

Tradition has ruled and custom decreed that, in the Arlington High School, assemblies be considered the bugbear of the Senior Class. Perhaps this is true for they certainly do pre-

sent Fate with a most favorable opportunity to give said Seniors a chance to display their cleverness and then, very unkindly, to show them that they are not as clever as they thought. And it is not at all, when once you have created the impression of lofty superiority and high mindedness, to wreck it through your own efforts.

Yet, how can we admit this? We must say with dignity, as becomes us, "Assemblies are the means of displaying to the undergraduates—you, my young Junior, and you, little Sophomore—the oratorical powers of us, the mighty Senior class. We are the source of all Law and Knowledge to you uninformed children. You must rid yourselves of the idea that assemblies are really for the express purpose of allowing you to catch up with your homework or to finish your morning's nap.

You must be attentive; listen carefully, clap conscientiously, and remember that he who laughs last, laughs best. Some day you, too, will be in our place!"

Assemblies might very well be compared with that old fashioned remedy, sulphur and molasses: exceedingly unpleasant, but highly beneficial. For in spite of our antipathy, we have to admit that public speaking gives us valuable experience that will be a help to us in later life. Nevertheless, privately, every Senior who has ever stood on the A. H. S. platform, and looked into a sea of faces, friendly, unfriendly, amused, bored, or actually interested, has rebelled against the day that incorporated Tuesday morning assemblies into the school program.

RUTH E. HOPKINS, '26.

Poetry

From the earliest times poetry has been looked upon as an art, and the man inspired by the Muse has been revered no less than his music. Of course, every land and age has its Peter Bells—literal, stolid souls who never thrill to see "a primrose by the river's brim," but most people, although somewhat Peter-Bellish, can find in poetry thoughts and feelings that have, perhaps, been undeveloped or suppressed in them. Emerson says, "If the imagination intoxicates the poet it is not inactive in other men. The metamorphosis excites in the beholder an emotion of joy." So let us try to appreciate the thought and mood in which these poems for THE CLARION were written. LOUISE BRADLEY.

Poetry Editor.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

I.

Where is the Past?
The Past is no more.
With a faint smile on her lips
She stands in the shadow
And mocks, or beckons, or reproves us,
But she has slipped over the sunset
Into the land of memory.

II.

The Present is here.
Stern-lipped, the fire of ambition in
her eyes,
She invokes us to Duty.
She stands in the noon sun—
High noon and opportunity;
Quick! we must seize her!
Swift! we must use her!
Ere she is gone forever.

III.

The Future is to come.
In a misty glow of anticipation;
Rainbow colors and promise
She stands calling—
Calling us to the morrow:
A new chance, new hope.
She belongs to the Universe;
In her is the world's Faith.

—RUTH E. HOPKINS, '26.

TRY—AND STUDY

When the autumn skies are bluest
And the trees are raining leaves—
When your thoughts of books are
fewest
And fair dreams your memory
weaves—
Just try—and study!

When the colors are the gayest
 And when nature's at her best—
 When your thoughts of school are
 gravest
 And you sadly need a rest—
 Just try—and study!

When the autumn woods are calling
 And you'd like to take a tramp—
 When the autumn rain is falling
 And your spirits, too, are damp—
 Just try—and study!

When the autumn sun is sinking
 And the sky is crimson-gold—
 When the autumn stars are blinking
 And the hunter's moon gleams cold—
 Just try—and study!

—ESTHER ALLEN, '26.

A WINTER SUNRISE

The icy trees like silver
 Cast silver shadows long,
 And silver bushes murmur
 A tinkling silver song.

II.

The sky is grey, but slowly,
 The darkness fades to light,
 And streaks of gold and crimson
 Declare the end of night.

III.

The trees awaken gently
 And lift their frosty arms
 As the bushes softly carol
 Their early morning psalms.

IV.

Then o'er the glistening frost-mark
 There comes a glowing ray,
 And the sun, a fiery herald,
 Proclaims the birth of Day.

Alumni Notes

We are glad to welcome back John Walsh, Janet MacLean, Ruth Foley, and Doris Neill Monroe as Post Graduates.

We are always glad to hear from our old friends and will publish in each issue of THE CLARION the news we hear about them.

Ruth Dugaan, Captain of last year's field hockey and basket ball teams, is working in the office at Foster Brothers on Mill Street.

While Marjorie Manning is becoming a "Cicero" at Emerson, Edith Johnson is furthering her education at Mount Holyoke.

Helen Stokes has gone way out to Indiana to De Pauw University.

Anna Hardy is at Bradford.

Margaret Merrill is at the Leslie School in Cambridge.

Fiona Braithwaite and Jean King, both of the class of '24 and Post Graduates last year, are at Wellesley College.

Sybil Olive, finding Sargent too strenuous, decided to take up the more delicate subject of music.

Edna Lowder is working at the Fed-

eral Reserve Bank in Boston.

Helen Norton is at Abbot Academy and Horace Gowans, although not a graduate, is at Suffield Academy, Connecticut.

Alton Masters, Pembroke Brown, and Warren Dronet are at Exeter Academy. "AL" has made the football team there, while his brother, "Lead," is playing football at Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville, Maine.

Charlie Denner is at Georgetown University playing football with Bill Miller.

"Fish" Harington and Ed. Lane are playing football together at Hebron Academy. Although Ed. isn't a graduate of A. H. S., we mention him because most of us know him.

Bradford Doty, "Our Little Minister," is digging ditches for his father.

Donald Jones is at Bowdoin with his brother Jimmie.

Frank Goodwin has a sweet job working for the Burbank Candy Company in Cambridge.

Walter Dale is feeling very ambitious. He's going to Northeastern University and working, too.



FOOTBALL

Football candidates were called out the first week of school with about forty aspirants reporting. The veterans from last year's championship team were all in uniform, giving Coach Henriens a strong nucleus about which another championship team could be created. This is being done from all indications.

The curtain raiser was on September twenty-sixth with Westboro High School as our guest. The guest was treated pretty badly to the tune of 25 to 12. Every man on the Arlington squad was given a chance to show his prowess. This made thirty-two men representing the Red and Gray. Thirteen points were chalked up in the first six minutes of play and then an entirely new team was sent upon the field. Mahoney made two touchdowns while Keefe and McNamara accounted for the others. Hamm made the lone tally after a touchdown. Humphrey and Bullen scored for Westboro.

On October third the team, followed by a loyal bunch of rooters, went to Everett and in a struggle which resembled a swimming meet, with mud substituted for water, played the strong city eleven to a nothing to nothing deadlock. The game was a punting duel all the way with Hamm and Canty doing their assignments wonderfully. The whole team played a great game and received due notice in Boston papers.

October twelfth saw Arlington beat Quincy 6 to 0 before a huge crowd of spectators at Spy Pond Field. The score resulted from a beautiful pass

from Canty to Hamm, who did a fine bit of broken field running before crossing the last white line. Our line outplayed the Quincy boys and only once was our goal threatened. This boosted Arlington football stock still higher among sport circles.

The first Mystic Valley League game was on October seventeenth at Arlington; Wakefield furnishing the opposition. Our boys promptly took the enemy into camp with a 33 to 0 score. Arlington used substitutes freely during the afternoon.

During the half John Buckley was accidentally injured and was taken to the Hospital. This catastrophe marred the afternoon for many, as the plucky athlete is well liked by every one.

That Arlington will win the Mystic Valley League Championship is not doubted. The team has showed superiority over Rindge, Cambridge Latin, and Somerville in scrimmages and bids fair to be among the best teams of the State.

On October 24, our boys lost a hard fought battle to the superior Haverhill team after holding them scoreless for two periods. Arlington fought gallantly, but lost its defensive power in the early minutes of the second half. From then on Haverhill had its own way. Arlington's only score came when Captain Hamm intercepted a forward pass and raced fifty yards for a touchdown. The try for point that followed was unsuccessful; thus the final score was 20 to 6. The band and the cheerers pushed Arlington all the way, and kept faith until the shadows settled

down on the stadium and the final whistle was blown. This game, nevertheless, was a moral, and financial victory for the losers.

WOBURN GAME

On October 31st another league game was played at Woburn. It was a slow game on a poor field, and the Arlington players did not show the playing that they are capable of. The ball was in the enemy's territory all of the time and many of their punts were blocked by Red and Gray linesmen. Substitutions were frequent throughout the game which resulted in a 19 to 0 victory for the champions. Only one try for point after touchdown was successful out of three attempts by our team.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The cross-country team is in for another great season if everything holds true to form as it probably will. To the five veterans of last year's champions, Captain Jerry O'Neill, Cliff Merrill, Ros Eldridge, Del Everett, and E. Brown many new runners have been added, making a very formidable array of hill and dalers. Johnnie Walsh, last year's captain, is taking a P. G. course and is able to work out with the team and run in some races. The annual race with St. John's Prep, on October ninth, was postponed until November, thus making the first race come with the Harvard Freshmen on October sixteenth. The yearlings were decisively defeated by the Arlington runners. Ros Eldridge breasted the tape a short distance ahead of Johnnie Kelley. Flaheman, Harvard '29, was third; Johnnie Walsh, fourth; Wilde (H. '29), fifth; Merrill, sixth; James Kelley, seventh; Smith (H. '29), eighth, and Troy, ninth. The score in favor of Arlington was: A. H. S. 18, Harvard '29, 39.

On October 21th the cross-country team defeated the Tech freshman team over the Arlington course. A thrilling race for first place honors was fought all the way between McKlintock of Tech '29 and Eldridge of Arlington. The Tech captain just nosed out El-

dridge by a yard, lowering the record time of the course by 18 seconds. The score of the race was Arlington 22, Tech '29, 45. The runners finished in the following order: — McKlintock (Tech), 1; Eldridge (Arl.), 2; John Kelley (Arl.), 3; Payson (Tech), 4; Wood (Arl.), 5; Everett (Arl.), 6; Hilliard (Arl.), 7; O'Neill (Arl.), 8; Merrill (Arl.), 9; Kelley (Arl.), 10; Worthan (Tech), 11; O'Keefe (Arl.), 12; Burgess (Tech), 13; Troy (Arl.), 14; Brown (Arl.), 15.

Time, 14.37.

WOBURN RACE

The Woburn Harriers raced at Arlington on October 26th. There was nothing to it for the Arlington runners, seven of which finished abreast for first place. Woburn's first runner finished in ninth place. The seven men tied for first were Captain O'Neill, Merrill, Hilliard, Wood, Eldridge, Everett, and Kelley. Woburn's first man to finish was Nelson.

GIRLS' FIELD HOCKEY

For several years, Arlington has had one of the best, if not the best, Girls' Field Hockey team in Greater Boston. This is not a mere boast but an absolute fact. Don't you recall that the team of '23 defeated Winthrop, the champions of the Northern Division League, for the championship of the Greater Boston League; and last year, that the girls again as victors of the Southern Division League, clashed with our old rivals, Melrose, in a thrilling game that ended in a 1 to 1 tie which, on account of bad weather was never played off? This year—well, time will tell!

The one thought that comes to mind when considering these past successes is, who deserves the credit? Of course, the girls worked hard and deserved much praise, but the one who was, in a large part, responsible for the skill and dexterity of each player was and is our very efficient coach, Miss Catherine McCarthy.

So far, this year's team, captained by Helen Lane and managed by Dor-

othy Jones, has done famously. Because of bad weather, a practice game with Concord was postponed, so the first conflict was fought with Lexington, one of the league, on October 6, on Spy Pond Field. Lexington offered plenty of opposition, but Arlington came through victorious after breaking a tie in the last period for a score of 3 to 2.

The summary:

<i>Arlington</i>	<i>Lexington</i>
Eldridge, Corcoran . . l.w.	Nicci
Swift	li. Foley
Smith	c.f. Wilson
Famolari	r.i. Whittier
Corcoran, Crosby . . . r.w. . . .	Sumner
Waite	l.h.b. . . . McKay
Lane	c.h.b. . . . Peterson
Jones	r.h.b. . . . Brown
Walker	l.f.b. . . . Webster
Ch'mb'r'l'n, Johnson . r.f.b. . . .	Terhune
Gamage	g. Waite

Score: Arlington 3, Lexington 2.

Goals made by Smith 3, Nicci, and Wilson.

October 15 was the day of our next game on Spy Pond Field with Dedham, another of the league. There was a decided improvement in the playing of our team over that with Lexington; every player worked hard and well and made very few errors. It was another of those trying tie affairs for awhile, but, after some exciting playing, we came out on top with the score 2 to 1.

The summary:

<i>Arlington</i>	<i>Dedham</i>
Corcoran	l.w. Ambrose
Swift, Turner	li. Sevangie
Smith	c.f. Gibb
Famolari	r.i. Piotti
Crosby	r.w. Buchanan
Waite	l.h.b. . . . Goodwin
Lane	c.h.b. . . . Sihoa
Jones	r.h.b. . . . Larcom
Walker	l.f.b. . . . Thibault
Johnson	r.f.b. . . . Archibald
Gamage	g. McGartney

Score: Arlington 2, Dedham 1.

Goals made by Smith 2, Gibb 1.

Exchanges

*"Blame where you must, be candid
when you can,
And be each critic the Good Natured
Man."*

—GOLDSMITH.

You readers of THE CLARION, don't forget the Exchange department! It has its purpose—that of telling you what other schools say about our paper and of giving us the opportunity, in turn, to comment on their publications. We all like praise, we all should be grateful for kindly and constructive criticism, so, in reading THE CLARION, don't omit entirely the column headed *Exchanges*. It's there for a reason.

THE CLARION is pleased to receive and comment on the following:

The Senior Flicker, Gloucester High School. Your senior paper is just fine. We wish especially to commend your "As You Were" and "As You Will Be" pages; they were quite un-

ique. Your Poetry Column is also good.

The Recorder, Winchester High School. Your Senior issue was very complete in its summary of the history of the class of '25, but where were the personal Class Notes? Was everyone so serious at graduation time, that they were forgotten?

The Gardner Argus. A very complete and interesting Senior issue, not forgetting your extensive Exchange Department and the Club Notes.

The Somerville Radiator Year Book. Here is a fine magazine, interesting all the way through. Your summaries, photographs, cartoons, in short, everything, deserve only commendation. Your school is certainly to be congratulated.

(*Exchanges con* *gc* 16)



Coach Henrius: "We're going to start on the dummy in a minute; where's Pierce?"

Bright Soph: "Oh, yes, I got a letter for basket-ball down in Junior High."

Still Brighter: "Really. Weren't they nice; who wrote it?"

Helen: "Did you hear what is all over the school?"

Dot: "No, what is it?"

Helen: "Why, the roof, of course."

Only One at a Time

Marshall Bacon, directing traffic outside of the office, saw coming towards him a group of students. The idea of some one deliberately walking double file. So, Bacon, in a stern voice, "Single file, please." And then he recognized them (him). "Oh, excuse me, Dale."

Teacher: "What happened to you last period, Willie?"

Willie: "I fell."

Teacher: "Where?"

Willie: "Asleep."

Caniff: "Do you know Gaskill is going to be a great wit some day."

Roberts: "Yes, he's a half wit already."

F. Rosenberger: "What are those words, White Wings?"

Miss Sydnor: "Yes, something you will never get."

Rosenberger: "Well, I won't be lonesome!"

Corcoran: "They're having a circus."

Hamm: "Who?"

Corcoran: "Barnum and Bailey."

We are thoroughly convinced that the writers of the following songs spent some time in A. H. S.:

All Alone—Teacher in R. 14 at 1.03.

Driftwood—Sophomores' heads.

That Red-Head Gal—Dot MacDonald.

Pal of My Cradle Days—Senior voices.

How Come You Do Me Like You Do?—said Quincy at the Football game.

The Only Only One—Deficiency Slip (?)

Polly of Hollywood—Clarice MacNeil.

Save Your Sorrow—Until you get your next report card.

Collegiate—G. Winn, R. Goodale.

I Ain't Got No Money—Everyone at lunch.

Oh, How I Miss You Tonight—Homework during vacation.

Sophomore coming into R. 31 late.
Mr. Boynton: "Who kept you?"
Soph.: "Gym."

The Arlington rooters were not the only ones who were cheering for our team to win at the Quincy High Game. We were represented by two dogs who were barking joyously when Hamm caught Canty's forward and made the score that won the game.

His Meal Ticket

Mr. Henriens must have been preparing for a rainy day when he selected his assistants. He has that good old Boston plate, coffee (Mr. Coffey) and beans, (Mr. Bean).

In fact, he has a coffee plantation. Last year we had the bean and this year comes the coffee.

When a football player is hurt, Mr. Coffey rushes on the field to serve refreshments.

We like Bobby Goodale in his striped suit, but how did he escape? But on with the dance; let youth have its fling.

The two Ima Brothers, Ima Goop and Ima Nut were with us at THE CLARION Assembly, and signed slips for a subscription, but since then we have not been able to locate them.

Among THE CLARION subscriptions we received was a subscription for the Jewish World from a certain Tom Kenny, 150 Memorial Drive, Care of Cuckoo Mike, R. 48.

The best we can do for him is to send him a copy of this publication and let him read it backwards.

Something in His Pocket

Latest statistics show that Swadkins has gained a pound and a half and has grown two inches taller during the last year. Keep it up, Swadkins.

Fair Play

Why not have a teachers' assembly for a change and give the Seniors a rest?

Serious
Energetic
Notable
Intelligent
Original
Remarkable
Sensible

D. Blevins: "How do you make sawdust?"

R. Crosby: "I don't know."

D. Blevins: "Come on, use your head, now."

Mr. Stickney's Law Conferences are getting popular by the applications for reserved seats that are coming in daily.

Miss Sydnor: "Your voice is too deep."

Celia Seammon: "I know it."

Miss Sydnor: "Then practice this every day, Me-ow, Me-ow."

(Continued from page 14)

The Haverhill Chronicle. You have a very newsy little newspaper, but where is your Literary Department?

The M. H. S. Review, Medford. Your stories are very good and your Alumni and Exchange Departments well edited.

The Everett Broadcast. As a school newspaper, yours would be hard to surpass. We were interested in the recent article on "Loyalty."

The Punch Harder, Andover. We are glad to hear from you again. Your Literary Department still "makes" your paper. How about some real Class Notes?

The Wampatuck, Braintree. A very complete and well edited paper, though your cuts could be improved. Your language departments are most interesting.

The Bowdoin College Orient. You seem to have a well arranged college newspaper. Do you ever publish stories or poems by the students?

Two of a Kind

Lawson: "Walking with you makes me think of Stevenson."

Roberts: "How come?"

Lawson: "Travels with a donkey."

Roberts: "Well, people are judged by the company they keep!"

Cohen: "No matter where you go, you always find the Jewish people are the leading race."

Spang: "How about up in Alaska?"

Cohen: "Well, the Icebergs aren't Presbyterians, are they?"

A poet on a rainy day
Sat in his study, musing,
His mind refused to do its stuff,
His mentality he was losing.

As he sat in silent reverie,
His mind began to think;
His thoughts were on the highest plane,
He wished he had a drink.

"Ah-hah," the gentle reader cries,
"This poet is a sot,
He'll never write a masterpiece;
That stuff, his ribs, will rot."

The gentle reader is mistaken,
This poet is no boozier;
He knows if he sticks to water,
He'll never be the loser.

—FRANCIS KEEFE, '26.

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KEDS

The *Snow* and *Hale* Delayed the *Savage Chamberlaine* in the *Wood Shedd* in the *Lane* and he was forced to *Frye Hamm* and *Bacon* to pay the *Taylor* the *Niccol* which he owed him for sewing the *Button* on his *Brown* and *White Milton*.

A *Walker*, *Cram* full of *Good ale*, going by the *Shedd* with his *Fairchild* in his new *Ford* collided with a *Dodge* driven by a *Yale* man who was quite the *Berrys*, being a *Stoker* on the *Leviathan*. Just then a *Carpenter* from *Easton Dale* went by, and the *Fairchild* cried, "Oh, he has a *Strapp*, *Cauty Treat* our *Ford*?"

But our *Yale* man was the quicker. "I *Pray* you, *Sweetser*," he cried, "How is the *Woodworth* to put a *Woodend* on my *Dodge*?"

The *Carpenter* cried, "O'Neill down and *Pray*; we will *Winn*, yet, and they did.

Program of Assemblies as George Winn would have it:

1. Let us rise, shake hands, and sing 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.'
2. A selection from 'College Humor,' followed by a solo, 'Collegiate,' by George Winn.
3. A clog dance by Henry Spang.
4. Selection by the male quartette, 'That Red-Head Gal,' by B. Sproul, Red Barr.
5. Why I prefer Arlington High School—John Lane.
6. Why I prefer a football hero—Es-ther Dewing.
7. Exhibition of aesthetic dancing by John Dale and Ruth Davis.
8. Why I joined the Dramatic Club—Bob Sproul.
9. Closing hymn, 'Work, for the Night is Coming.'
10. Exit Seniors to the strains of Chopin's Funeral March.

Rosie's Ambitions

I'd like to be a football player,
To run for gains and losses;
But oh, to be a fireman,
And speak rough to the horses.

Nothing New

Wanted: A girl to serve sandwiches
16 years old!

Miss Sydnor to Joe Ennis standing
t the ice cream counter waiting to be
erved, with a spoon in his hand:
What's the matter, Joe?"

Ennis: "All I have is a spoon."

Miss Sydnor: "Well, don't you like
poons?"

Ennis: "Oh, Miss Sydnor!"

surely hope it does get warm
As I am very cold;
f it will only get warmer
My story will be told.

do not like cold weather at all,
As I am about to say;
o why is it so cold today?
Please drive the cold away.

don't know why the wind does blow,
I really do not know;
he wind keeps blowing more and
more—

I hope we don't have snow.

he stars are shining bright above,
The moon peeps through the trees;
hope the wind will let up soon,
Or I think that I shall freeze.

—J. DONNELLY.

M.: "Were your chemistry experi-
ments accepted?"

R. W.: "Yes, were yours?"

M.: "Yes, I got an A. F.; what does
at mean?"

Miss R.: "What does demagogue
ean?"

Miss H.: "A half God."

Miss G.: "No! A Jewish Temple."

H. Davis: "How do you cure her-
ings?"

E. Brown: "You ought to know,
ou've been sick."

Dramatic Club Note

We wonder if the cast has located
he Rajah's Rabbis.

CHATS WITH YOUR GAS MAN

WHEN CHILDREN DECIDE

THE other day a well-to-
do man went to an architect's
office and made a unique re-
quest. He said he wanted
plans for a home that would
please his children—a home
that his children would love
and take pride in.

When the plans were sub-
mitted for approval the man,
his wife and their three chil-
dren were present. The par-
ents said nothing. The chil-
dren examined the plans.
made some minor changes
here and there, and put their
approval on the finished
drawing. Then the contrac-
tor submitted his estimates,
the father was surprised to
discover that the cost was far
under what he had thought it
would be. The children had
actually saved him money by
specifying essentials instead
of what he termed "frills and
refinements."

One of those essentials was
gas service throughout the
house.

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 and Supplies, Smokers Articles, etc.
 Popular Music

A paper signed A. Lawrence Gaskill was found. We wonder if it could be Arthur. One can never tell, can one?

The old saying that good things came in small packages is true as far as Cyclone Winn is concerned. To watch him plow through the line in the scrimmages would make Loobie ambitious.

We wish to inform Roland Anderson and all the other sophomores that nickels are not refunded for milk bottles at the lunch counter.

They say you get spring fever
 Just after winter's done,
 But I've some kind of fever now
 That isn't any fun.

I'm tired of books, I'm tired of school,
 (I never liked it much);
 I'm tired of eating, tired of sleeping,
 Tired of work and such.

I'm tired of dancing, movies, plays,
 I'm tired of getting razz;
 I'm tired of everything there is,
 I'm even tired of jazz!

They say you get spring fever
 Just after winter's done,
 But I've some kind of fever,
 That isn't any fun!

—E. ALDEN.

Higher Math

Miss Bullock's six period Algebra class is not satisfied with extracting square roots. It is now extracting the wild root, cheroot, arrowroot, and what not, to say nothing of the uprooting and rerooting. Ask Donnelly; he knows how it's done.

Let's Hope So!

Forecast for Boston and vicinity:
 Friday fair and warmer, probably followed by Saturday.

Miss Sydnor in oral English: "Now, Hamm, say 'Oh, woe!' Say it tragically as if you'd lost a football game."

Hamm: "Yes, but I wouldn't say that!"

THE CLARION

ARLINGTON
HIGH
SCHOOL




of
ARLINGTON
MASS.



Yuletide
Number



"THE VOICE OF THE SCHOOL"





The Clarion
wishes you all
A Happy and
Successful
New Year

Arlington High School Clarion

Volume III.

ARLINGTON (Boston), MASS., JANUARY, 1926

Number 2

	<h2>Clarion Staff</h2> <p>Editor-in-Chief ...GRIFFITH ROBERTS, '26 Assistant Editors ...ESKIL PETERSON, '26 WALTER ATKINSON, '27 FLORENCE YOUNG, '27 Business Manager...RICHARD BLASDALE, '26 Advertising Manager...JOSEPH ENNIS, '26 Faculty Advisor.....ALICE TREAT Assistant Manager...ALBERT BROOKS, '27 Asst. Advertising Mgr. ..WALTER TAFT, '26</p>	
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Editorials

JOURNALISM

The utilizing of all opportunities assures success. This statement needs no verification. Notice, however, I have said ALL opportunities. Your school offers innumerable opportunities in its curricula, which, sad to say, are not perceived or taken advantage of by the student body.

To the casual observer a course in journalism would be lacking at Arlington High School; but to the seeker of knowledge such a course would be easily detected. Although the course is not advertised in print in the school catalog it is here, nevertheless. Some say, opportunity knocks but once; but in truth it raps continually.

In choosing your career, have you given journalism a trial? The odds are that you haven't. Do you know that newspaper work is one of the most interesting forms of occupation open to men and women of today? Remember, the pen is mightier than the sword.

THE CLARION affords an opportunity for work in practically every branch

of this vocation. The benefit you derive from the school paper depends wholly on you. Whether you are a potential "Neal O'Hara" or a "Whiting" remains to be seen. Why not find out? A word to the wise is sufficient.

THE EDITOR.

MARKS ARE WORTHLESS

Foreword:—Capable scholars who lack ambition are requested not to read this article. It does not pertain to them.

Marks are invalid; they are unjust; they are misleading; they deceive to such an extent that they should be abolished. But this is impossible. Why? Simply because schools are overflowing with the type of person referred to in the foreword. Disregard this distinguished group and I will prove to you why marks violate the truth.

In order to obtain a solid foundation for my proof, it is necessary for me to

allude to the ultimate purpose of school, conceptions of which, vary to a certain extent. Unfortunately, the majority conclude their deliberations erroneously, appraising the worth of school on the quantity of matter obtained, that is to say, memorized facts. Vocationally they are correct in their decision. The minority, on the other hand, believe that schools and colleges should develop the students inherited faculties, thus permitting him to win the best that life has to offer. The functioning of the mind develops accuracy and speed whether that mental action produces an "A" or a "C."

So now, if I have made my point clear, I will endeavor to establish its truth and reality.

Two boys enroll in an institution of learning (not a trade school) on the same day, neither of them being similar to the "foreword model," both being ambitious. The first boy is brilliant; the second is dull. They are conducted to a physics or algebra class where they pay strict attention to the instructor, who, at the termination of a lengthy discussion dismisses the class with ten problems for homework. The first boy, being intelligent, solves his problems in thirty minutes with only a little brain action; while the second boy ponders over his problems, deliberating for perhaps two hours. He finally completes three with extensive brain action. Now, I ask you, which boy has deduced the greatest benefit from the homework? Why, the second boy, of course. Yet the teacher's record book credited the first boy with an "A," and the second boy with a "Z." So, you see, results denote the grade of your mental ability, but fail to show the value you are getting from your work. Perhaps you think I have contradicted myself here; but I haven't and you will agree with me if you recall the non-vocational object of school. Therefore, from this argument we gather that a dull pupil receives greater benefit from school than a brilliant one, which is true.

So, my children, as a conclusion, let me advise you not to work for marks,

for in reality they are a curse; work to develop your mind; strive for quality and marks will take care of themselves. If you fail to understand some problem, don't give it up until you conquer it, regardless of your marks in the meantime; for you will derive greater benefit if you do so. As for the result of the mark—as a mark—well, read the title.

THE EDITOR.

"CLARION CLASSICS"

To miss this splendid production would be pure folly, for never before in the history of this school has such an array of talented artists performed behind the footlights of our auditorium. It is not necessary to mention any names, because you, no doubt, are familiar with these stars who have been advertised about the school. However, it would be unwise not to mention our most able director, and comedian, Fred Rosenberger, to whom much credit is due for this mammoth attraction. The CLARION also wishes to thank the Trinity Athletic Club for their co-operation in making moving pictures a possibility for this entertainment.

The proceeds of this entertainment will be used to produce a bigger and better paper. So, if you have not done your bit, here is your chance to do so and kill two birds with one stone. Please reserve the afternoon of January 7 for a riot of fun.

—THE EDITOR.

FOOTBALL vs. EDUCATION

Football, the sport of sports, is the cause of much discussion in this present day, when one will invent a subject for the sake of argument.

Is football destroying the standards of education that America upholds? Does the modern boy go to college for an education in English or in touch-downs? Does he care more about making a good forward pass in the "big game" than passing with honors in history and Greek? Is America football crazy? What is football anyway? A scrambling, scrabbling, struggling mass of human bodies, fighting for a

seven—a fourteen—a twenty-one; or a team of clean-cut, clear-minded youths, pulling together in the spirit of a healthy, vigorous game? "The last," you enthusiasts reply. But after the game, is that same enthusiasm, that same spirit, that same determination carried out in the bigger, more serious games of Life? Is there still that same desire to play fair, that same striving for greater victories? Does the present-day youth work for a higher goal than that on the football field? Does he dream only of adding his name to the long list of football heroes, or is he eager to leave behind him the memory of one who has done his best to better his country, who has helped humanity?

We can prove that the greatest men of the country have not been football heroes, but can we prove that great football heroes have not become strong, fair-playing citizens? Can we prove that football has been a stumbling block in the progress of our country? True, it has not had to stand the test of time—but will it? Will it conquer Education or will it be content to remain a healthy recreation?

Anything can be carried to an extreme. Can we not strike a happy medium, and allow the body and mind to pull together? D. E. B.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit is a subject that has been discussed and disputed in scholastic papers and magazines ever since we can remember, and yet, how many of us can honestly say that we possess that admirable quality? How many of us can truthfully declare that we support to the best of our ability, all school activities and enterprises? Thosefortunates who can, must be few. Otherwise would not more than thirteen, from a room seating forty people, subscribe to THE CLARION?

Our school paper has been appropriately called "The Voice of the School," but if we close our ears to that voice how can we know what our classmates are doing in academic, social and athletic branches of school life? Surely

every normal person is interested in what his associates achieve. THE CLARION realizes this and attains a praiseworthy degree of success in enlightening its readers; however, our paper could be made vastly more newsy, interesting and attractive if its managers had the financial means to make it so. This means more subscriptions, and as our subscription list is away below par, subscriptions we must get.

You who have subscribed boost our paper to those who haven't! Tell them its good points; tell them how it interests *you*, tell how it will interest *them*; above all tell them to subscribe! Let us apply our foot-ball enthusiasm to the support of THE CLARION—"and get 'em now!"

F. E. YOUNG, '27.

THE FOOTBALL OFFICIALS

Competent officials are a boon to any contest between rival teams, making the game more interesting to watch and more satisfactory for the players. The advantage of having efficient officials is clearly apparent in football, for with twenty-two players on the field the officials have no easy task. They should, therefore, have the ability to cope with the situation to the satisfaction of players and spectators.

Rules are necessary, of course, and they must be enforced to keep the game on the proper level, but in such enforcement the qualities of an official should be an unbiased neutrality and a concrete knowledge of his appointed task.

Judging from what I have seen of the work of officials in football games played this fall, I think that an improvement is needed. What is more disgusting or more galling to a team and its supporters than to see a beautiful play which has netted many yards discounted and a penalty imposed for an offence which in the minds and hearts of the boys was not committed? And, again, isn't it enough to make the most pious of us sore to see a penalty, not merited, pave the way to a score for the opponents? Moreover, in an

important, closely contested game I saw a fifteen-yard penalty imposed for an offside play. Later in the game the proper penalty of five yards was inflicted for the identical offence. In another game the offside penalty was repeatedly unjustly inflicted, at least, the author believes so. If the officials had been capable, this would not have happened. These incidents and repeated instances of the same sort have proved the incompetence of officials at our football games.

I understand that these officials are selected by a central board which demands no special qualifications in the form of an examination, from the men selected for the positions. This is a mistake, for the men willing to accept such positions are not always suited for the work. I believe that steps should be taken to insure the selection of officials whose actions will not spoil or mar otherwise excellent football games.

IF

(For Non-Clarion Supporters)

If you had the job of getting
 Stories with the proper setting
 And a plot that's interesting and new,
 With a topic that's appealing
 And the right amount of feeling,
 And most accurate punctuation all
 way thru.
 If you had to strain your eyesight,
 Reading poems that didn't rhyme
 right,
 Finding good descriptive words in
 every line—
 Verse that can be called poetical
 And at the same time metrical
 (Well, you see, those two words do
 not rhyme.)
 If you had to fret and worry,
 And the last few minutes hurry,
 To get an editorial in on time.
 Or in all your different classes
 With a pair of strong field glasses
 Had to search for clever jokes and
 rhyme,
 Would you feel that you were lacking
 The proper loyal backing
 When you didn't get donations from
 the rest,

Who with disappointed faces,
 Criticise the empty spaces,
 When to fill them up they haven't done
 their best?

If you have imagination,
 Just consider the temptation
 Of the editors, to give their jokes away.
 But to yield would mean an ending
 Of the cause that we're defending
 And it's up to you to help us win—
 to-day!

—D. E. B.

A HINT

Blake-books are given out at the end of the year as a reward for good scholarship and character. The football team is banqueted and almost all sports are duly recognized. There is one activity that suffers somewhat from due reward and that is "CLARION Contributions." You don't get any points for it. (Most of them are rejected anyhow.) Suppose that some nice person should make a suggestion that——. Well, you get the idea, don't you?

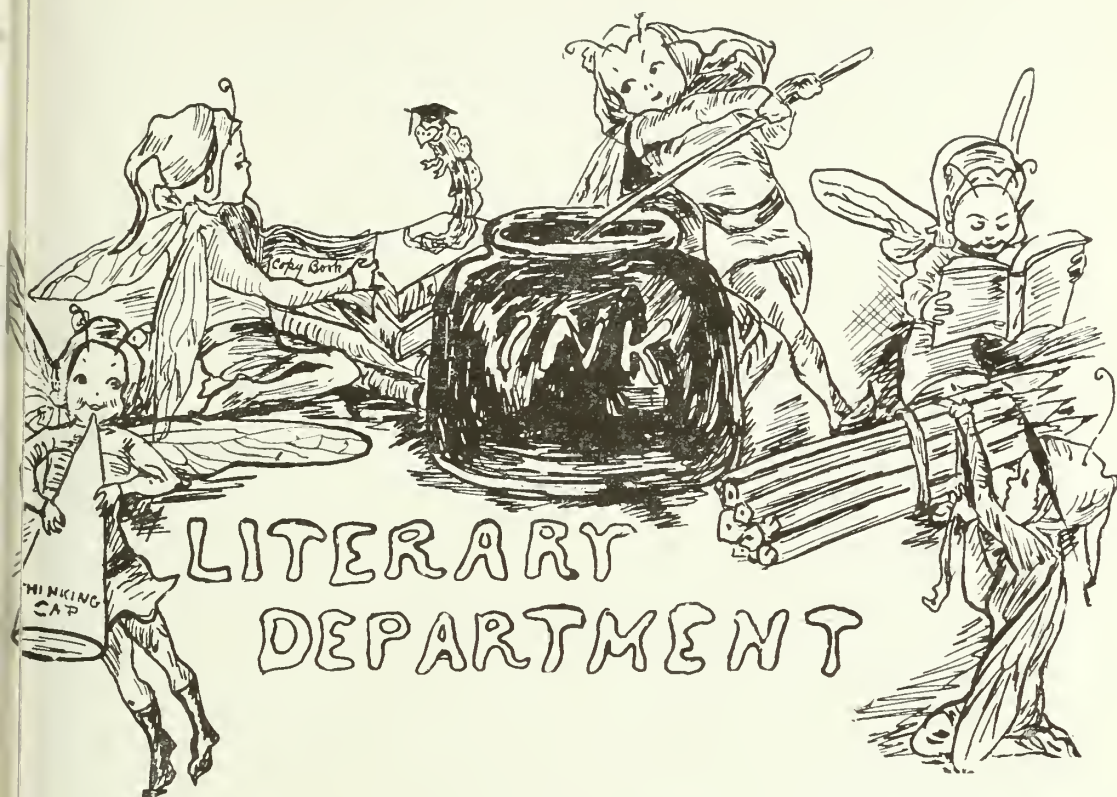
H. HAMM.

Pine Crest School,
 Belchester, Mass.,
 December 2, 1925.

Dear Ma:

They ain't no Sandy Claws, so don't try to bull me this year. Gee, ma, will ya please send me a bottle of listrine quick? Johnny caught a little kitty in back of the skool and he thinks it's got halitosis. I got my thanksgivin basket but you musta been kinda excited cause I found the turkey in the vacuum bottle and the cider on the plate—what was left of it. I was playin football the other day and another feller stepped on me. The instructor tol me I oughta soap my tongue but I don't see why; it didn't hurt there. I'm havin a fine time here except fer gography and histry and etc. Good by fer now cause I gotta go out and see Don slide down the drainpipe in his pajamas which the upperclassmen is making him do.

Your Lovin son,
 ARCHIBALD HENRY.



DOROTHY BLEVINS, *Editor*

AD INFINITUM EST

There are some things which are of very little importance in the lifetime of a person but which use up a great deal of time. Long ago I came across a mystery, in which, the more I thought of it, the more deeply entangled I became. The thought at first was just a pleasure, but now I feel that if I could answer this problem I could answer many others.

Have you ever noticed the picture on an oysterette box? There is a man seated on a box prying open oysters. Beside the box on which the man is seated, there is a box of oysterettes. Now on this box of oysterettes there is a picture of a man opening oysters, and beside him there is another box of oysterettes. On this box of oysterettes there is a picture of a man opening oysters, and beside the box on which he is seated there is another box of oysterettes.

In our senior algebra classes some of us have learned how to find the Limit of the sum of an Infinite Decreasing Geometrical Progression by using

the formula $s = a \div r - 1$. In this case a equals the original box of oysterettes and r equals the difference between this box and the box beside the box on which the man is seated. S remains the unknown for some algebra wizard to solve.

If the numerical answer is returned to me before I forget all the math I know, I will take a trip to the place where parallel lines meet and know what a quantity divided by zero equals.

A DESCRIPTIVE ESSAY

The hour is three; the setting, mid-Atlantic on a cold May morning; the director, the keeper of Hades, Satan.

The deep black sea is gently tossing its foamed tipped billows beneath a moon, which, now and then, slips behind a dull black cloud casting gruesome shadows over the water. All is still as death on this mammoth grave, the silence being broken only by the creak of a pulley, or the swish of a wave. Unaware of the other's presence, each of two toilers of the sea are

nearing each other; one driven by nature's force, the other by man's invention. The larger is a liner, the smaller, a freighter of an obsolete type.

Suddenly, a deafening crash is followed by screams from the liner, and curses from the freighter. Pandemonium reigns. The huge liner has rammed the "square rigger" amidships and has backed off leaving her to her fate. For three minutes she flounders, and then plunges with her mighty expanse of canvas below the cruel sea carrying human life with her.

The director claps his hands and calls for more.

Gloriously, before she sinks, the "Barque" fights to remain afloat as she tips on her side half submerging her yards and sails, finally sinking stern first. Clinging to debris in the gray water, men curse, pray, groan, and yell for mercy and deliverance from that accursed grave. God, life is good. Men who have almost forgotten their mother's prayers call on God for help. Someone swears. How terrible the curse sounds now. How pitiful, when sailors, the world's hardest, weep and pray to the God they have cursed. One calls for a knife. He has lost his fight.

Three hours have passed when daylight breaks, cold and gray, revealing five floating bodies, stiff and stark, the toil of the sea to add to that mammoth grave. Five lone heads now bob on the water. Close by are two more who neither see, hear, nor speak. The five see, far off in the distance, one tall mast, fast fading from sight, taking with it the only hope for five men. Again, in unison; they call on their Maker for mercy; but, no, the ship fades farther, and farther away, until but a mere speck is visible on the horizon. With uplifted empty eyes they give up hope and resign themselves to their fate.

The director is neglectful, for no sharks appear on the scene; or would it have been merciful?

Numbness overtakes them and they are comfortable, in that semi-unconsciousness that precedes death. A wave

washes over the five lone prospects for death; grim, black death and another passes on, leaving but four.

And so in this manner four souls give up the mental fight for life on a boundless ocean.

The director, however, grows weary.
G. W. R., '26.

SCENES IN WINTER

The City

The grayish colored snow is banked against the dark, brick buildings, and the icy blasts send the people hurrying along the streets with their garments wrapped tightly about them. The few short hours of the sunlight have melted the snow, but soon Jack Frost creeps out and freezes the water. The ice is not silver and clean as a lake but dirty and muddy from the heavy traffic that continually passes over it. The stores are brilliantly lighted and decorated with Christmas trees and green and red ribbons. Everyone is hurrying. Nobody minds if he is jostled, because everyone is happy with Christmas near.

The Country

The scene is entirely different here. The sleigh glides swiftly over the snow naked roads and by white fields, past a red farmhouse sheltered by the wooded hills. The house looks warm and cosy though just above it the leafless branches of the trees are tossing in a cold wind. In the small village the little white church, the general store and the small cottages are all covered by the same white blanket. The people are going to and fro exchanging holiday greetings, for they too, know that Winter brings with it the anniversary of the birth of the Christ child.

The Sea Coast

The waves dash high on the wintry coast. The lighthouse stands out cold and dark against the laden sky. There is a tang of the sea in the air. The old fishermen no longer stand on the wharf telling tales of the sea but hobble toward the general store to sit around the fire and tell their yarn familiar to every member of the vil-

lage. The yule tide has brought many schooners into the harbor because the men have come home to be with their families and friends on the best day of all the year.

—ANITA ANDRES, '28.

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN OLD ENGLAND

Christmas Eve! Snow covers the ground, and there is no sign of its ceasing. Everyone is hustling to and fro with mysterious bundles. The whole aspect is so Christmasy, that it makes everyone tingle with excitement. It is dusk, and as we make our way around the old streets of the English town, we have a strange feeling.

Now we pause before a stately house, which has lost some of its dignified appearance. As we stand outside, we look in and see the happy family gathered around the table in the large hall. But there seems to be an extra place. This is set in memory of the Christ Child. The place is heaped with all sorts of good things, and set with the best silver. We are told that any beggar can partake of this bountiful feast.

As the family finishes their repast, we follow them to the great hall. There, some servants are placing the Yule log on the fireplace, and someone is preparing to light it. We are told that a log of this sort is to be seen in every fireplace on Christmas Eve, and that it is so huge, it burns for twenty-four hours.

Now the family turns to the tree which glows with the light of its candles. The presents are distributed, and after everyone exclaims over his gifts, their minds are turned to other amusements. The children are allowed to stay up, and everyone joins in giving them a good time.

What is that? It is the waits singing their carols. We learn that the custom of carol singing began with the waits. The poor minstrels of the towns and cities assemble to sing their carols each Christmas Eve. The people in return give gifts of money and food.

The excitement is all over for the present. It is nearing midnight, and

as the big town clock strikes the hour, the great house settles down to quietness and darkness, until the early morning ushers in the dawn of Christmas with all its joys. B. O., '28.

ON A RAINY DAY

To me a rainy day, such as Sunday, October twenty-fifth, is quite fascinating. One can hear so many more different sounds than on a sunny day. As I sit at my desk studying, the pitter-patter of the rain against the window is very restful. The wind is howling around the north side of my house, and I can imagine Mr. North-Wind, a flowing grey cloak wrapped around him, his limbs gnarled, and an expression of determination on his face as he tears through the trees and hurls the leaves from the branches, leaving the hills bare, as an old worn pine floor, instead of the gorgeous Persian rug which they once represented. The rain-drops tapping on the window sills sound as though they might be a fairy musician's metronome. It seems miraculous to think that the rain comes so many thousand miles from the sky down to earth to give us vegetation here. I have often wondered why it is that sometimes the rain falls heavily and then in a few moments lightly again. A rainy day certainly has its charms as well as its dreariness.

A THANKFUL CHRISTMAS

Let us be merry, rejoicing in the glad tidings of great joy and the many blessings bestowed on us.

The school board has done away with Mid-years with one bold stroke, thus eliminating the Waterloo of many.

The new lunch room, completed at last, has proved a great success, and the cookery, for luring our hungry eyes, is excellent.

We are now, in the first days of December, rewarded with fifteen minutes more of sleep for which reason we should imagine that some one appreciates us after all.

We have won the football and track championships and who could ask for more?

We are honored each week by our Seniors who, by their remarkable orating, help us greatly by reminding us of our inferior position in relation to their exalted one.

LUCIA WOODWORTH, '28.

NOEL EN FRANCE

Nous allons faire un petit voyage à Paris pour y passer les fêtes de Noël et du jour de l'an. Que c'est intéressant de se promener sur les grands boulevards! Il y a beaucoup de monde qui font les cent pas tout en regardant les arbres de Noël et tout ce qu'il faut pour les décorer. Tout le long des trottoirs il y a des baraques qu'on me construit qu'à cette époque-là de l'année. On y voit toutes sortes de choses; des marrons glacés, des jouets automatiques, de la bijouterie et mille autres objets.

Mais il ne faut pas passer tout notre temps sur les grands boulevards. Nous devons visiter quelques-unes des belles églises pour voir les crèches du petit Jésus. Près de lui se trouvent sa mère et Saint Joseph. Quelquefois même, il y a les mages venus de loin pour adorer le Sauveur et lui offrir des présents.

Puisque nous sommes à Paris, il faut faire comme les Parisiens, c'est-à-dire il faut assister à la messe de minuit. Nous patrons de bonne heure car tout le monde y va en foule, et nous désirons être bien placés. Oh! la belle musique que nous y entendons! Après la messe nous entrons dans un café quelconque sur les boulevards, car c'est là qu'on fait réveillon. Qu'est-ce que c'est que le réveillon? C'est le repas qu'on fait la nuit de Noël et qui est l'accompagnement indispensable de la messe de minuit. Ce repas se prolonge au milieu de réjouissances variées.

Mais à vrai dire, Noël est surtout la fête des enfants en même temps que fête religieuse. Les enfants laissent leurs sabots ou leurs souliers dans la cheminée, ou bien ils pendent leurs chaussettes espérant que le Petit Noël descendra les remplir.

Le jour de l'an en France est le grand jour des visites. C'est aussi le

jour où on se fait des cadeaux plutôt qu'à Noël. On va chez ses amis les plus chers pour leur apporter ses meilleurs souhaits de nouvelle année en même temps qu'une étrenne quelconque.

Et voilà les fêtes finies, et maintenant il faut retourner dans notre pays tout en gardant un bon souvenir de la belle France.

LOUISE BRADLEY, '26.

MABEL CARLTON, '26.

HOMING

I have often wondered when the evening has come, and the streets are full of people headed homeward, where and what their destination will be. One day, near Christmas, when I was in Boston about five in the afternoon, I observed the crowds of people and tried to imagine what welcome home they would receive.

There was the poor frail struggling woman. She probably had been working in a store as a clerk; standing on her feet all day, and she was now going home to prepare the evening meal for a large family. The expression on her face seemed to say that she didn't get much enjoyment out of life. The wintry blasts were blowing, and the poor woman wrapped her thread-bare coat around her and hustled through the crowd.

The pompous banker was swinging along with an air of importance, his cane on his arm, and spats neatly buttoned. He stepped into a taxi and was soon out of sight.

I wondered where the street beggar who sold pencils in front of R. H. Stearns, lived. He had no legs, and his only method of transportation was by a small cart of iron, on which he was tied. He sped up Tremont Street, bumping down one curb stone and up the next, soon to reach his destination, probably in the slums of Boston.

The gay young shop girls were ambling along, gazing at the gorgeous window displays and telling their friends of the *swell* time they had last night, and what "swell music and good eats" they had, and how well Jim did the

Charleston. They all were dressed in the latest style, even though their fur coat was being paid for on the installment plan.

Evidently a number of the colleges had just dismissed the students for Christmas vacation, because a number of the collegiate boys and girls were greeting fond parents, who probably had spent several hours and a great deal of labor in preparing for their children's home coming, only to have them get a few of their meals and sleep under their roof during the social whirl of Christmas vacation. The students certainly seemed enthusiastic and acted as though they were getting all the enjoyment possible out of life.

I heard the weird, shrill cry of the train whistle and wondered where it was going and what joy or sorrow it was bringing to those on board.

What a joy it is to have a smiling face at the door to greet one and a happy home in which one can get the best things of life.

LUCIA WOODWORTH, '27.

THE WHITE HILLS IN WINTER

The twelfth of October, just after a very severe and early snow storm, with a friend I climbed Mount Moosilauke in the White Mountains. The woods through which we passed were transformed into a wonderland of snow and ice by the blizzard which had raged all the preceding day and night.

A rather unusual condition existed in the woods at the base of the mountain, where the hardwoods grow; over the blanket of snow was a carpet of dry, brilliantly colored leaves, two or three inches thick, which had been spread by the wind during the storm. It was a peculiar sensation to walk along through this mealy mixture of dry snow and leaves.

The Beaver Brook Cascades, beside which the trail ascends steeply for over a mile, were unusually beautiful in their setting of snow and ice. Their beauty was greatly magnified when the sun burst through the fleeting clouds, and formed dozens of tiny rainbows on the masses of ice, as it shone

through the fine spray blown down from the hundreds of waterfalls above. Near the top of a minor ridge the woods of primeval spruce, arrayed in their wintry splendor, formed unbroken canopies over our heads. The vistas reminded us of passages through some great marble cathedral where dark columns, supporting rich tapestries towered high overhead.

This winter was not confined to our immediate surroundings; for, when we reached the "fountain," where the water shoots some six or eight feet up into the air, a marvelous panorama of more than a score of snow covered peaks presented itself before us. One thousand feet below, in the very bottom of Kinsman Notch nestled the reservation buildings and the famous gorge of Lost River, from which we had made our start up the mighty Moosilauke. Sweeping off to the right was the broadening valley of Moosilauke Brook. From the other side of the Notch, their summits towering high above us, rose the ice capped peaks of Mounts Watnomée, Jim, and Blue.

Further climbing through trees heavily laden with snow and ice brought us to a point from which we obtained enthralling views of the Franconia peaks. Their sharp summits, robed in purest white, formed a marked contrast to the dark wooded area of Wolf Mountain and Kinsman Ridge at their base. The sun was shining directly upon them making us think of glorious pictures we had seen of the Swiss Alps.

Finally we reached the top, exhausted in body, but recreated in soul. Mountains, mountains everywhere, all capped in pure white. From the barren summit we got beautiful views of the Franconias and the peaks beyond, similar but grander than those from below. Behind the stately Liberty, in the clear blue sky, towered the great white cone of Mount Washington, the mightiest of all. White, everything was white, even the old tip top house, in which we were to spend the night, had a layer of dead white frost feathers, six to eight inches thick over its weather-beaten walls.

Soon the afternoon waned and a glorious, ever-changing sunset transformed the great white hills around us to pale red ones. The reddish hues soon became gray and in a few minutes everything faded into darkness, and bitter cold clouds gathered in around us for the night.

H. DAVIS, '26.

NAILS

As I drag my weary feet homeward every day at one, if I'm lucky, I sometimes think, with a sigh of relief, and a startling disregard of the half-dozen books in my arms, that my cares are over for the day. But as soon as I enter the front door my illusions are shattered in this manner:

"What have you done to your stocking? It's ripped! How did you do it? Why don't you have the chair fixed? You mustn't wear silk stockings to school again. What, you've ripped the other one too!"

"I can't help it. I can't fix the chairs."

"Can't you complain? Do other people ruin their stockings?"

A foolish thing to fuss about, perhaps, but really, my father will become bankrupt soon. And I am not alone in this complaint—oh no! At almost any time one may hear the same cry,—
"Oh! I ripped my stocking on that darn chair!"

Undignified language? Oh, possibly—but if you have had the experience you know how exasperating it is. Can't something be done to the rough nails in many of the chairs in A. H. S.?

WRITING EDITORIALS FOR THE CLARION IN THIRD PERIOD ENGLISH CLASS

To quote Miss Sydnor—"Oh, woe!"

If you could see the expressions on the faces about me you would repeat, "Oh, woe!" Evidently, Thanksgiving has left more heads than mine absolutely blank, empty, a vacuum! Dorothea seems dazed. Dick is depressed. Harold is puzzled. Francis is deep, deep, in thought. Esther is going to

weep in a moment! Only Ruth is busy—her jaw working faster than her pen. I wish Margaret would stop biting her nails! Ah, Barbara has an inspiration! That inspiration seems to have a good effect on the "girl in lavender," behind her. She, too, has joined the meager ranks of the busy.

Now, slowly but surely, things are beginning to hum—I mean, scratch. One by one the heads are bending over paper, and I believe Miss Treat shows a happier expression. She was worried at first. We all could see that. It *would* have been a shame if we had left class with nary a theme for her brightening up a bit. I wish something would happen. George has stopped writing and is beginning to think! Bad sign! There are only a few now who are still undecided as to what subject they will favor with their ideas and views. If only Francis would decide! The others *do* change their expressions—which shows that the wheels are turning a bit—but his expression hasn't changed for the last fifteen minutes! I'm getting nervous. I wish Miss Treat would say something! I'm sure he's in a stupor.

What is that! Ah-h-h! He has moved! His hand is moving to the inkwell—he dips his pen—he *writes*—a *masterpiece* is forthcoming!

His movement has affected the whole class. Dorothea is no longer dazed. There is an inspired look upon her face as she writes swiftly and surely. Dick is joyous. He must be writing a hymn in praise of THE CLARION. Harold is satisfied. Evidently he has thought of a new "slam" for Virginia. In *this* issue he will probably say she is talking like a *Freshman*, or something equally as extinct. Oh, well—many things, including dignity and finger nails, must be sacrificed for our CLARION. Again THE CLARION is victor—and we have done our bit to make it so.

A story was passed in by A. Lawrence Gaskill entitled "The Point," but it needed a little sharpening so we put it on file.

Poetry

WORDS

Words are lakes
Impulsive, mystical,
Now gentle, now raging
Enchanting in their many moods.

Words are streams
Rippling, laughing,
Murmuring merrily
Along mossy banks.

Words are pools
Placid, serene,
Content to lie dreaming
In idle tranquility.

Words are seas
Crashing and pounding
In heavy surf
Upon a rugged shore.

—D. BLEVINS, '26.

IN WINTER

Congeaed vapor
Slowly sifting,
Making mounds
And deeply drifting
Blankets all the earth in white.

Shimmering surface
Crisply crackling,
Ruthlessly
The water shackling
Hides the brooks and lakes from sight.

Slurring sleds
Steel skates ringing,
Merry shouts

And sharp air stinging—
Winter is all youth's delight.
—CHARLES T. ATWOOD, '26.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

What can I say of Mother?
Mother, who understands,
Mother, who works for me all day
With weary, willing hands?

What can I say of Mother?
Sweet and brave and true,
Mother, who trusts me all the time
No matter what I do?

Mother—she's my own Mother!
If she should go away,
Only then could I truly know
What I should say today!
—RUTH HOPKINS, '26.

WORDS

With shadowings of green and gold
And sprays of foaming blue
The wavelets laugh and leap and dance
On seas of sapphire hue.

But coral caves and cities fair
And forests lie below,
And with their wondrous glory are
The waves above aglow.

Words are but light reflected from
The hidden thought beneath,
Whose mystery and purple depths
No man may ever reach.

—L. B., '26.

LOUISE BRADLEY,
Poetry Editor.

Alumni Notes

The first of this year our Business Manager sent cards to all the members of the class of '25 asking them to subscribe to *THE CLARION*. We were glad to receive very interesting and encouraging letters from the following: Jane Gilmore, Smith College; Helen Stokes, De Pauw University; Edith Johnson, Mount Holyoke College; Warren Drouet, Exeter Academy; Claude Higgins, Earl Farmer, and Ethel Macmillan, at home. We thank you.

Some of the former Arlington High School boys are prominent in athletics at Dartmouth College. Charles I. ("Sykes") Hardy, '21, a junior, played left tackle on the varsity football team; A. Bob McPhail, another Exeter graduate, who now lives on Brooks Avenue, was first-string quarter back. Charlie Collins, '22, is captain of the Cross Country team; Morrell Bott, '22, is on the Freshman Cross Country squad, and Billy Andres, president of the

class of '24, is on the Freshman Track squad.

"Brainy" Hughes, '23, made a notable debut at the Tufts-Bowdoin football game. Besides yelling himself hoarse as a cheer leader for Tufts, he also had the important part of being half of "Jumbo" between the halves. While attempting an exhibition dance, "Jumbo" unfortunately came apart, much to the amusement of the spectators!

"Litty" Wellington, '23, played full-back on the Wellesley College field hockey team.

Helen Lowcock, Hilda Frost, Paul Winters, all of the class of '25, and Mary Schrode, '24, are increasing their artistic talents at the Normal Art School in Boston. Paul says it is so dead there he has to go out nights!

Edith Ciullo, '25, is attending Miss Haskell's School in Cambridge and preparing for Bryn Mawr.

Charlotte Lloyd, '25, is at Miss Leslie's School in Cambridge, studying to be a kindergarten teacher.

Helen Joseph and Elizabeth Doane, both of '25, are at Radcliffe.

Helen Hendrick and Louise Delaney, '25, are taking a secretarial course at Miss Pierce's School in Boston.

Marion Hilliard, '25, is completing her studious career at the Low and Heywood School in Stamford, Connecticut.

We are glad to announce the marriage of Evelyn Dwyer, '25, and Samuel Roberta, a Junior last year.

Ruth Wadman, '25, has also changed her name. She is now Mrs. Bond.

Philip French, president of the class of '25, is taking a course at Boston University.

"Dan" Scanlan, '25, earned a regular position on the football team at Suffield Academy, Connecticut.

Arthur Marsh, '25, "The Lion among Ladies," so-called, is continuing his studies at Massachusetts Institute of Technology where ladies are few and far between—and of course with him we associate—

Gardner Bourne, '25, "Tom Mix the Second," who is plugging away "down East" at the University of Maine.

Richard Phelps, '25, and "Fred" Ryer, '25, captain of baseball at A. H. S. for two years, are attending Harvard.

"Bob" Thompson, '25, is busily engaged in making friends among the co-eds at Fitchburg Normal School and incidentally acquiring a little education.

"Dan" Hooley, '25, is as much of a success in the Menotomy Trust as he was in the role of Admiral in *Pinafore*.

Paul Andrews, the graceful nymph of the Senior Frolics of '25, is working in a bank and spending three nights a week at Burdett College in an intensive course.

"Tom" McCutcheon, '25, is increasing his powers of oratory at Georgetown Law School.

RACHEL CROSBY,
Alumni Editor.

ART DEPARTMENT NOTES

The Savings Banks Association of Massachusetts conducted a contest, during the school year 1924-25, among the public schools of Massachusetts, for the best poster on thrift. The first prize for high schools was won by Miss Hilda Frost, class of 1925, Arlington High School. Miss Frost's poster was very well done, and she certainly deserves the honor which she received.

The Arlington Board of Trade recently offered a prize to a student of the Arlington public schools who would

submit the best design for a town seal or badge. The prize was to be in the form of money. We are pleased to announce that Margaret Fernald, '26, has been awarded first prize, and John McQueeny of the Center Junior High, second prize. The design chosen was the Menotomy Indian as he kneels at the fountain. Of the forty-one contestants twelve were Senior High pupils of whom Esther Alden received honorable mention. Similar contests are held throughout the year. Why not join an art class now and find a hidden talent?



Football

It was Winchester's turn on November 7 to be defeated again by Arlington. The score was 27 to 0. Touchdowns were made by Sumner, Stokes, Donahue, and Canty. Sumner succeeded three times in making the extra point after touchdown. The substitution of the second and third team players made little difference in Arlington's scoring power. Bill Reilly, a consistent performer in the line, suffered a severe dislocation of his shoulder in the first half and so was kept out of action the remainder of the season.

The next week at Watertown, Arlington was held to a scoreless tie by the Watertown team. It was not the fault of the boys that they didn't win though they did show a lack of punch when near the enemy's goal line. In the second half the second team was used entirely until the last few minutes of play. This outfit made a much better showing than the first did but they also did not produce a winning score.

Next on the list was our old friend Lexington. The Lexington team was given much credit for holding Arlington to a 17 to 6 score. In fact Lexington did hold our second team throughout the first half, but when this team was strengthened by varsity players the scoring began. Hamm and Canty made the Arlington touchdowns, Sumner kicking the goals. In the last period Lefty Sumner added three more points by dropping a beautiful field goal from the 43 yard line. Late in the last quarter Roulding went through the third team for a Lexington touch-

down but the try for point was smothered by Arlington linesmen.

THE MELROSE GAME

Thanksgiving Day was a perfect day for football and it was made all the more perfect by Arlington's 12 to 0 victory over Melrose. Melrose must have profited by the lesson taught them last year for they were not quite so haughty and cocksure this fall, but nevertheless they still thought they had a chance, but we all know what thought did. The game began with Melrose kicking off; there followed an exchange of punts with Arlington the gainer. Near the end of the quarter one of Hamm's punts was rolling towards the Melrose goal line but Joe Donahue fell on the ball at the one yard line. Melrose's punt did not carry far and with Canty and Hamm alternating as ball carriers, the Melrose team was pushed beyond their goal line, Hamm carrying the ball over. Sumner's try for an extra point was blocked. In the second period Sumner's try for a field goal from the 35 yard line was a trifle wide. Melrose threatened in the third quarter fighting its way to the one foot line where the Red and Gray line turned into a solid wall permitting Melrose to gain six inches in four downs. In the last quarter Arlington played all around their opponents, making many long gains and preventing Melrose from making any. In the last few minutes Captain Hamm smashed through the line for his second touchdown. The try for point failed and the game was soon over, leaving Arlington again *Champions of the Mystic Valley League*.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The cross-country team came through again this fall at the interscholastic meet winning first place over all the high and prep schools in New England. Ross Eldridge finished third in the race, eight yards behind the winner, while John Kelley was a short distance behind Eldridge, placing sixth in the race. The other Arlington runners finished in the following order: Cliff Merrill, James Kelley, Captain O'Neill, Del Everett and Leonard Wood.

The champions journeyed to Dartmouth again this fall and beat the freshman team by a perfect score, having six runners in before the first Dartmouth man. John Kelley, the winner, broke the record of the course by thirty seconds. James Kelley was under the record ten seconds, Jerry O'Neill, seven seconds, and Leonard Wood three seconds, while Chan Hilliard and Del Everett were only two seconds slower than the old record. The score was Arlington 15, Dartmouth Freshmen 46.

Every man who ran at Dartmouth will be back to school next year so Captain-elect John Kelley should have no difficulty leading his team to another championship.

The Sophomores won the Alumni Cup race defeating the Juniors 24 to 34. The Seniors were not represented by a team in the race which was a handicap one. Joseph Forrest, a sophomore, won by a scant margin over Cameron, another sophomore. Both boys had three minutes start over the scratch man, John Kelley, a Junior.

The first five runners finished as follows:—1st, Forrest, Soph.; 2d, Cameron, Soph.; 3d, Meekins, Junior; 4th, Jim Kelley, Soph.; 5th, Jerry O'Neil, Junior.

HOCKEY

Arthur Chamberlain, who plays goal for the team, has been elected captain to replace Buckley, who has had to give up his position because of his

injury. Besides Chamberlain, Hamm, Everett and Lombard are left from last year's team. Coach Coffey has had the boys out for practice since the first week in December, so when the ice comes they will be all ready to go.

BASKETBALL

The basketball team, having no weather to contend with, has started real practice. Keefe, Canty, Crosby, and Dale are the veterans from last year's quintet, and there are a host of candidates so the hoop team should be on the way to another big season.

FIELD HOCKEY

The end of the field hockey season was an extremely disappointing one. There is no denying that we are champions, but, allow me to be frank, only of the Southern Division of the Greater Boston League. After the fastest and most skilful game of the season, when Stoneham's hopes for the supremacy of this same league division were severely put asunder by our most creditable display of hockey, the Greater Boston Champion was yet to be found. Had this deciding and important game been played immediately after our Stoneham victory, our chances might have been better, but, for reasons, the combat with Melrose was delayed. Finally, on that tragic Monday, at Manchester Field in Winchester, we were seemingly and perhaps positively, overwhelmed by our old rivals from Melrose.

The season was completed by an enjoyable evening at the home of Helen Lane, our captain. During the evening, Alice Walker was elected captain of next year's team.

ELIZABETH (BILLIE) SMITH.

FOOTBALL NOTE

John Canniff, center for three seasons, has been elected captain to lead next year's team to another championship.

Exchange Column

"Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say?

Their word's sufficient, and to ask a reason

In such a state as theirs is down right treason!"

THE CLARION continues to receive school papers from far and near, new friends and old, and welcomes them all to exchange with us. We hope that in the future they will continue to do so and we earnestly invite their criticisms and comment on our publication. A most Happy and Successful New Year to All!

RUTH E. HOPKINS,
Exchange Editor.

We are pleased to receive the following exchanges:

The Tauntonian, Taunton High School, Mass. We like your paper very much as it is most complete in its news editorials and stories. How about some Class Notes?

Lynn Classical Gazette, L. C. H. S., Mass. Your Graduation Number was nothing short of wonderful. Your cover design, cuts, and cartoons speak for themselves—"good!"

The Argis, Beverly H. S., Mass. Your Literary Department shows promise and the other departments are not far behind. More "Near Jokes" would help.

The Bulletin, Watertown H. S. Another one of those weekly newspapers we admire so much. You certainly have a lively sporting editor. Exchange again, please.

The Spaulding Sentinel, Barre, Vt. Where, oh where are your Class Notes? Make use of the joke material you have at home. Your Alumni Notes, however, are most complete and the won-

derful dog on the cover has been admired very much.

The Raquet, Portland, Me. Your Literary efforts are excellent—poetry not excepted—but why chop up your stories and sprinkle them all through the paper. You might add to your Jokes and Grinds, though "Some Feist" deserves commendation.

The Dial, Brattleboro, Vt. Just one fine paper! Be proud of it!

The Record, Mamaroneck, N. Y. We wish this paper every success. It certainly has made a fine beginning. However, don't forget your Class Notes—original jokes and amusing incidents about school—for they "make" a paper.

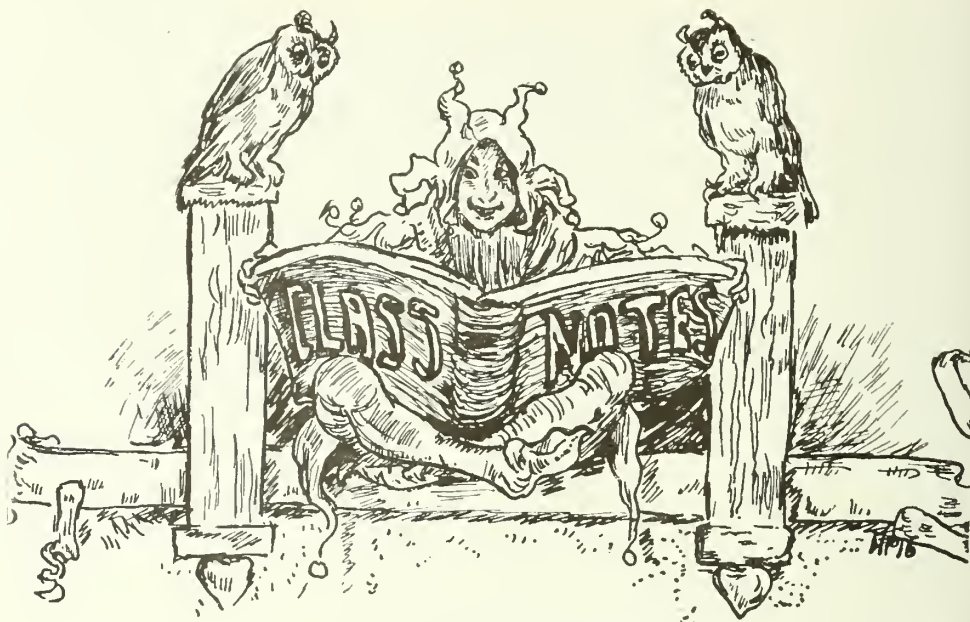
The Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Me. We are interested to receive and read this college paper. The news items are very well written indeed.

The Karnr, Phillipsburg, N. J. A small paper—because you don't make enough of your Literary Department. Enlarge it! Your Humor is excellent, though. Call again.

Packer Current Items, P. C. L., Brooklyn, N. Y. Your cuts and cartoons are very clever and many of your stories really unusual.

The Colby Voice, New London, N. H. An interesting and instructive school publication, but why not more original work by the Students and less "information of interest" about the outside world?

The Bulletin, Northeastern University, Boston. A fine school—a fine paper! We hope to hear from you often!



FREDERICK P. ROSENBERGER, *Editor*

Here he is, girls! Fight for him!
Our idea of the perfect hero of A. H.
S. He would have:

Harold Hamm's manly physique.
Homer Davis' shapely feet.
Ellsworth Brown's hands.
Tom Taylor's head (and mentality).
Phil Peirce's profile.
Ross Eldridge's complexion.
Arthur Gaskill's blushing cheeks.
Joe Donnelly's dimples.
Dick Thomas' brown eyes.
Paul Corcoran's eyebrows.
George Lawson's eye lashes.
John Buckley's month.
Griff Roberts' smile.
Joe Ennis' curly locks.
Fred Rosenberger's sunny disposition.

Can't Go to Ball Games Now

Teacher (to boy sitting idly in school during writing lesson): "Henry, why are you not writing?"

Henry: "I ain't got no pen."

Teacher: "Where's your grammar?"

Henry: "She's dead."

Miss Wakefield: "Savage, when did Columbus discover America?"

Class (in unison): "1492."

Miss W.—: "Well, how many of us here are Savage?"

"Water, water, everywhere,"

Sang Silas as he spun.

"Caesar's kind of tough," said Brutus,

"Wish I had a gun."

"Alone, alone, all, all, alone,"

Cried the merry milk men three,

"Wish I had some dough," says Bas-
sanio,

"Guess I'll appeal to John D."

"A pound of flesh, a pound of flesh!"

The merchant of Venice cried,

But ere Noah's ark hove into sight,
Sir Patrick Spens had died.

"Row! Row! Row your boat,"

Said Paul Revere, said he,

As Samuel Johnson loafed in bed
And read Gray's *Elegy*.

—CHARLES T. ATWOOD, '26.

Free Lesson in Making Jam

Take plenty of tired working men and women at about half past five or six in the evening. Mix in a few cranky women, several men trying to live up to their reputation as football players by keeping in constant practice; add many bundles, boxes, and umbrellas; flavor with irregular car service and a long wait, and you have an excellent jam—at Harvard Square Station.

? DR. ROSENBERGER'S ? QUESTION BOX

If any pupils, whose minds are distracted with difficult questions will submit them to Dr. Rosenberger in his office at Room 14, they will be answered to the best of his ability. The proof of the pudding is on the vest.

Dr. ALI BEN ROSENBERGER, I. O. U.

Ques. Dear Doc: Will you please tell me why Columbus left Spain?

IMUS KNOW.

Ans. Why, my dear child, he could not take it with him.

* * *

Ques. Dear Doc: Where is the capitol of U. S.?

MISS SISSIPPI.

Ans. They lent it all to Europe.

* * *

Ques. Dear Doc: What would you advise me to do to rise in the world?

B. NICE.

Ans. He who sitteth on a tack is bound to rise.

* * *

Ques. Dear Doc: How small is a molecule?

I DONTNO.

Ans. A little smaller than the sandwiches at the lunch counter.

* * *

Ques. Dear Doc: Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?

YORA SAP.

Ans. No. I don't even know his telephone number.

* * *

Ques. Dear Doc: What kind of boys go to heaven?

OTTO B. SHOT.

Ans. Dead ones.

* * *

Ques. Dear Doc: Did I do right in seeing "The Miracle?" I like anything holy.

N. QUISSITIVE.

Ans. Yes, your socks show it.

* * *

Ques. Dear Doc: Why are flivvers like rattlesnakes?

"SIS" POOL.

Ans. They rattle before they strike.

Ques. Dear Doc: I wear a wig. How can I make folks think it is real?

Ans. Sprinkle salt on your shoulder and perhaps they will think it is dandruff.

* * *

Ques. Dear Doc: Why does Eldridge talk so much?

Q. RIOSITY.

Ans. He was vaccinated with a phonograph needle.

Mary Sexton: "Have you forgotten the two car checks you owe me?"

E. O'Neil: "Not yet; give me time."

Some of the presents that Santa Claus forgot to leave at the Arlington High School.

1. Lounging chairs in the Library.
2. Ear muffers for Miss Grey so that we may whisper to our heart's content.

3. Some magazines such as "Life," "Judge," and College Humor" for the school library.

4. A garage for the many cars and also Fords that cluster about the school.

5. A beauty shop, fully equipped for the "beauties" in our school.

6. A book of excuses for Townsend and Fred Miller in English class so that they won't have to tax their brains to think up excuses for not doing homelessons or coming back for afternoon session.

7. Megaphones for the monitors, so that all may hear those sweet words, "Single file, please."

8. Signs in all the rooms pointing to the right door to go out.

9. Elevators for fire-drills and also for those unlucky pupils who live in the attic.

10. Some new ideas for THE CLARION.

D. JONES, '27.

Hurrah! I heard some classmates cry "There are no midyears now we hear," "Take care, my friends," I cautioned sly,

"You'll lose your heads, I sadly fear."

—EDITH CHAMBERLAIN.



The Clarion Staff

PRESENTS

“Clarion Classics”

A SUPER-PRODUCTION OF SCREEN AND
VAUDEVILLE ATTRACTIONS

A. JOE ENNIS and PAUL CORCORAN
in “A Little Comedy and Song”

B. HUNT and SCHOLES
VIRGINIA DOROTHY
in “A Bit of Blarney”

C. GATES and McARTHUR
ELSIE FRED
in “A Pair of Lunatics”

D. A REHEARSAL
An All Star Cast

E. ROSS and SCHOLES
JOE DOROTHY
in “School Days”

F. FRED ROSENBERGER
(The Original Smith Brother)

CAUTION: THIS IS NOT A MOTION PICTURE

FEATURE ATTRACTION

G. WILL ROGERS
in “THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN”

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7

TARIFF, 25c

"That Memorable Day"

It was on Thanksgiving morning,
That cold November day,
Gay Melrose came to Spy Pond Field,
A football game to play.
She hoped to win, she fought with vim,
Her spirit was more than glorious,
But mighty ARLINGTON said, "Nay,
Nay.

For I will be victorious."
Our Captain Hamm led his charges
Upon the field that day,
With student body cheering them
To fight for RED and GRAY.
The ground was hard as sidewalk
bricks,

The air was chilled with frost,
But our bright jerseyed lads did not
heed this,

They must win at any cost.
They ran and kicked and yelled and
jumped,

Upon the hard green turf;
The game was hot and scrappy,
With hardly a player hurt.

In the first period, as history tells,
Hamm made a touchdown, mid cheers
and yells,

He took the ball and said, "It's mine,
Watch me cross yon goal line."

The first half ended, the score was still
Six to nothing, in Arlington's will;

The band marched upon the field that
day,

While the stands applauded, they
formed an "A."

The Melrose team came back to life,
Just after the third quarter started;
They ran toward the Arlington line,
But our team stood up like a martyr.
Now Arlington was powerful on de-
fense

And held the line like a stonewall
fence;

Then started down the field to score,
And crossed the Melrose line once
more.

The game ended and all was well,
Arlington won by a score of twelve,
Coach Henricus jumped with joy,
It made him feel just like a boy.
The game was over, the crowd grew
thinner,

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SPORT SHOES

KEDS

They must have thought of their
Thanksgiving dinner;
In a few minutes the field was bare,
But Joe Duffy, the groundkeeper, was
still there.

That memorable day into time has
passed,

But in our minds it will always last;
How the boys fought with courage and
zip,

To win the Mystic Valley League
Championship.

—By

HENRY WADSWORTH ROSENBERGER, '26.

A. Story (in history — discussing
Prohibition): “——and we discovered
at last where the liquor was hidden—
after that——”

Davis (with great eagerness): “Yes,
yes, go on.”

Henricus
G Ammons
Preston
Pierce

McCart Y

Boy N ton
Ril E y
Butter W orth

Conwa Y
Sh E dd
T A bor
R ice

F owler
W A kefield
C heney
B U llock

Butterfie L d
Trea T
Stickne Y

F. Hines: “Have you heard the new
song, “Way Down In the Subway?”

E. Swadkins: “No.”

F. Hines: “The words are good, but
the air is bad.”

Miss Wakefield, reading: “——and
now we come to the most illuminated
figure in modern history.” Enter Pau.
Corcoran.

Miss Sydnor: "Winn, how do you pronounce pefepwepip."

Winn: "Not knowing, I cannot state with any degree of accuracy."

Unbreakable

Lots of people crack jokes, but did you ever hear of anybody breaking one?

"Did you see Oliver Twist, Aunt?"

"Hush, child, you know I never attend modern dances."

Miss Jewett: "Where do bugs go in the winter?"

Fred Murphy (absent mindedly): "Search me."

In More Ways Than One

Ike Canty, our fleet footed halfback, was thrown for a heavy loss when he broke a chair in Room 4.

Teacher: "Miss Blake, you seem to have a tendency to let things slide."

P. Blake: "Yes, I play a trombone."

Famous Remarks

"There is something in that," quoth the fellow, when he upset the ink well.

"I'd walk a mile for a camel," moaned the man stranded on the desert.

"That lets me out," said the boy as he passed his dismissal slip to the teacher.

"They satisfy," said the pupil who had three "A's" on his report.

"That's a help," said the boy when he thought of an excuse.

"There's nothing to it," said a girl who just had a marked paper passed back.

"Like mother used to make," said the boy, who had drawn a picture on his book.

"Another crack like that and you're through," shouted the boy on the bank as he saw the ice crack under the skater.

"A little bit goes a long way," warned the teacher to a boy leaning out of the window.

HARRY TOWNSEND.

CHATS WITH YOUR GAS MAN

WHEN CHILDREN DECIDE

THE other day a well-to-do man went to an architect's office and made a unique request. He said he wanted plans for a home that would please his children—a home that his children would love and take pride in.

When the plans were submitted for approval the man, his wife and their three children were present. The parents said nothing. The children examined the plans, made some minor changes here and there, and put their approval on the finished drawing. Then the contractor submitted his estimates, the father was surprised to discover that the cost was far under what he had thought it would be. The children had actually saved him money by specifying essentials instead of what he termed "frills and refinements."

One of those essentials was gas service throughout the house.

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A SLIGHT EXAGGERATION**I.**

The North Gale
 Swept the hail
 Across the arctic zone.
 Out in the wilds
 The white snow piles
 Up in this land so lone.

II.

To the shed
 On my head
 I took a wooden stool.
 The poor cow shied
 When I tried
 To milk the frozen fool.

III.

With some straw
 To make it thaw
 I lit a roaring blaze,
 So ice cream
 Was not seen
 Because the fire had razed.

IV.

The North blow
 Piled the snow
 Far up above the shed.
 I pushed the door
 'Til I got sore
 And then went up to bed.

V.

With no luck
 The door stuck
 And jailed me all next day.
 I was in doubt
 How to get out
 Until I found a way.

VI.

As I threw
 The milk to
 The wind that blew so wide
 It froze right there
 Up in mid-air
 And formed a perfect slide.

VII.

With a dive
 All alive
 I hit the milky way,
 And slid below

Onto the snow
And thusly saved the day.

VIII.

The North Gale
Swept the hail
Across the arctic zone.
It grew so cold
The gas light told
Its flame was hard as stone.

IX.

With all my might
On that light
I tried to blow and cough;
But all in vain
It stayed the same
Until I knocked it off.
—"GRIFF" ROBERTS, '26.

Well-Fitted

Miss Sydnor, reading off the cast for the new play, "—and Nat Davis will be the crook. Now, I think these people are fitted for their parts."

Old Stuff

Joe Harrington: "Why is a horse like an egg sandwich?"

Coolidge: "That's too deep for me. Why?"

J. Harrington: "Because neither climb a tree."

LUNCH ROOM NOTES

Our new lunchroom opened with great ceremony. A few of the town's celebrities were there, including Mr. Henricus, and Mr. Coffey. Prior to the grand opening Mr. Gammons gave an interesting prologue on the rules and regulations of utilizing this magnificent innovation.

* * *

All pupils using the lunch room must follow the straight and narrow path.

* * *

No hot drinks are served but Coffey is usually there.

* * *

The new dumb waiter adds another to our collection.

* * *

The menu is changed every twenty-four hours. (Weekly.)



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to	to
11 P. M.	Take Out

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AND WEDDINGS

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No cover charge for dancing.

* * *

It is the rule of institution not to decorate the palms of the waiters with tips.

* * *

Don't congregate in the lobby—have the head waiter find a table for you on the mezzanine floor.

* * *

Vocal selections are rendered every recess in the gym by the Buick Eight. No, this is not an automobile, but it rattles a lot.

* * *

Mr. Gammons, in his speech, remarked that we should have to be contented with the menu just at present until they got *plates* that were easier to *eat*.

Messrs. Gammons and Stickney
present

An Assembly by the Faculty
Speeches — Music — Dancing
Tickets free for a quarter

PROGRAM

1. Overture—"Tales of Hoffman"—Faculty orchestra led by Miss Pierce:
Harp—Mr. Fowler
Saxophone—Miss Butterworth
Violin—Miss Wakefield
Tuba—Mr. Robinson
Drums and Traps—Mr. Boynton
 2. "The nprooting and re-rooting of unknown quantities,"—By Miss Bullock.
 3. "Embahning a Dead Language"—Miss Preston.
 4. Song and Dance, "The Old Oaken Container"—Mr. Hatch.
 5. "How to Pick Up a Country Gentleman"—Mrs. Moffatt.
 6. "A! A! Give me A"—Miss Treat.
 7. "Bells that Will ring no more"—Mr. Moody.
 8. "How to make mob spirits"—Miss Sydnor.
 9. "What to do when you see a shooting star"—Mr. Henricus.
 10. "How the Sophomores have proved Darwin was right"—Miss Jewett.
- Student body file out singing "Show Me the Way to Go Home"

Little Willie: "Say, Pa, what is college bred. Is it any different from any other bread?"

Dad: "Yes, it's a four-year loaf."

Teacher to pupil: "Are you chewing gum?"

Pupil: "Yes."

Teacher: "Well, take it out of your mouth and put your feet in."

Captain Canniff has seen "The Freshman" and he would like the fellows to step right up and call him *Speedy*.

New Year's Resolutions for the Juniors and Sophomores

Resolved:

1. To try to attain the dignity and prestige of the seniors (Try and do it)!
2. To treat the faculty and seniors with proper respect.
3. To arrive at school at 8 o'clock during the winter months in order to leave the corridors clear for the last sprint of the seniors.
4. To dispense with the pushing, shoving, and annoying prattle in the gym at lunch period.
5. To follow the example of the class of 1926 in producing championship teams.
6. To take this advice and use it.

RACHEL CROSBY, '26.

WILMA CORCORAN, '26.

E. Piconi: "Say, Gaskill, you know those white knickers the fellows were wearing last summer?"

Gaskill: "Yes, what about it?"

Piconi: "Well, I saw a friend of yours the other day with red ones on."

Gaskill: "A friend of mine? Who was it?"

Piconi: "Santa Claus."

Miss M.: "Rattle snakes are the only dangerous ones."

Dot Blevins: "I don't mind the rattle; it's when they wiggle."

Mr. Coffey was bubbling over with joy on Thanksgiving morning when Arlington beat Melrose to the tune of 12 to 0.

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Miss Jewett, to Francis Hines who was reading in a monotonous tone of voice: "A little more variety in your reading, please, Hines."

Hamm: "Heinz 57 varieties."

Definition of a Soph by a Senior

A Soph is a creature so small that he can walk under a radiator wearing a silk hat.

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Ambrose Babbitt has stated that he will give his gold football to the girl who teaches him how to dance.

Wake up, girls, here's your chance!

Miss B., to Latin Students: "All who failed in tests and those whose conscience pricks them are to return this afternoon."

Student: "My conscience tell me not to."

Miss B.: "Well, then, it's better for your health that you return."

Some crafty seniors have carefully inquired as to the possibilities of getting their class pins or rings on the installment plan. Oh! Downey!!

Al's Letter

Dear Bud:

As one of the Alumni, you might be interested to know what is going on this year at A. H. S. First of all—Mr. Stickney has been made Assistant Principal, and takes care of the tardy pupils every morning; while Miss Sydnor has charge of the spoons at recess. The senior boys unanimously elected Miss Bullock as class adviser—while the sophomore girls elected Arthur Lane for president.

Arlington's noble director of athletics has had a very successful season—losing only one game. I went out for football myself this fall and all went well until the Watertown game, when Mr. Henricus said: "Alloysius, I want you to play left-out today." Well, at that position I made such a hit that he had one play there—the whole of the Melrose game. Gee, but it is great to be a football hero!

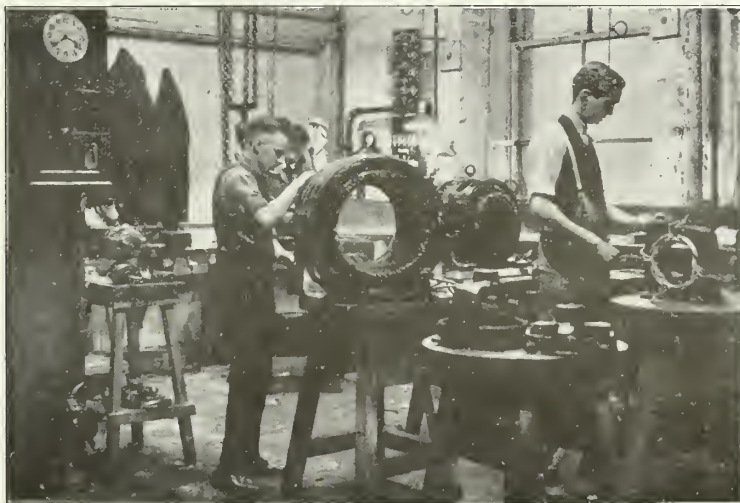
The other day Miss Preston said that Latin wasn't as dead as it seemed. Well, anyhow, where there is life there's hope. Mr. Henricus is still predicting. Miss Pierce has finally found her best chorus, and Miss Sydnor fully agrees with the girls—in respect to short skirts. Well, old bean, my news items are completely exhausted.

Yours till the kitchen sinks,

ALLOYSIUS.

(WM. DAVIS)

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EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$250 to \$600 per year.

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An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Blank applications will also be mailed upon request. Applications for admission to the school in September 1926 should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

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THE CLARION

ARLINGTON
HIGH
SCHOOL



of
ARLINGTON
MASS.

1926.
MARCH
NUMBER

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CHATS WITH YOUR GAS MAN

WHEN CHILDREN DECIDE

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One of those essentials was gas service throughout the house.

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Can Do It Better With Gas."

Arlington

Volume III.

ARLINGTON

The Clarion is published

Entered as Second-Class
Branch), Massachusetts
Acceptance for mailing at
Acts of October 3, 1917

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
BUSINESS MANAGER
ADVERTISING MANAGER
LITERARY ADVISER
BUSINESS ADVISER
LITERARY EDITOR
CLASS NOTES EDITOR
ATHLETIC EDITOR
EXCHANGE EDITOR
POETRY EDITOR
ATHLETIC EDITOR
ART EDITOR
ALUMNI EDITOR
STAFF CARTOONIST

EL

Although no definite action has been taken toward forming the Boys' Club, we are of the opinion that a certain enthusiasm has been communicated to the student body which should result in the organizing of such a club next year.

The value of a boys' club is rarely over-estimated, rather, it is under-estimated, for fellows of the high school age have problems, both moral and civic, that should be discussed and solved among themselves, unhindered by the disturbing element of femininity.

Some time ago we fellows, untroubled by females, enjoyed a masculine assembly when Judge Brown addressed us. For this treat I take the liberty of extending our gratitude to

Undoubtedly, many of you were expecting fiery comment on the "no school" signal question, after two such storms as we have experienced, believing that an article should be forthcoming. I agree with you. Here it is:—

In abolishing the "no school" signal the School Committee was justified, as far as *we* are concerned; but when grammar school children are considered they are certainly at fault. To expect a small child to reach school in such weather as we have experienced lately is beyond sensibility. At any rate, *we* have no reason to complain. I believe, however, that this error will be rec-

high school students, for use in further safety. Several cash prizes to \$500 in all, are being distributed to the students of Arlington.

E. ALDEN,
Art Editor.

Senior High School,
Arlington, Mass.,
February 15, 1926.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to send you the following:

My Concern:

I was greatly surprised at the Arlington game February 14, 1926, that I wish to make this statement for you to be interested. I have attended a game where I saw all evidence of it, the crowd was finer. When I was in the gymnasium I was a bit out of experience else I would have seen a large group of boys in the bleachers along one side of the room. But so far as I am concerned from my corner they were a credit to their school. I should like to transport my group to Wellesley, to see the Wellesley boys.

Making others laugh

has chosen the right profession. Watch his speed in the "Frolie."

With the unanimous approval of the Staff, delegates will be sent to attend the annual convention of the Scholastic Press Association which is to be held in New York City on March 13 and 14. At present, the names of the chosen delegates are unknown. However, a full report of the convention will appear in the next issue of THE CLARION.

THE EDITOR.

The National Safety Council is conducting a contest among high school pupils for art posters on accident prevention. The purpose of this contest is to stimulate thought on accident

Arlington might well have gone into that particular game either with undue confidence or with a determination to win that would have put that thought above practically all else, for they were to date 100% winners. Furthermore, they knew that the Wellesley team was going to play basketball. Up to the last whistle it was a toss of the coin which would be the victors, and the Arlington players and crowd had full cause to be anxious and keyed up to the highest pitch. They were at no time other than "good sports," and in my judgment were ideal hostesses and hosts. It is my sincere hope that we may do as well when we in turn receive them here—as it is also my sincere hope that we may have a similar

opportunity to theirs of being sporting victors. Winifred Bailey.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) GEORGE H. GILBERT, JR.,
Principal.

THE THIEF IN OUR MIDST

Four o'clock and I'm through for the day! Thank goodness that terrible exam is over—even if I didn't pass it. Blithely I gather up my books and blithely I descend to the coat room. Depositing my books on the floor, I grope in the semi-darkness for my overshoes. Why, where are they? *Where are they?* They're gone! I straighten up and cast an anxious eye about the deserted room. The racks are almost empty and there is not another pair of overshoes in sight. I wore them this morning I am positive, and I fastened them together and put them very neatly right under my coat. The worst part of it is, they were brand new. But, of course, that explains the whole affair.

Taken by mistake? Possible, but not probable. It is most painful for an honest high school pupil to be forced to believe that there are those in his school who do wilfully steal the belongings of other people. Sad but true, it is very often the only thing to believe, however.

If there is one element in a person's character more to be desired than another, one more necessary to be successful in life, one more essential for the support of moral standard, that element is honesty. To say "He is as honest as the day is long" is the highest compliment that can be paid to a man's character. However, days are short at this time of the year. All the world admires honesty. Dishonesty all the world hates. How people can be so mean, stoop so low, as to cheat, steal, and swindle is beyond the comprehension of the world. But they can, and they are. We have the pick-pocket, the shop lifter, the safe cracker, the thug, and the common everyday thief without a conscience. We have them and we must deal with them. But how repulsive the thought that we have

to deal with them right here in our own school! Many a pupil can tell you stories of disappearing overshoes and rubbers, umbrellas and gloves, books, fountain pens, vanity cases, and money. The fact remains. The problem is still with us. Solve it we must, but without your help—*you*, the thief in our midst—our efforts are in vain.

—RUTH E. HOPKINS, '26.

NO, NO SCHOOL

Rain is hurtling through the air,
Whirling here and blowing there,
Raining up and raining down,
Raining sheets all through the town.
But no, no school.

Snow has fallen all the night,
Snow has fallen deep and white,
Feet are cold and feet are wet,
Students groan and students fret.

But no, no school.

—CHARLES ATWOOD, '26.

Vegetarian Love Song

Her face some people cauliflower,

Her beauties never cease;

She beets all other girls by far,

Oh dear! Lettuce have peas!

Her radish cheeks and turnip nose

Make my love sprout anew;

She's bean a memory dear to me,

And I feel punkin blue.

She is so very popular,

I cannot even date her;

But cheese the one for me, I know,

And I'd sure like tomatater.

I'd give the world if she could see—

But squash! goes every hope!

She's eighteen carrot gold to me;

Too bad we cantelope!

—*Exchange*.

He: "Oh, I'm the flower of the family, all right."

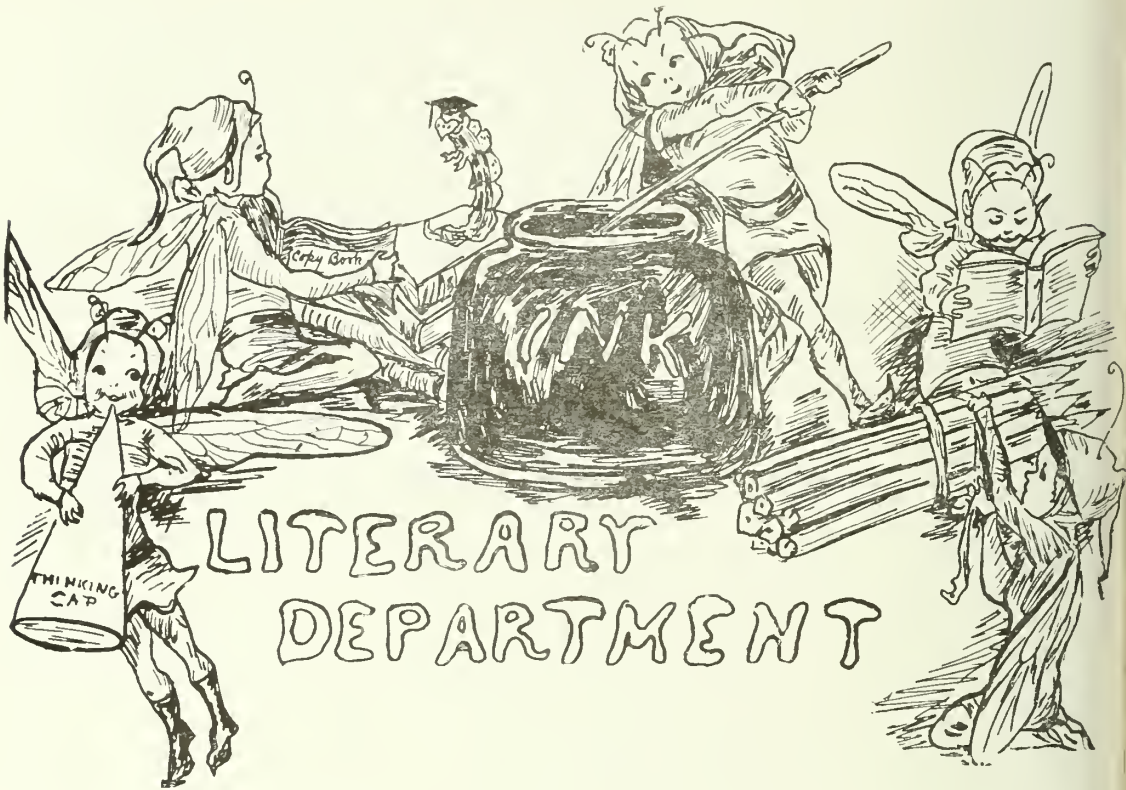
She: "So that's the reason your father called you a blooming idiot!"

—*Exchange*.

E. W.: "I'll have you know my grandfather was a United States Senator!"

M. H.: "My, what a descent!"

—*Exchange*.



THE GHOST OF DARK CRATER

"I'm telling you, Buck, there's something sneaky going on down in the Mexican quarter." The speaker was a small, stockily-built fellow clad in woolly chaps.

"Huh! You allus were a 'spicious feller. Must come from your uncle. Heard he was a lawyer," retorted Red Pete.

"Let the kid rave, Red, he's the makings of a detectif," put in Buck.

"You fellows can joke all yuh want to but I heard that the Mexicans have seen a real, live, screeching ghost over in Dark Crater," answered Texas, "an' I'm going over there tonight, even if I have to go alone."

The two punchers began to sit up and take notice of this remark, for they knew Texas could see a chance for a scrap a mile off.

"Just one more hand and we'll go with you," said Buck.

The poker game soon ended and the three punchers rode boisterously out of town in the direction of Dark Crater.

"We'll tie the cayuses here," said Red, when they were within gun-shot of the crater.

"Hitching their horses, they crept to a place where they could command view of all the crater. Three hours passed without a word being spoken, then Red rolled a cigarette and started to light it, when Texas knocked it out of his mouth.

"Hey, you bloomin' idiot, do yuh want to give us plumb away?"

"Yuh ignorant cow-puncher, didn't yuh never read how ghosts ain't got no smellers?" remarked Red, getting indignant.

"Say, Tex, did yuh see a light down there to your right? Look! For the love o' Mike, what's that white thing? Oh! That wailin' gets on my nerves! That's our ghost. See it! Must o' seen us—it's disappeared."

"Well, if that ain't the orniest critter yuh ever saw," exclaimed Red.

"Bet yuh a new saddle, there's a cave down there," said Texas, excitedly. "Here, Red, grab this lariate and sneak down there, and if that thing

shows up again rope it, shoot it, at any rate hold it till we get there. Come on, Buck, we'll put a stop to this ghost roaming over the country."

"There's something back of all this," muttered Tex, as they scrambled down the incline.

Buck and Texas sneaked down within roping range of where the ghost had disappeared when they heard a rope cut the air and saw the ghost topple.

"Come on, Texas, Red's done his duty." They raced down to where Red was strangling the "ghost."

"It's a dirty greaser," shouted Red, "and he come out o' that hole."

Having tied the "ghost," with drawn guns the three filed in through the opening in the side of the crater. They could hear the sound of men talking and swearing in Spanish. Texas, with Buck inconsiderately stepping on his heels, felt his way along the wall of the crevice, alert and silent, his Colt held ready in his right hand, while the left was pushed out ahead, feeling for trouble. Texas came to a bend in the narrow passage and stopped so abruptly that Buck's nose almost spread itself over the back of his head.

In a large, irregular room, the roof of which could not be seen in the dim light of the few candles, four men were resting in various attitudes of ease as they discussed the happenings of the night and tried to compute their profits.

"Hands up!" said a quiet voice, followed by the usual commands. The Mexicans jumped as if stung by a thousand bees. One large fellow, who looked like the gambler that he was, reached involuntarily for his gun. Red, crying "Watch 'em, Buck," side-stepped and lunged forward with the speed and skill of a boxer, and his hard left fist landed on the point of the greaser's jaw. At this, Texas broke loose in the form of a two-legged cyclone. He livened things up by yelling, "I'm a ghost! I'm a ghost!" He tore into the Mexicans, right and left, until they all were as tame as sheep. Texas paused, triumphant, looked around to

see if he had missed any and then advanced to his friends. "Whoop-ee!" he shouted, "I recollect these hombres now, they're the birds that rustled the Bar-X cattle last year and they all have heavy enough rewards on their heads to buy us all some of them silk ties I seen advertised in the sheep-herders' bible. They used the "ghost" to scare the superstitious Mexicans away from their hangout."

H. TOWNSEND, '27.

CONFISCATED

"Now, Henry, you be careful and hit these bumps easy; don't forget what we've got in back."

Mr. Dillion, at his wife's outburst which he had received regularly every mile or two since they had stopped at Mrs. Dillion's brother-in-law's house, turned furtively and cast a cautious eye on the folded steamer rug in the tonneau of the panting and wheezing flivver.

"No, Myra, I wanta get it over the line just as much as you do, but we better stop soon 'cause I gotta clean the sparkplugs."

Sniting his action to his word, Mr. Dillion promptly slowed down and crawled out. Crawled, I say, for he had been riding all day and his knees were not what they had once been. Behind the raised hood, hidden from his wife's eyes by several pounds of tin, Mr. Dillion labored—apparently—but his usually benign countenance was darkened by a prolonged blush. At last, a very flustered Mr. Dillion arose from his kneeling position and, in his most casual tone, announced that he was going to the house yonder for a drink. At the house, he apparently had forgotten his original mission, for he asked the use of the telephone.

At the frontier, a customs official was lolling in his office, but, for all his lazy appearance, he was thinking hard, and necessarily, too, for there was a leak somewhere in his district and contraband liquor was pouring through to thirsty fools in a "dry" country.

His solicitude was suddenly relieved by the spasmodic ringing of a telephone

bell. Mechanically his hand sought the receiver and then he emitted a curt, "Well?" into the mouthpiece.

"Is this the customs house?" asked a weak and scared voice which sounded peculiarly like that of Mr. Dillion.

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"Well, there's a Ford touring car with some liquor coming by in about an hour, and I thought you might like to know about it."

"You're right, I wanta know about it; what's the number of the car?"

"———."

"All right, thanks, we'll be on the lookout."

After getting his "drink," Henry Dillion hastened back to his impatient wife, and, after lowering the hood, he got into the car and drove off.

Fifteen minutes passed in a silence broken only by the labored panting of the car, and then Mrs. Dillion told her husband to stop at the next house for she was thirsty. Obediently Mr. Dillion brought the car to a stop and watched his wife as she strode to the house.

After quenching her thirst, Mrs. Dillion asked the use of the telephone, and then in a firm, purposeful tone and with inward quakings, she asked for the customs headquarters and informed the officials that a Ford touring car with license number —— would pass the station that day with liquor aboard. After ridding herself of this startling bit of information, Mrs. Dillion, with a relieved air, replaced the receiver, thanked the hospitable residents of the house, and then returned to her patient husband, and they were off again.

At the customs headquarters, excitement reigned, and all the available men were arming and preparing for a fracas, for two messages had been received concerning a Ford touring car carrying liquor, and a great haul was expected.

As the minutes dragged on, the waiting men became impatient, and, just as they were beginning to think it a false alarm, a Ford touring car swung around a bend in the road. After a hasty glance at the number of the car,

the officer in command issued an order to the expectant men and in a trice the automobile was surrounded. Mr. and Mrs. Dillion, for, as you may and should have guessed, they were the occupants of the car, sat stiffly and their faces were white and frightened while they submitted, as indeed they must, to the search of the car.

An exclamation of delight followed the unfolding of the steamer rug, but this quickly changed to disgust, for, after searching in every possible place, the officers could find only a single bottle. Finally, the disgruntled searchers allowed the car to pass and as the couple in Ford touring car number —— reached American soil, they breathed a sigh of relief although minus the present from Mrs. Dillion's brother-in-law.

Twenty-four hours later, a weary and travel-stained but nevertheless happy pair arrived at the little cottage which they called home. Seated in the living room, Mr. and Mrs. Dillion looked at each other strangely for a moment or two and then suddenly Mr. Dillion burst out, "Oh, Myra, it was my fault that we lost that bottle, I called up the officials when I went for that drink and told them that there was liquor in the car. Oh, Myra, can you ever forgive me? But I just couldn't be a smuggler."

Mrs. Dillion listened quietly to her husband and then her lip tightened, not in anger but to prevent the tears which were very near flowing. "Henry, so did I!"

Mr. Dillion gazed at his wife in astonishment and then with a cry of rapture, Mr. and Mrs. Dillion fell into each other's arms.

"Henry!"

"Myra!"

And so lies the fate of the eighteenth amendment.

CHARLES PEIRCE, '27.

ANTIQUING

Old things have a certain, subtle charm which new things can never acquire until they themselves become old. A vague, elusive mystery hovers over them, and gives them an air of quiet

peace and dignity. Surely the results of the loving care and skill of master craftsmen of long ago have more "food for imagination" than the manifold productions of the modern factory.

One of my most prized possessions is a second hand watch. I shall never forget the look on Father's face when I proudly exhibited it to him. He did not look at the delicate chasing or the quaint numerals, but opened it.

"Why, the thing hasn't any works! What *are* you going to do with it? Don't you know that it would be more expensive to have this fixed than to buy a new one?"

Suppose it would! If I ever feel the need of another timepiece, I can buy a most unromantic tinny alarm clock for ninety-eight cents, but my watch belonged (I am sure it did) to a dainty, hoop-skirted, little Colonial maid. My watch has probably travelled far more than I have ever travelled, and seen more strange and wonderful sights than I have even seen!

People in small towns have a hatred of things old and a passion for things new. Perhaps small towns breed small minds and small imaginations. The people of W—— failed to understand us last summer when we three girls presented ourselves at the antique store hunting for old things—especially books. The storekeeper looked at us in a sympathetic and not unkindly manner,—of course, the antique mania could be understood in the occasional seeker who scoured the Cafe,—but for three young girls! We finally learned that over the library were just such literary treasures as we craved. Pell-mell we dashed to the little building over which hangs the impressive sign "W—— Public Library", only to find it locked. Fortunately, however, we remembered that one of the main characteristics of a small town is the lively interest every one takes in every one else's affairs, so we went to the house next door to inquire. A stolid and massive woman with great pink roses clambering up her dress answered our knock.

"You want old books—not any special one—to buy?"

"Yes."

Then followed a brief and thrilling moment when she went upstairs to take the curl papers from her hair,—for she was going to let us into the library! Visions of rare first editions danced in our minds. Thoughts of books with faintly pencilled underlinings, and maybe here and there a tear stain, whirled in our brains.

Breathless, we followed our guide up the back stairs into the attic. She opened a door and there it was—the place of our dreams. Cobwebs hung from the ceiling and what seemed to our eyes the undisturbed dust of a century hung thick over books piled in boxes and heaps on the floor. I picked up a book and gasped. *Census of 1910* was printed on the cover. Eleanor laughed hysterically as she found *List of People Changing Their Names in 1920*. But Elizabeth was speechless—she had stumbled over a complete set of *Tom Swift*!

Some experiences, however, are more encouraging than this one. I could tell about the old man who looked like Walt Whitman, or the hatpin with butterflies on it, or the opal ring worn thin with use, but, to me, the most fascinating of adventures was the one which involved the Brownies. One day, as we were in the drygoods store, we saw an old poster in a dusty corner. On it were three Brownies looking exactly as if they had stepped out of *Pickwick Papers*. There was Mr. Pickwick, sedate and solemn; Mr. Tupman, resplendent in sport clothes, and Mr. Snodgrass with an expression which showed that he might be quite sentimental on moonlit nights. In vain we begged, bargained, and teased for that poster, but the storekeeper decided that it might be very valuable and he became possessed of a strong attachment for it. We finally ended the struggle by paying them a daily visit and standing in a row as we gazed soulfully up. Needless to say, he finally jerked it down and practically threw it at us.

During the winter we take turns keeping it for a month, and I am sure that no one will ever have to convince us that the old is far, far more precious than the new.

LOUISE BRADLEY, '26.

THE MASTERPIECE

In a little French village, just behind the firing line, Heiden, a German officer, was stationed. He was a fairly young man, in the late twenties. He was very tall and well built; blonde of hair, and pleasant of smile, but his eyes were cruel. They were blue eyes that never held your gaze. Instead, with a raising of the chin, they looked beyond you. Before his enlistment, he had made great strides as an artist, but the war had interrupted his work and he had been forced to drop it entirely.

At this time, one of the things that made the war horrible was taking place in this village. Lined up against the cold, gray walls of a barn were six French peasants, hands tied, awaiting death bravely. Many innocent ones had met death this same way, some brave and even smiling, others completely broken by the thought of those they were leaving behind.

Heiden, in command of this band of victims, was about to give the order to fire, when he saw a young girl running toward him, a shawl about her head, hands clasped before her, hysterically calling, "Wait, Wait!" She fell on her knees before him and, raising her eyes to heaven, sobbed, "Oh, God, don't let him kill my daddy! Don't! I must have him, I must! Don't let this man take him away from me, please, please!"

Heiden roughly pushed her aside and remarked to a fellow officer, "What a study, those faces, for artist's brush, or poet's pen." Then from the same lips, "Fire!"

The six stood for a moment, blood trickling down their faces: into the eyes of some, and from the mouths of others. Then they fell. The girl uttered a faint murmur, but did not cry out. Instead she gazed at Heiden. Not to her dying day would she forget that

face as it laughingly turned to a nearby soldier. Then she covered her face with her hands and dropped down where she stood. She must have fainted.

She was awakened by a rough tap on the shoulder and a gruffed voice announced, "Get up, the war's all over, no more fighting."

She got up slowly and looking at the man, asked in a feeble voice, "All over?" Turning, she walked slowly to one of the crumpled figures before that cold, gray wall.

Another two years found Heiden in Paris. "A promising artist," the critics said, "and certainly a big future for him."

As yet he had created no masterpiece but he was constantly on the look-out for an inspiration, so to speak. If his creation of a masterpiece was successful the hardest step on the ladder to fame and glory, would have been taken.

His favorite haunt was a down-town cafe. He often would go up there after a strenuous evening, to have something to eat. It was a very unattractive place but the atmosphere pleased him, for some unknown reason. Everyone minded his own business whether adventurer, criminal, or trouble-hunter. So, on a particular night as Heiden was about to have, someone tapped him on the shoulder and asked if he was going to wait just a minute and hear mademoiselle Rey sing. Not being in any particular hurry, he sat down again. He was rather bored.

The entrance of the entertainer changed everything. Here was the Madonna he had been searching for everywhere! And to find her in this place. He was unaware that she was singing, all he could see or think about was her face. She had an exquisitely white complexion, curly, dark brown hair, and beautiful blue eyes that seemed to tell something of her life, and the sorrow in it. When she had finished singing he went up to her and asked if she would please come to his table. She hesitated but finally accepted the invitation. All the time she was sitting opposite him, he not only was studying her but she seemed to

be studying him. Finally she asked, "You are a German officer? You served in the late war?"

"Yes," he replied, rather puzzled that she should know this about him. But there were hundreds of German soldiers in the city, who had been officers in the war. It was not strange after all, that she could guess. "And you?" he asked.

She sighed, and then seemed to ponder a moment before answering. "We were French peasants, but father was killed in the war, and I came to Paris."

He questioned her no more, feeling that that was a delicate subject. Finally he asked her to pose for him. She consented.

Time went on. She sat every day for him, and they both became absorbed in the work. He could learn nothing, however, of her past life, other than that her father had been killed. For some reason, she avoided telling him in what village she had lived.

One day he announced that the finishing touches would be put on the picture the following day. He noticed that she became rather nervous when he said that. Or was it his imagination? She did not say how glad she was and Heiden noticed that.

The next day came, the last touches were put on the great picture. It was his masterpiece! The world would see the most glorious of Madonnas! Only the little world, Heiden, his teacher, Lanier, and the girl, had seen the picture. Lanier acknowledged the success of his pupil's work and was proud to own him as a pupil. At last the picture was complete but the "Madonna" left hurriedly.

The next morning came. What a morning for Heiden! Entering the drawing room he gazed for a long time at the curtain which covered his wonderful picture, the key to his fame and glory. He thought of the girl. She would probably be in during the day to see him. However, she did not come, and all this time he had not looked at "his picture or rather their picture," he thought.

That night he had asked some of his

friends in, that they might see his great creation first. They arrived, and when everyone was finally seated he walked over to the easel and raised the curtain. A cry escaped his lips. His masterpiece had been lashed to pieces. It hung in shreds from the easel. Only the remains of what might have been the greatest portrayal of the Madonna, the world would ever see!

Juliette Rey, the little French girl, had wreaked her vengeance.

JUNE YALE, '27.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "FLIVVER"

My first public appearance, ten years ago, was as a show car in a salesroom. I stood, in all my glory of shiny varnish and polished brass, in the window, and attracted much attention. I was very proud, little dreaming of what was ahead of me,—a life of hard work, hard knocks, abuse, and neglect at the hands of inconsiderate masters.

One day a lady and gentleman came to see me and admired me so much, that they bought me. The lady was pretty and kind, and I thought I was all settled for life. They had a nice little house for me to live in, and at first they were very careful of me,—always dusting and polishing me, watching every part of me, and paying men very often for telling them there was nothing the matter with me. My life for a few years was very pleasant, with long trips to the country, and not much driving into the crowded city, where I was always afraid of getting hurt.

Then I developed a whole train of diseases, which caused me much suffering. I had acute indigestion, the gas gave me severe pains in my insides, and I got so stubborn and cranky that many times I refused to start until the man actually swore at me; then I thought I'd better go.

After a while I was sent to the hospital, and was looked over; the examiners said I was no longer fit to live. I was certainly scared then, but after the surgeon had sold a nice new car to my old master, I was taken apart,

all my diseases were cured, and I was left to wait for my new master. He came for me after a while, and I was not long in discovering that life was a tough proposition. To be sure I had plenty to eat, but no fussing nor coddling—nothing but hard work, and a little doctoring when I was too sick to work.

One day I had a dreadful experience. As I was going along the main street, very quietly and winding my own business, a big brute of a car jumped out of a side street and attacked me. Although I was much the smaller of the two, I put up a good fight, the result being that the big brute was carried off on an ambulance, while I was able to run home. After having a few broken bones fixed, I was all right again.

Finally my master decided that I was too old and infirm to earn my living any more, so he sold me to a junk man. Now, I thought, I shall surely go to the graveyard, but I didn't.

A college boy came in one day and saw me. At once he was delighted. "Ah! here is one that surely is 'collegiate!'" He bought me for \$25.00. What a fall from my once proud position! He took me home, and what he did to me was awful. He stripped me until there was nothing left but my skeleton, tinkered up my insides, put two queer little low seats into me and then began to paint me. Oh! what a disgrace! I thought of my beautiful shiny black coat that I had worn when I was young, and now I was being covered with thick, red, muddy paint.

However, when I was finally finished—red with yellow trimmings and a lovely big sign, "Leaping Lena," on my gas tank—I felt quite proud again. Nevertheless, I have developed a mean disposition, and, if this young master or his younger brother who goes to high school, ever again forgets to feed me enough oil, I am going to lie down on the road and die. I don't care now what becomes of me—life has been too tough!

MARJORIE PANGBORN, '27.

A CASE OF HEART FAILURE

Characters

MALTON, a scientist about fifty-five years of age.

JOHN, his servant.

THE DOCTOR.

Scene I.

Scene—The inside of a large laboratory.

A white-haired man is working at one table and on the other side of the room his servant is busily adjusting things.

Malton (rubbing his hands together and turning slowly around)—John!

John—Yes, sir?

Malton (speaking slowly and evenly in a tense voice)—John, I have perfected it at last.

John—Yes, sir? That's good, sir.

Malton (holding a small tube up before him so that John may see it)—Twenty years it has taken me, John, twenty years of patient work, and worry! I sometimes wondered if it were worth half the energy that I put into it. My youth is in this, John, in this little tube, my very life, in fact! (A far away look comes into his eyes and he stands motionless as if recalling some of the past.)

John—Yes, sir.

Malton (starting suddenly at the sound of his servant's voice)—Do you suppose that I'll get it?

John—Get what, sir?

Malton—Get the diamond, John, I vowed to get it twenty years ago.

John—Of course, sir.

Malton (examining the tube again)—This poison, John, when taken into the body will kill its victim without leaving any trace. A physician would think it a natural death—probably of old age, if the victim is old, or—heart failure. He'd *never* know the real cause.

John—Where is the diamond, sir?

Malton (grimly)—Roberts has it. My old rival.

John—Your rival, sir?

Malton—Yes, he and I both loved the same girl. I was around thirty-five then and he was twelve years

younger. He was immensely wealthy. I was a poor struggling chemist. He was the last of a great family. I was one of the many nobodies in the world. He was handsome, I, homely. He had the intellect of a rich man's son, but I had the real brain. He had Mabel as his wife, but I had her love. It was not until Roberts showed Mabel the diamond that she consented to marry him. She showed it to me afterwards. I had never imagined that anything could be half so exquisite; it was so clear, so flawless, so nearly perfect. It dazzled me for a while; it awoke a passion in me that I had never known existed before. I wanted it, yes, even more than I wanted Mabel. I would readily have given my soul in exchange for it.

Two years later Mabel died. It was just about that time that I had first begun to work upon this great discovery. All those years in between I have worked desperately, hoping, praying for this day to come; and ever that picture of the diamond has been before me, blinding my eyes to all else. I want to take it in my hands and finger it, to call it mine! (He pauses for a minute, his hands seeming to caress an invisible something.)

Tonight I am going to Roberts' house. I shall ask him to show me the stone, then I shall give him a cigar, the end of which has been sprinkled with this poison, and, we will settle back to have a chat about the jewel. (He rises with a gesture of finality.) No one will ever suspect, no one will ever know, even his doctor will say (mockingly), "A case of heart failure, I'm afraid." (Sprinkles a little of the poison on a cigar and leaves.)

John (takes up the poison, looks at it intently absorbed in his thoughts, then speaks, trying to imitate Malton, smiling at the same time)—A case of heart failure, I'm afraid. (Then pointing to the poison which he has replaced upon the table)—A drop of that into his tea and the diamond is *mine*, after fifteen years of waiting. (Then sarcastically) —All things come to him who waits. (Gives a short laugh and turns away.)

Scene II.

Malton is seated in a chair by the laboratory table from which John is removing some tea dishes.

Malton—I don't feel well, John, maybe it was the tea.

John (shocked by such an implication)—The tea, sir!

Malton—Yes, but never mind, I'll be all right in a few minutes.

John—I think so, sir, but I'll call the doctor, sir.

Malton falls back into the chair almost in a faint. He manages feebly, however, to take a package from his pocket and hold it up. John, see, here is the diamond in this. I've got it! At last it's mine! I have just committed a perfect crime!—A p-e-r-f-e-c-t c-r-i-m-e. (Falls back dead. The diamond falls to the floor.)

John, who had gone out while Malton was speaking, now returns accompanied by a doctor.

Doctor—This my patient? (Crosses to Malton's side and examines him thoroughly while John looks on nervously. He goes up to Malton and pretending that he is aiding the physician picks up the diamond, securely wrapped in its paper, and slips it into his pocket with an air of triumph.)

Doctor (standing up and gazing down at Malton)—H'm—I believe that I'm safe in saying that the patient has died—er—of heart failure.

KATHERINE BRAITHWAITE, '27.

THE PASSING OF MODESTY

It is with tears in my eyes that I endeavor to inform you and to exemplify to you the passing of this noble virtue, modesty. Indeed, it makes us of the younger generation quite indignant when we are told by our elders that we are losing, or have already lost, our modesty. But wait! How true is it?

When Mother was a belle, she went riding of an afternoon, to be sure, and with Daddy on his "bicycle built for two," but what a dignified young lady she must have been in her abundance of petticoats reaching her trim little ankles, and her dainty Alpine hat. No

short sleeves for Mother, for if "leg of mutton" sleeves had been omitted from her wardrobe, she most certainly would have been omitted from society. Now when Daughter steps out with the Boy Friend, she steps into the latest Chrysler sport model, or over the side of a collegiate red "flivver," and when she steps, our eyes, for some reason, do not seem to stop at the trim little ankles. They travel upward until, at the knees, they encounter a circular skirt of red velvet, a skirt that the wind loves to play with, then an expensive looking squirrel jacquette, and then—lo and behold—ears! There was a time when the female of the species shrank from showing those dainty ears, but how very boldly Daughter saunters forth allowing her boyish bob to exhibit them to the elements.

Mother used to go to balls when she and Daddy were in their prime, but can you picture Mother blandly smoking a cigarette while sitting out a dance with Daddy? Absurd! You can not even picture her sitting out a dance in Daddy's buggy, can you? I must mention her dress, for it was so modest, so sweet, with puffed sleeves reaching her elbows, and with Daddy's corsage bouquet at her waist. Perchance there was a costume ball which Mother attended garbed as Bo Peep or Priscilla. How very different from Daughter who thinks nothing of arraying herself as a Hula Hula girl or as a favorite in the shiek's harem.

Then, too, there is the difference in bathing costumes. Must I describe Daughter's to you? Truly, it would not take long, but I dare say that every one of you is familiar with it. Mother wore bloomers, she tells me, which stopped far below her knees, and a full skirt covered every inch of them. There were elbow sleeves, too, in her costume, which prevented her from seeming too bold. To be sure, Daughter is right when she suggests that Mother could not possibly have swum in that outfit, but when she dons her abbreviated suit, doesn't it strike you that her modesty simply isn't?

I shall not confine my illustrations

to the girls, though,—indeed not! One needs but one look at Sonny to see that he is verging on boldness. That reminds me of the song which states that—

"Garters are the things we never wear,

And we don't have any use for red-hot flannels."

Indeed, it is quite evident that garters find no place in Sonny's wardrobe, for it is a common occurrence to see his socks embracing his ankles. As for the "red-hot flannels,"—we take that part for granted.

Do you agree with me now that modesty is a thing of the past? or have all my efforts been in vain? If you are unconvinced, just try to apply these adjectives: retiring, shy, and unassuming, to modern youth. Convinced now?

E. DEWING.

JUST A BROOK

When I first came upon the stream, it was like many another little brook, murmuring happily as it gurgled over its pebbly bed. It seemed to me like a happy child, innocent and inexperienced, angry at the few stones which obstructed its course and marred its happiness, but soon forgetting such flowers and bushes at its edge. Sometimes to play tag once again with the times it seemed to whisper secrets to its little playmates, and then again it seemed to laugh gleefully, as if greatly pleased with the graceful nod which some lovely flower had bestowed upon it.

Downward it flowed, ever downward, prattling as it went, ignorant of the fate awaiting it, and little realizing how many huge rocks it would encounter, how many battles it would have to fight, how many burdens it would have to bear before it reached the river, the ocean, and at length its final resting place, the sky.

I followed the brook on its downward course, and was interested to note the change that took place. Gradually it gathered force to meet the rocks which barred its way, and with Spartan courage it struggled against these barriers

which grew larger and increased in numbers as the stream grew stronger. It seemed to me even more like a person now, like a young man struggling against fate and trying to resist temptations, as it sometimes lost its temper and rudely splashed water in the faces of its enemies, but more often controlled its feelings and tried to elude them.

As the experience and self-control of the brook increased and it reached the foot of the hill, there were no more rocks to vex it, but its day of trouble was not yet over. As it increased in strength, people began to depend upon it to help carry their burdens. At first the children floated boats upon its surface, and, remembering its own "childhood," it gladly helped to make them happy by carrying their toys safely. Later, men of the world launched canoes upon its sur-

face, and after it had entered the river and joined forces with other brooks, it had to carry motor boats and launches. I watched it endure all these things and many more until it entered the ocean, hoping that at last it could rest, but again it was disappointed, for now it was expected to help its comrades, the other little brooks, bear huge steamers.

Finally, when it had suffered all that a brook can suffer, and had met all sorts of disappointments and hardships bravely, that mysterious and wonderful power, the sun, took pity on it and drew it to its heart to warm and comfort it. There it rested in the downy clouds where it could float in peace, and watch other brooks suffer as it had already done, before receiving what, I am sure, is considered complete happiness by a little brook.

S. McREAVEY.

Poetry

ODE TO CONSCIENCE

Thou Justice of the Inner Court
That sits within the basest man,
Thou stern accuser of all sins,
Forgetting not, though years may span
The evil act: grim Judge not bought
By gold, or tears, or earthly wealth,
Appeased but by the payment full,
And not escaped by any stealth—
Thou art inexorable, severe,
Exactng to the last full grain
The debt of grief, remorse, or fear
Entailed by each poor wretch who
dares
Defy thee and thy awful power,
Avenger of the broken Law,
Tormenter of the midnight hour,
Thou unrelenting monitor
Of all our deeds: Yet I would not
That thou wert otherwise, for we
Should then revert to that brutality
Which knows no Conscience, Aim, or
God.
Our evil thoughts thou dost cast out,
Thou art the guardian of our souls,
The hosts of sin thou put'st to rout
And savest us from ourselves.

—ELEANOR HUNT, '26.

WHEN THE SUN GOES TO BED

I think the sun must be a king
Who lives up in the sky.
His palace is of shining gold
With pillars very high.
The steps are built of marble,
And the roof is all of pearl,
And from his highest window
He can light and warm the world.

All day he's up there shining
"He never fails," 'tis said,
But when the night comes, he is tired
And so he goes to bed,
His pillow is of cloth of gold
His counterpane is blue
With broiderings of scarlet clouds
And bits of purple, too.

The curtains of his bed are black
To shut away the light;
And slowly, slowly they are drawn
Till all around is night.
But lest the world should be too dark
He sets a burning star
In all his palace windows
To light us from afar.

—R. E. H., '26.

RAIN

The friendly rain,
 With its cool caressing fingers
 And its quiet, hurried patterings,
 Sighing and whispering secrets,
 Is here tonight.

—BARBARA SEARS, '26.

THE WIND

The wind can be strong and blow from
 the north a gale that is cold and
 bitter,
 And make the snow fly in circling
 whirls with a sharp and icy glitter.
 The wind can fill the great white sails
 of a ship on the foaming sea.

And send it dancing and rollicking on
 like a sea gull wild and free.

Or the wind can be playful and gentle
 and warm, blowing lightly the blossoming trees.

Scattering soft petals all over the
 ground or tossing them high on a
 breeze,

For the wind is blowing the whole day
 long over mountain and meadow and
 wood,

And when it is blowing, remember these
 words—it's an ill wind blows no one
 some good.

—ELIZABETH MULLEN, '28.

Exchange Column

Our school paper neighbors—"Let's
 be friends!"

Re C order, Winchester

Ref L ector, Woburn

Radi A tor, Somerville

M. H. S. R eview, Medford

Bullet I n, Watertown

Sch O ol Life, Melrose

Ri N dge Register, Cambridge

This is station A. H. S. broadcasting
 an all request program of com-
 ments direct from the office of the
 Exchange Editor of the Arlington
 CLARION.

To *The Roman* from Rome, Georgia,
 we say: Greetings! The old Romans
 certainly would have had nothing on
 you. All your departments are most
 interestingly developed except the
 Alumni. Couldn't you improve the
 items about the college students and
 add more about those who are else-
 where?

All the way from Seattle, Washing-
 ton, comes *High Lines*, a real school
 newspaper, containing well arranged
 material. We suggest that the address
 as well as the name of the school be
 printed in the paper somewhere.

After reading *The Simondonian* of
 Warner, N. H., our opinion is that no

high school, however small, has any
 excuse for not having a paper. This
 magazine in particular is very well
 edited. Our one suggestion is to sep-
 arate the items in the Joke Column in-
 stead of running them together.

The news items and editorials in
The Mercury, Swayzee, Indiana, are
 very well written. Wouldn't it be pos-
 sible to give the literary talents of the
 other students an opportunity to dis-
 play themselves somewhere?

Such a fine paper as *The Meteor* of
 Berlin, Vermont, ought to be published
 more than three times a year. Your
 boasted photographs leave nothing to
 be desired, and your Literary Depart-
 ment is fine. Your cartoons are—well,
 decidedly "peppy."

The stories in *The Red and Gray* of
 Fitchburg, Mass., are many and all
 good. The other features of the paper
 are also worthy of commendation, es-
 pecially the quotations on each page.

Other publications we have tuned in
 on:

The Abhis, Abington High School,
 Mass.

The Aegis, Beverly, Mass.

The Beacon, Gloucester, Mass.

The Breeze, Kent's Hill, Maine.

The Broadcaster, Watertown Junior High, Mass.

The Broctonia, Brockton, Mass.

The Chronicle, Haverhill, Mass.

The Climber, West Bridgewater, Mass.

The Coburn Clarion, Waterville, Maine.

The Colby Voice, New London, N. H.

The Crimson and Gray, Southbridge, Mass.

Dorer Tones, Dover, Mass.

The Dial, Brattleboro, Vermont.

The Gazette, Lynn Classical High, Mass.

Hi Spirit, Enosburg Falls, Vt.

The Karur, Phillipsburg, New Jersey.

The Orient, Bowdoin College.

The Partridge, Duxbury, Mass.

Pucker Current Items, P. C. I., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Palmer, Palmer, Mass.

The Punch Harder, Andover, Mass.

The Radiator, Somerville, Mass.

The Record, Huntington School, Boston, Mass.

The Register, Burlington, Vt.

The Spaulding Sentinel, Barre, Vermont.

The Tauntonian, Taunton, Mass.

The Times, Austin High, Chicago, Ill.

The following messages have been picked up by A. H. S.:

"We enjoy your magazine very much, and especially your literary department which is exceptionally good."

—*Lynn Classical Gazette*.

"The story 'My Adventure' is very good. Your Alumni Notes are well edited."

—*The Tauntonian*, Taunton.

"The departments in your paper are well developed, especially the Editorials and Class Notes. You are to be congratulated on having a poetry department which gives evidence of much talent among your pupils."

—*The Aegis*, Beverly.

"Another newcomer. We welcome you to our Exchange List. Your edi-

torials are well written. We will be pleased to exchange with you."

—*The Karur*, Phillipsburg, N. J.

You will now have the pleasure of listening to Heza Jester, who will present a program of the best Humor from our exchanges.

Visitor: "I wonder if the girls kiss much in this High School?"

Fair Student: "You'd be surprised to see what goes on under my nose!"

—*Hi-Spirit*, Enosburg Falls, Vt.

Such Is Our Reputation!

"Lay down, pup, lay down," ordered the man. "Good doggie, lay down!"

"You'll have to say 'lie,' mister," declared a small bystander. "That dog's a Boston terrier."

—*High Lines*, Seattle, Wash.

Bacon: "Why didn't you dance last night?"

Hamm: "I had on a rented tuxedo."

Bacon: "Well, what of it?"

Hamm: "It was rented where it would show."

—*The Crimson and Gray*, Southbridge.

Actual advertisement in a school paper—

"Nick's Studio—Official photographer for Blank High School. Children our specialty." Now we ask you!

This is A. H. S. signing off. Good luck, everybody!

ALUMNI NOTES

We regret the serious error made in the last issue of THE CLARION. Evelyn Dwyer and Samuel Roberts are not married.

Mary Lane, '23, former captain of the girls' field hockey team, having completed a course at Miss Wheelock's School, is now teaching at St. Agnes' School in Arlington.

"Connie" Belyea, '24, is working at the East Cambridge Court House, and "Curt" Forbes, '23, whom we remember because of his famous heels, also struts about the Court House from nine to five.



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Jack Freeman, '23, after two years at Huntington, is completing his education at Harvard.

Cleora Russell, '24, is studying at the Hyannis Normal School.

Parker Rice and "Buster" Mosely, both of the class of '24, are at Bowdoin.

The engagement of Marjorie Dick, '24, and Max Miller Laufman of Louisville, Kentucky, was recently announced. Both young people attend the Boston University School of Religious Education and Social Service.

Gertrude Morris, '25, is working for Merrill, Oldham & Co., Bond Brokers of Boston.

Elsa Anderson, '25, is working in the Town Hall.

Doris McCarthy, '25, and Helen Lyndon, '25, are at Boston University. Helen received a scholarship from the Civics Department.

Florence Reid, '28, is at present with the Hood Rubber Company, and is planning to go to a designing school next year.

Dorothy Sexton, '25, is at the Salem Normal School.

Alice Devine, '25, is giving dancing lessons in East Arlington.

John O'Hara, '25, is taking a business course at Boston University.

Charles Fraser, '25, is farming with his father.

Francis Vossahlik, '25, and Joe MacFarlane, '25, editor of last year's CLARION, are going to Boston College.

Walter Nicoll, '25, is working for the Park Commission of Arlington.

William McCarthy, '25, is working for the Valspar Varnish Company of Boston.

Ross Butler is with "Lead" Marsters at Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville, Maine.

James Baston, '25, has given up his position at the Metropolitan Theatre to follow in the paths of higher education at Burdett College.

Of course we all remember Clancy, who was with us for only one year,—well, he's selling Maytag washing machines for Anthony B. Cassidy at Porter Square.



BASKETBALL

The basketball season started on January 15th with the defeating of Waltham by Arlington. The score was 30 to 25. The Watch City team started the game with a rush, scoring immediately; but Arlington came back strong, and piled up a lead which was nearly overcome in the last period. The game was fast and hard, our team looking very good for the first encounter. Keefe, Stokes, and Donahue starred offensively, while Canty, and Crosby broke up the plays in the rear of the court. The second team also won by the score of 10 to 3.

On January 22 the team journeyed to Leominster and there suffered a defeat of 14 to 12 points, by the home team. Leominster playing a five man defense led at the half 10 to 3, but Arlington picked up in the last half. Captain Keefe was the only Arlington player to cage the ball, shooting three from the floor and making good six foul shots. The court was not of the best and the verdict will probably be reversed when Leominster visits Arlington.

The basketball team went over to Belmont on the afternoon of February 2nd and put a stop to Belmont's winning streak. The game was hard fought ending 28 to 0 in our favor. The second team won their game also.

On the evening of February 5th, at the high school gym, the Salem team beat Arlington 28 to 16. That our boys were off form was apparent and the Watch City team will not have so easy a time of it when Arlington goes to

Salem. Antos and Dallaire starred for the visitors while Joe Donahue did the most scoring for the home team.

A tie game 24 to 24 was played with Winthrop, February 9th. Earlier in the season Winthrop triumphed over Arlington, so this game showed an improvement in our team. Winthrop was leading 12 to 8 at the end of the first half, but in the last two periods Arlington knotted the score, 21 to 21. Winthrop forged ahead by three points in the last session but with only a minute to play Stokes tied the count with a basket from the floor. Frannie Keefe at right forward rolled up 11 points during the game. The Arlington High second five easily won from the Winthrop High seconds, 17 to 2.

The hockey team beat Rindge 5 to 1 at the High School rink in Melrose. The game was played in Melrose because good ice was accessible there. Rindge shot the first goal causing the Melrose spectators to go wild with joy. Arlington shots were soon flying thick and fast, however, and the Melrose cheers turned to taunts and jeers directed at the Arlington players. This didn't help friendly feeling between the schools any. The victory did help Arlington for it placed us in fourth place in the hockey league.

On the 12th of February the hockey team came through with a 1 to 0 victory over Stoneham, and went into a deadlock with their rivals for third place in the Interscholastic League standing. The players were right on the job on the break and after a face-off in the second period, Hilliard, the

star centre, slapped the disc past Hunt, Stoneham's goalie, for the only score of the game.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team, with Anna Burns as captain, began their season well by defeating Lexington 80 to 12. It was an easy victory as Lexington was handicapped by an inexperienced team. In the next game, however, with Melrose, our team met plenty of opposition, but came out on top with the close score of 34 to 32.

The game with Watertown was a most exciting one for both players and spectators. At the end of the first half, Watertown was ahead 14 to 6, but after a hard fight, the game ended with a score of 30 to 28 in Arlington's favor. Our girls should be congratulated for their hard work in winning the game.

The fourth game, with Wellesley, also ended in a close score, 17 to 15, in our favor.

With these scores, it looks as if the girls were going to make up for the loss of the field hockey championship.

HOCKEY

The hockey team opened its season December 26 at Hill's Pond, playing the High School of Commerce team and winning out by the score of 4 to 1. The team showed the result of its diligent practice by an excellent display of team work. Everett, Sumner, and Hilliard caged the puck for Arlington, Everett scoring twice. In the final period Chamberlain was drawn out of the cage just enough to allow Cassidy to drive the disc into the net.

At Waltham on December 30th, Buckley's lone dash down the ice proved to be the winning tally. The Watch City team was fast and the game was fought bitterly, giving Chamberlain an opportunity for making some fine stops.

On New Year's morning the High School took the Alumni's measure, a rather unusual performance. The score, 4 to 0, shows the strength of our team. The battle was hotly contested during

the first period but in the second, Hilliard scored on a rebound, and Donnelly caged the lozenger twice unassisted. The Alumni fought desperately to score, but found the High School's defense difficult to penetrate. The last period saw Hilliard score again and the Alumni's finish. "Brainy" Bowers, hockey and baseball coach at Williams College, his brother Bucky, Donnelly of Coburn Classical, and Molly Nott of Exeter bore the brunt of the work for the graduates.

The first league game, played with Belmont, resulted in a 1 to 1 tie. Arlington had the better of the argument and would have won if the referee had not disallowed a goal. In the third period Buckley teamed up with Hamm and sent the disc whizzing by Ford, the Belmont goalie, for an undisputable tally, but a few minutes later one of the Fords managed to get one by Chamberlain out of a hot scrimmage in front of the net. Two overtime periods were played to no avail and the game was called off because of darkness.

Another league game was played with Cambridge Latin at Russell Field rink, January 12th. This game was another tie, 1 to 1, which could not be broken in spite of six overtime periods. The game lasted 76 minutes and then stopped because of darkness.

About half-way through the first period John Buckley dug the puck out of a scrimmage near the Latin net and whizzed it past Fitzgerald. Two seconds later Horan blazed his way through most of the Spy Ponders and took a closeup shot on Captain Chamberlain that tied the score. Buckley, always eagy and alert for openings, gave the Cantabs plenty of bother, as did Hilliard and Everett, while Hamm played a great game at defense.

The Brookline game was played at the High School's rink on Hill's Pond, January 15. Coach Coffey's charges played a hard, fast game, defeating the Wealthy Towners 1 to 0. Hilliard scored on a pass out from Buckley in the second period, and from then on the game was fast and furious. This

burst of speed ruined Brookline's chances, for they were soon used up. In the third period it took Brookline's whole team to stop the hail of pucks directed at their net by the Arlington players. This victory put us up a notch in the league standing.

On January 25th, the hockey team was handed a set-back 1 to 0 by Newton after a 10-minute overtime period had been played. The game was nip and tuck until three minutes of the extra period had elapsed. Then Capt. Holbrook, hovering around on the alert to snap in a loose puck, connected with a passout and sent it flying past Chamberlain for the only goal. It was a lucky one, however, and fate might have just as well given the game to Arlington. Buckley and Hilliard in the forward line, and Hamm on the defense played best for Arlington.

On the evening of January 29, at the Arena, Arlington met their old rival, Melrose. Melrose, fresh from eleven straight victories, won 3 to 0, but Arlington gave them the stiffest argument of the season. Arlington had an even chance, but the breaks were against the Red and Gray. Melrose's first goal came in the first period when Sanford's shot glanced from Buckley's stick into the net. In the second period Ripley scored on a rebound for Melrose; then Hamm and Everett teamed it to the points. A goal for Arlington was over-ruled by the referee. In the third period Ripley scored again: this time unassisted. The game was the feature of the evening, being much faster than the other one in which Pere Marquette beat the B. A. A. 1 to 0. For Arlington, Hilliard, Buckley, and Hamm gave a wonderful exhibition while Chamberlain made the hockey fans sit up and take notice by his great goal tending.

"Will you marry me?"

"No," she replied.

"And they lived happily ever after."

Miss Treat: "Cohen, can you spell avoid?"

Cohen: "Sure, what void do you want me to spell."

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*Although we editors dig and think
For jokes till our fingers are sore
There is always some one bound to say
Oh, I heard that before."*

—ANON.

* * *

She's Slipping

Miss Wakefield, explaining the loss of some history books. This past week I've lost three Fites and three Harts.

* * *

She's Looking For One, Too

Miss Wakefield: "What is it you are looking for, Miss Pierson?"

L. Pierson: "I'm looking for a Fite."

* * *

Waterman announces the successful drilling of another ink well.

* * *

G. Lawson: "Phil Pierce ate something that poisoned him."

W. Harrison: "Croquette?"

G. Lawson: "No, but he's pretty sick."

* * *

I hear your son is quite a journalist at college. Does he write for money?

Yes, in every letter.

* * *

G. Tarlton: "Oh, I say its raining out."

T. Taylor: "Naw, that's just the wave length of the grapefruit I'm eating."

DR. ROSENBERGER'S COMMENTS ON "THE FIRE PRINCE"

One of the greatest (musical programs ever offered in Arlington was presented at the Town Hall on January 22, by members of the Arlington High School Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs. It certainly was a work creditable to the students of the high school and to the town of Arlington. This extraordinary production was made possible by the untiring efforts of Miss Grace Pierce, Miss Nannie Sydnor and Mrs. Stella Marek Cushing, and the result is something to be proud of.

* * *

No one could have been better fitted for the part of Rosa than Phyllis Blake. Her singing was nothing short of marvelous, and her acting and dancing were splendid. Phyllis possesses a wonderful, well trained voice. We predict a great future for her in the vocal world.

* * *

Our favorite, Joe Ennis, proved himself a noble prince in the role of Prigio. He made a splendid appearance in his costume and was in truth the prince of the singers. We also predict a great future for Joe.

* * *

Ruth Davis proved herself to be a



natural born comedienne in her role as Queen Isadore, for she played her part to perfection.

* * *

The beloved and benevolent Groggnion, King of Pantouffia, was none other than our favorite comedian, Paul Corcoran. His dance in the opening number would make Henry Ford sit up and take notice.

* * *

George Winn looked like Theodore Roosevelt. The only thing that was missing was the glasses.

* * *

Fred McArthur and Carl Sumner were brought back to life by the magic water which was furnished by the Ligget's Drug Store.

Henry Spang made a dashing cavalier. If one can remember right, Richard the Lion-Hearted looked something like Henry.

* * *

Carl Binnig has a remarkable talent for dancing. The minuet he did with the Fire Drake was majestic.

* * *

The Butler scene, including Bob Sproul, William Rivera, and Wilber Silvestein, was well received and called for an encore.

* * *

We were very proud to be honored with the presence of the famous composer of this operetta, Mr. Henry Hadley. Evidently he was very much pleased with the outcome.

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Miss Sydnor must have been on the magic carpet when she was being paged at the finale. However, she received her token of appreciation.

* * *

George Winn sang tenor eleven times during the performance.

* * *

The wig worn by Ruth Davis was furnished by the Bull's Wool and Oakum Company of Woburn.

* * *

Ronald Rogers showed a keen ear for music by keeping time with his misplaced eyebrow.

* * *

Dorothy Scholes and Esther Dewing took the part of the Apple Sisters, Ceeda and Cora, very romantically.

* * *

The automobile horn was borrowed from Paul Corcoran's bicycle.

* * *

Paul looked like a "crowned" king.

* * *

The knowledge used by the Fire Prince was furnished by the Webster's Dictionary.

* * *

Dan Hooley and Ken Call of "Pinafore" fame were with us for the evening. It must have reminded them of old times.

* * *

The magic carpet was furnished by the Pray Rng Co. of Boston.

* * *

The shoes worn by the Fire-drake were furnished by the Rice & Hutchinson Shoe Company of Boston.

* * *

The tail of the Fire-drake was so long it was a dragon.

* * *

There was a grand fire sale after the performance of the "Fire Prince."

* * *

The ash can was furnished by the Board of Public Works.

* * *

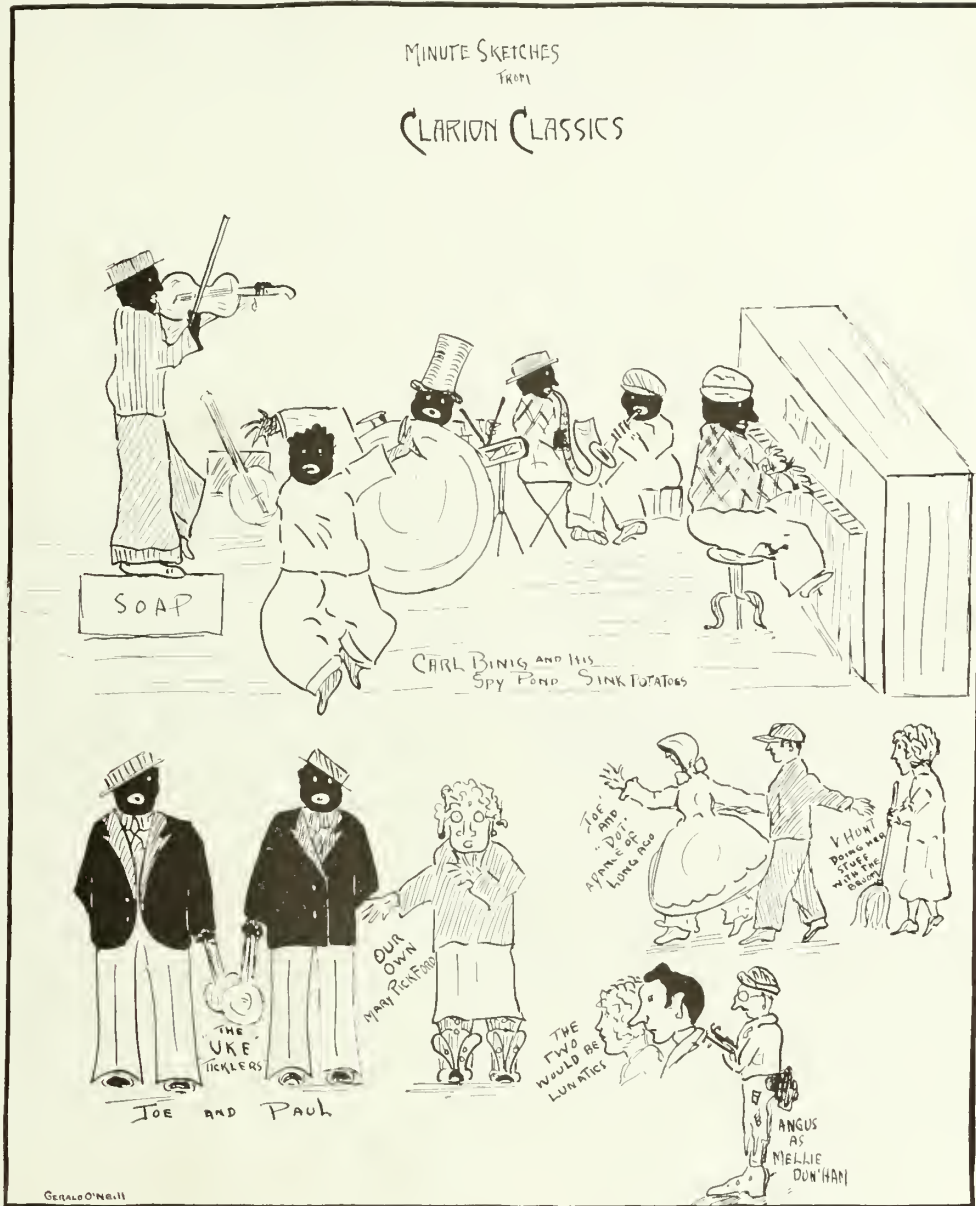
The second scene was good as a whole, but not as a ball room.

* * *

The orchestra seats were so expensive that the only way some students could sit there would be to fall out of the balcony.

MINUTE SKETCHES
FROM

CLARION CLASSICS



The fire-drake was so realistic, some of the audience could smell smoke.

* * *

At the performance, some one opened a window, and you could see the fire escape.

* * *

Others in the cast who had prominent parts were Charlotte Horton, Arthur Molloy, Richard French, Herschal Curry, Louise Stinson, Winthrop Fowler, and Ken Draper.

CURTAIN

THE CLARION CLASSICS

The barriers of precedent have been battered down!! Under the guidance of the capable Mr. Rosenberger, the apparently lifeless corpse of social activity among the students has kicked up its heels and answered to the call of the present. Yes indeed, the enticing program of the Clarion Classics has made loyal supporters from most radical skeptics, and turned the indifferent into ardent zealots. So be it, and let it always be.

Did you, even as I did, expect to

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sit through an afternoon of senseless drivel and flapdoodle? (And you all answer "YEA YEA even so.") Why, if the whole program hadn't been so overwhelming in its humor and pathos and beauty I could have cried with joy, but tears were out of place. These boys and girls, unsparing of themselves and unaided by more mature intellects, produced this production and incidentally a signal example of the true ARLINGTON SCHOOL SPIRIT!

Emmis and Corcoran! Is there a pair, with the possible exception of Webber and Fields, more renowned? Like the victories of Napoleon, each triumph is more glorious, more dazzling. Let us dwell on that afternoon that gave us such joy. The beauty of the Scholes and Ross act, and irresistible mirth of Angus, the humor of Gates and McArthur as well as the Hunt and Scholes act and those peerless syncopaters that brought forth cheer after cheer with the performance of their compeer. Norval Bacon will remain imprinted in our memory forever; but the climax was Rosenberger. How he stood there and sent us into spasm after spasm until we were in danger of disintegration will be told to the incoming classes until it has progressed beyond the field of hearsay and into the realm of Myth. To digest all this, we had the whimsical humor of Will Rogers, in his latest pictures.

These benefactors of THE CLARION have laid the cornerstone of a monumental work. This was true ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL SPIRIT through sacrifice and service. H. HAMM.

W. Canty: "Say, this is a wonderful floor for dancing."

J. McCarthy: "Yes, why don't you use it." * * *

Teacher: "John, name a collective noun?"

John: "A vacuum cleaner." * * *

D. Jones: "Does your watch tell time?"

A. Walker: "No, you have to look at it."

? DR. ROSENBERGER'S ? QUESTION BOX

Owing to the large number of questions handed in daily and the limited space in which to publish these questions, we have been forced to pick the first six for this publication. The others, however, will be printed in the next edition. Watch for it!

Dr. ROSENBERGER, F. O. B.,
(Full of Bunk).

* * *

Dear Doc: "I went to work in Hutchin-son's last week. At the end of the week I was fired. I cannot understand it. I did not do anything."

GEORGE PEPLER.

Ans. That's why you were fired."

Dear Doc: "Last week Joe Downey put his hand through a window and it did not hurt him. I cannot understand it."

A W. BARR.

Ans. "It did not hurt him because there was no pane."

Dear Doc: "Why is 'Gntty' Dale called the 'idol' of his family?"

P. PIERCE.

Ans. "Because he doesn't do anything."

Dear Doc: "If a person fell in a river in Paris, what would he be?"

—J. SNYDER.

Ans. "In Seine."

Dear Doc: "What can I do to be smart? I want to get ahead."

L. PIERSON.

Ans. "You need one."

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NEXT DOOR TO THE
CAPITOL THEATRE

Dear Doc: "Why do they call Chamberlain's flivver 'The Hesperus'?"

A. STORY.

Ans. "It's a wreck."

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From Over 1000 of the Best
Intelligence Tests
BY
PROFESSOR J. B. KRAZEY
and the Board of Admission

Read Carefully This Notice

The following test is divided into two parts. The first part, "Uncommon Sense," should not take more than three months to answer. The second part, "Uninformation," about the same time. *Do not attempt to write without pencil or pen.*

PART I.—Uncommon Sense

(Answer these questions by either *yes* or *no* in two ways.)

1. If it takes 2 to make a couple, how much is a pair? Solve and check algebraically.
2. How many "Z's" make a deficiency? Prove answer by quoting your experiences.
3. Why does "Griff" Roberts say his report will sound like a buzz-saw?
4. How many gum-wrappers, Nestle covers, and peanut bags will be necessary to fill the "dump?"
5. Solve and check, using $x=5$:
Does x part his hair in the middle? If so, why not? Give reasons. Explain principle involved.
6. How many Senior boys to every Senior girl? Don't hurry. Answer only after due deliberation.

PART II.—Uninformation

(Prove answers by quotations from the "Deaf and Dumb Catalogue," Chapters III.—CXXVIII., pages 22—1059; or from the "Dough-head Daily Decrier," volumes VIII.—XXVI.)

1. What is Esther Dewing?
2. Why does Virginia Hunt?
3. Does Philip Carter out?
4. Why is Harold Hamm?
5. Can Gustave Frye?
6. Does George Winn?
7. Is Dot Sweetser brother?
8. Why does Alice Pray?
9. Does Alice Walker round?
10. Where is Helen Lane?
11. Is Ellsworth Brown?
12. Can Philip Peirce?
13. Has Robert Goodale?

ELEANOR HUNT, '26.

Mr. Fowler: "What is its the symbol of?"

R. Anderson: "It is er-right on the end of my tongue."

Mr. Fowler: "Spit it out, its arsinic."

* * *

Prof. "I'm going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of the text?"

Nearly every student raised his hand.

Prof.: "Good, you are the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter."

* * *

C. McNeil: "We had a mind reader over our house last night."

C. Silva: "What a flat time he must have had."

* * *

Question: "What advantage has the bee in always building the cells of his come in hexagonal form?"

Answer: "Because he has more room for his honey."

* * *

More Ancient History

Buckley: "I have some of Caesar's coins."

Murphy: "That's nothing. I have some of Adam's chewing gum."

* * *

Daly: "I hear (Del Everett) is one of the 400."

Hilliard: "Yes, one of the ciphers."

* * *

"Archie, did you take a bath?"

"Gosh no, is there one missing?"

WHAT BUSINESS FIRMS THINK OF THE CLARION

"It's a bargain."—*Raymonds*.

* * *

"You saved my soul."

—*Douglas Shoe Co.*

* * *

"Your paper is a cracker."

—*National Biscuit Co.*

* * *

"You have the 'Pep.'"

—*Kellogg Co.*

* * *

"Spicy Humor."

—*Stickney and Poor Co.*

* * *

"It speaks for itself."

—*Bermuda Onion Co.*

* * *

"I was old and feeble till I read your magazine."—*Scott's Emulsion*.

* * *

"It should be in every home."

—*Zonite*.

* * *

"It rings true and clear."

—*Waterbury "Big Ben" Clock Co.*

* * *

"It has risen over night."

—*Fleischman's Yeast Co.*

* * *

"\$67,879 tramps read your magazine yet it isn't a financial journal. They read it for their minds' culture."

—*Literary Digest*.

* * *

"It has a taking way."

—*Burke's Detective Agency*.

* * *

"Your paper keeps up with the time."

—*Waltham Watch Co.*

* * *

"We like your type of writers."

—*Underwood Typewriter Co.*

* * *

Townsend: "May I write a love story?"

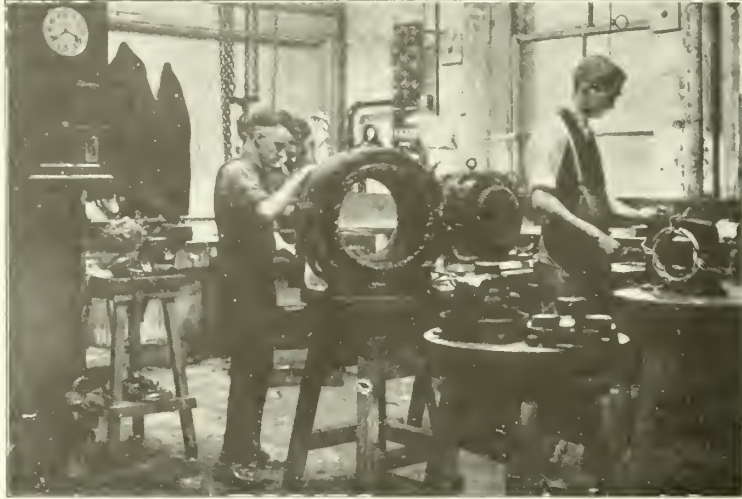
Miss Treat: "Yes, if you know enough about it."

* * *

I have no pen, I have no ink,
And what is more, I cannot think;
But I'll write this line to be in step,
THE CLARION has a lot of pep.

K. HARRINGTON, '27.

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EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$250 to \$600 per year.

APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Blank applications will also be mailed upon request. Applications for admission to the school in September, 1926, should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

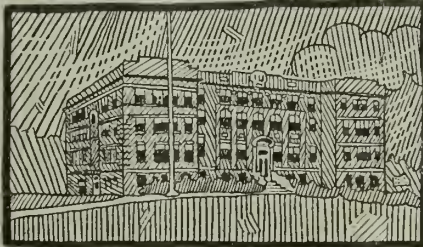
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THE CLARION

ARLINGTON
HIGH
SCHOOL



OF
ARLINGTON
MASS.

*May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old.*

—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

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WHEN CHILDREN DECIDE

THE other day a well-to-do man went to an architect's office and made a unique request. He said he wanted plans for a home that would please his children—a home that his children would love and take pride in.

When the plans were submitted for approval the man, his wife and their three children were present. The parents said nothing. The children examined the plans, made some minor changes here and there, and put their approval on the finished drawing. Then the contractor submitted his estimates, the father was surprised to discover that the cost was far under what he had thought it would be. The children had actually saved him money by specifying essentials instead of what he termed "frills and refinements."

One of those essentials was gas service throughout the house.

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Arlington High School Clarion

Volume III.

ARLINGTON (Boston), MASS., MAY, 1926

Number 4

The Clarion is published during the school year by The Students of
The Arlington High School
Entered as Second-Class Matter November 9, 1917, at Boston (Arlington
Branch), Mass., P. O., under the Act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103
Acts of October 3, 1917, authorized June 6, 1919

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EDITORIALS

The editing of this issue is wholly the work of the assistant editors. They are to be credited with many of the articles appearing in this number. As it will be their lot to publish THE CLARION next year, it is necessary that they have experience, in order to get a running start next fall.

As announced, the Columbia Scholastic Press Association convention was attended by delegates from this school.

Six students and two teachers representing our school magazine were present at the meetings held at the University in New York City on March 12-13. Three members of the delegation were sent by the approval of the board. The others went at their own expense. Such an interest in school work is a commendable example of school spirit. Full reports of the convention may be found in the literary department of this issue.

HIGH SCHOOL

Years ago it was the belief that a high school education meant only book learning. Today we realize that it means more than that. A high school education is necessary to develop self-reliance and intrepidity, and the modern business world requires at least three years of high school training.

Since high schools in general is the subject of my theme, perhaps I should not extol the praises of one, but I cannot lose the chance of saying a few words about the self-reliance that is being developed in the Arlington High School. For here nobody follows us around to make sure that each lesson is being carefully prepared; nor is unnecessary individual attention given. We are trained to do our own thinking and so we learn that lesson of responsibility which none of us can learn too soon.

It is hardly necessary to express my opinion of our faculty. We all know that there is not one who does not do his or her best to help us develop that self-reliance and to understand the knowledge that we find in books, or the problems that we have to face.

Opportunity stands, a willing figure in every corner of the school, and it is only through our own blindness, or lack of ambition, that we fail to take advantage of what is offered. Time flies quickly and, before we know it, we have left opportunity standing unnoticed and our books lying unchallenged.

Forgetting that "we get what we give," all too thoughtlessly upon finding ourselves at the end of the course with flabby muscles and unused brains, we lay blame on this teacher or that teacher, and complain of the faulty system of education in our school.

I believe that "all men are created equal," only some fail to use the powers that are given them. Let us dig down deep and find the ability that lies hidden within us; let us not, after

having dreamed our way through, condemn our school for holding back what we have not sought.

—D. BLEVINS.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Important!

The members of the Dramatic Club have recently learned of the resignation of Miss Nannie Sydnor. This means the loss of an excellent coach and a good friend.

Although Miss Sydnor has been working with us for only five years, her patience, loyalty, and untiring efforts in the dramatic work of the school have been manifested many times in the successful results she has achieved.

The work of the Dramatic Club has grown since it was first organized and established by Miss Sydnor. The first play given was a one act, "Mrs. Pat and the Law." It was a comparatively simple play to produce. Humor and interest were created by the plot situation rather than interpretation by the actors. In the later productions the actors have been required to produce a response in the audience through their sympathetic expression of the characters they portray. Plays in which this quality has been evidenced are:—Medicine Show, Diabolical Circle, Quality Street, and The Rehearsal.

In losing Miss Sydnor the Dramatic Club feels that it is losing one whose work will be remembered for many years.

Feeling that facts speak louder than words, we are printing the following statistics in refutation of the statement made by a fellow citizen in a recent town meeting that the Arlington High School is not fitting its pupils to enter college.

DISTRIBUTION OF PUPILS WHO HAVE ENTERED COLLEGE
FROM
ARLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL
1921 — 1925

Harvard College	13
Massachusetts Institute of Technology	13
Tufts College	9
Boston University	7
Radcliffe College	7
Simmons College	7
Dartmouth College	6
Massachusetts Agricultural College	6
Mount Holyoke College	5
Bowdoin College	4
Smith College	4
Northeastern University	4
Wellesley College	3
Bates College	2
Boston College	2
New Hampshire State College	2
Brown University	1
College of Osteopathy	1
DePaw University	1
Skidmore College	1
St. Mary's College	1
School of Pharmacy	1
United States Military Academy	1
United States Naval Academy	1
University of Georgetown	1
University of Maine	1
University of Southern California	1
University of Vermont	1
University of Wisconsin	1
Vassar College	1
Wesleyan University	1
Total	109

DATA CONCERNING PUPILS WHO HAVE PREPARED FOR COLLEGE
DURING YEARS 1921 — 1925

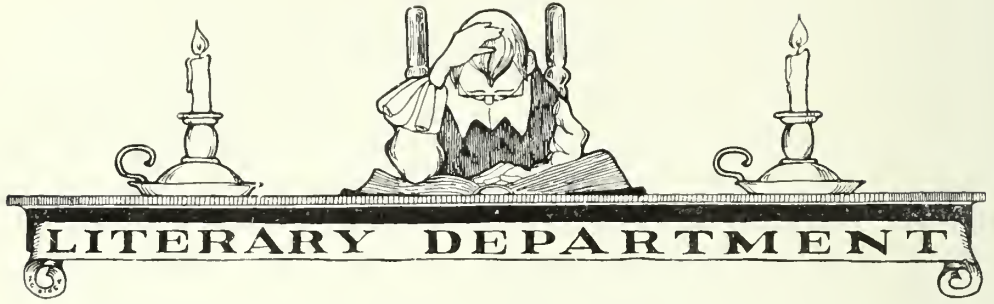
Year	No. succeeding in entering college	No. failing to enter college	No. failing examinations	No. doing satis- factory work in first year of college	No. not doing satisfactory work in first year of college
1921	21	0	0	21	0
1922	20	2	5	19	1
1923	25	0	0	24	1
1924	19	0	0	18	1
1925	24	4	5	24	0
Totals	109	6 ¹	10 ²	106	3 ³
Percentage	94.7%	5.3%		97.2%	2.8%

The above table shows that (1) 94.7% of all pupils who attempted to enter college during 1921-1925 were successful; (2) 97.2% of all pupils who entered college did satisfactory work during their first year in college.

¹The work of these six pupils was below the standard necessary to warrant taking examinations or attempting to enter college. The school did not recommend any of these pupils to take examinations.

²Four of these pupils who failed to enter the college of their first choice succeeded in entering other colleges in the same year by taking examinations in September and by being certified in some subjects. Only one of these ten pupils who failed their examinations was recommended by the school to take the examinations. The other nine did not maintain a high enough standing in their school work to warrant taking the examinations.

³Only one of these three pupils was recommended by the school to enter college. The other two pupils took the examinations on their own responsibility and passed them.



THE FICKLENESS OF WOMEN

Mary Jane Louise needed a new hat. Therefore she sat on her front steps and pouted. Three daring daylight robberies were committed, eight automobiles were smashed, ten persons were born and eight died in various parts of these United States while Mary Jane Louise continued to sit on her front steps and bemoan the fate which separated her from a new hat. She needed a new hat. A new hat was an absolute necessity. Existence without a new hat was unthinkable. But where, oh where, might one obtain sufficient coin of the realm, commonly termed mazuma, with which to procure said hat? Greater minds than hers have quailed before this problem.

Meditatively she punched in and shoved out again the battered crown of her ancient brown felt. Poor hat! It had been through two long, strenuous seasons of hard wear. No Roman legion, chasing Gauls up and down the map of Europe, could have withstood more gallantly the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" than had this same small, drab, inconspicuous brown felt. But alas! poor hat, although the days of its youth were now but dim memories, still it was denied its well-earned right to pass the sunset of its life in some dusty, quiet corner of some one's dim, cobwebby attic.

Mary Jane Louise sighed again and again punched the hat. Nothing in this world or in the next could ever restore youth to that unfortunate cloche, punching and manling least of all. She desisted in order to consider ways and means. But after calling to mind every way and means she knew

and some she invented, she gave up in disgust. It was no use. Ways and means are, in the main, but theories and she was a practical-minded young lady, not given to theorizing and other forms of day-dreaming.

Obviously, she could not ask her father or mother. For if one's father has the unfortunate habit of actually speaking his mind to his employer, instead of confining his activities to telling the office force what he says he said, then one's family's income is not overlarge or very regular and since it is a principle of economics that the out-go cannot exceed the in-come, one does not casually demand a new hat at a time when the income is exactly nothing or zero.

"Well," sighed Mary Jane Louise, rising and stretching her long legs, "I s'pose I'd better get started, if I'm ever to get to afternoon session today." And by this remark you may well perceive that she, too, was a fellow-sufferer.

She opened the front door and thrusting her head within the house, shouted, "Hey, Ma, I'm going to afternoon session. Be home 'bout four. So long!"

"What? what did you say?" cried a voice. But the door had slammed and Mary Jane Louise was on her way.

Spying her best friend about fifty yards ahead, she let out a whoop that might have been heard for fifty blocks and then, before the startled girl had time to recover, rushed upon her and whacked her soundly on the back with the brown felt hat. A new hat has advantages, but so has an old one.

The two, having discovered that they were both bound for afternoon session

and were both three papers shy in their weekly typewriting assignment, devoted themselves whole-heartedly to a discussion of those characteristics in which their teacher surpassed Simon Legree, the Caesars, Nero and other well-known figures of history. Thus pleasantly occupied, they reached the school-building and passed within the sacred portals.

* * * *

Mary Jane Louise came swinging up the street. Mary Jane Louise was happy. She had a great desire to communicate this happiness to the world in general, so she alternately sang, hummed and whistled, somewhat tunelessly but very joyously and very noisily.

The world was all right. The method upon which the universe was run was marvelously perfect. All good things come to the deserving and so she must be a deserving person, reasoned Mary Jane Louise, for had she not received three most desirable good fortunes that very afternoon? First, that nice Macaulay boy with the black eyes and curly hair asked her to go to the movies with him. And he had seemed anxious, too, as if her refusal or acceptance mattered immensely. Then, good fortune number two, she had finished her typing half an hour sooner than she expected and, last but not least, her crowd was going on a picnic the next Saturday and that meant another good time. Her crowd always had a good time.

She kicked open the front door and walked in. Her father was sitting in the living room, hidden behind his paper, looking at the help-wanted male ads, probably. Poor old dad! It was mighty tough, to be forty-five and out of work, with no prospects of getting any either. It didn't seem fair, somehow, she so happy and young, all of life and living before her, and he old, careworn and, maybe, with the fear he was done for, beaten, defeated.

And so, because suddenly there was a little lump in her throat, she went over, and sitting on the arm of his

chair, kissed him on his bald-spot.

He smiled at her. "You're dad's girl, aren't you, Lou-ly?"

"Sure," she said.

"Yes, and I guess your old man isn't such a bad guy, after all. We're eating regular now, Mary Jane. I've got me a new job."

"Gee, that's great."

"You bet your life that's great. And just as soon as I get a little money ahead now, we'll get you some new duds. Need 'em pretty bad, don't you?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mary Jane Louise. "These I have are still pretty good. They look all right. No, I shan't need anything new for quite a while yet." And the funny part is, she believed it.—MARTHA BARNES, '27.

"Publications of an institution should voice exactly the sentiments of the school."

In view of this statement Miss Treat's English classes have been voicing their sentiments, and from their voices I have collected the following criticisms.

(Remember that there are two classes of critical people—mockers and makers. The first condemn, the second construct.)

* * * *

"The Student Council is a credit to the Arlington High School. It has been tried in many schools and has failed because of lack of co-operation. Here, in the A. H. S., we have co-operation and interest. Let us strive to keep up the good work."

—HELEN TUPPER.

"Why not more social activities in the A. H. S.? The 'Fire Prince' Supper Dance was a success and had not only the co-operation of the students but the endorsement of the faculty. With a little more interest and co-operation social affairs could be carried on successfully and our school made more congenial."

—WILLIAM DAVIS.

"Why is there so much fuss about getting lunch after school? If certain rules are made, surely we can obey them without insisting upon knowing why they are made. Let us get our slips quietly without having the argument that takes place so often in the lunch room."—MARY DALEY.

"The Arlington High School should be proud of the way the boys have conducted themselves at the girls' basketball games. They are certainly a marked contrast to the boys of other towns, and deserve much credit for the attitude they have taken."

—ALICE WALKER.

"If writing for THE CLARION was given as a definite assignment by *all* the English teachers what a wealth of material our paper would receive! The results are surprising when a "zero" is promised for not carrying out this assignment."—FLORENCE YOUNG.

And from several "voices" have I received statements which are summed up in the following:

"We have been hearing some talk about the educational system in the Arlington High School. I am sure we are all ready to back our school in its ability to give one an education. It is through no fault of the school that pupils fail to pass college examinations. We, who are studying here, are perfectly satisfied with the opportunities which A. H. S. has to offer."

GROWING PAINS

Since my advent into the Junior Class I have been suffering from mental "grippe."

All my mental ramblings originate in the growing value of my education. An obvious sequence of logic may be, "What is the object of an education?" A large class of people believe that an education includes only those studies which turn one immediately into a machine. This class of people enter their offices in the morning, glide into their various grooves, and work with the regularity of a clock, and with

about the same amount of individuality.

They work thus till a bell sends them out on the streets again, where they move about like a group of marionettes actuated only by the primal urges of self-preservation and amusement. I do not intend to disparage these occupations, but if these people consider themselves educated, they are grossly mistaken even though many a sheepskin may adorn their walls.

I believe that a true education goes about with the possessor in his everyday life as a constant source of enjoyment. He views life with the eyes of culture and a discernment attained only through hard study. Beyond the shadow of a doubt there are some who reap no reward from education except a diploma or two. I myself have seen people with bright minds who never use them and seldom open their mouths. It is again the case of beautiful silver left to tarnish, the sharpened axe left in its block.

Why then do some people so manfully strive for education? To get down to bed rock,—going to college seems "the thing to do" and everyone wants to be a collegian for some reason or other. Doubtless throughout the world are innumerable "mute inglorious Miltons," men with knowledge equal to history's greatest, unable to bring their minds to bear on the life around them. Let me now add that a college education is not essential to a broad education. This is true in rare cases, the most noteworthy, possibly, being Shakespeare, who was but scantily schooled. Being a genius, he did not need a college education which seems to be our only medium towards achievement in any way comparable to his.

A deplorable condition made possible by the aforementioned "money machines" is the great hue and cry set up against the cultural studies. Imagine the state of this nation if all that pupils learned was how to compute figures, write business letters and saw wood as if the great minds of the world have not in great measure been developed from contact with Latin,

Greek, philosophy and kindred subjects!

Notoriously hasty, we Americans have come to judge everything on a gold basis. We refuse to accept the well-grounded fact that the greatest happiness is to be found within oneself and the greater his mental capacity, the greater is his happiness.

The day that this country becomes aware of the fact that a good education is "more to be desired than much fine gold" will be the day that it recognizes culture and refinement, and values men by their place in the artist's hall of fame, rather than by the gold standard.

From these same Americans who don't believe in the study of literature and the aforementioned pursuits, how many have ranked with Milton, Dr. Johnson, Chancer, and further back, Cicero and Socrates?

What do we remember nations by? Their millionaires? Their armies? By their art, their literature and the culture which they give to posterity.

Even this penning of my thoughts refuses to lessen these growing pains of mine. In fact they are only increased by the unsatisfactory conclusions I reach. Perhaps the only cure lies in the hope of sometime being able through the education I shall acquire to analyze, rather than to soliloquize as I have done here.

N. BACON, '27.

A STORY

Lenna Martin was one of the noble-minded spinster women found so often in the New England household; a quiet figure

"Whose presence seems the sweet income and womanly atmosphere of home."

The four Martin children spoke of her as "a good old thing," and gave little thought to the number of times that extra money was laid quietly on their tables, or stockings mended that should have been done by the girls, or parents convinced that boys are boys only once, by none other than "the good old thing" herself.

In the eight years that I roomed at the Martins', Aunt Lenna and I became close friends; beneath her severe black dress, a fiery spirit was waiting to be kindled. I saw that fire in her eyes several times; once when Judith tried to elope with the minister's son but was stopped on the front lawn (they have recently announced their engagement); once when Stanley threw a baseball through the new French window, and again when the twins were found at the movies on Sunday, an escapade which threw them into disgrace for a week; but Aunt Lenna had managed to coax the cook to let her bake an extra batch of cookies that Saturday. The twins *adored* cookies.

But to get to my story. It was the twenty-fourth of June—Midsummer Night. I remember it well. Aunt Lenna had been in her room all day suffering from the heat and one of her heart attacks; the twins and their parents were in the country; and I was keeping house with Stanley and Judith. I had gone to my room directly after supper leaving Stanley struggling with an evening suit tie, and Judith waiting for the minister's son to take her to the movies.

At seven o'clock I heard a faint knock on my door and, as I opened it, Aunt Lenna entered. She was dressed in a pale yellow gown of some silk material, cut low at the neck to reveal slim white shoulders. Her arms were bare, and around her throat was fastened a string of exquisite pearls, tiny pearls that I have now tucked away with my mother's jewelry. Her silvery hair, whose beauty I had never before noticed, fell softly about her face which had suddenly grown young.

"We're going to the theatre—the *Old State* theatre. I saw in the paper that Irving Driscoll's going to be there so I telephoned for tickets for you and me."

I swallowed hard, lowered my eyes to the small feet clad in black slippers, and the ankles very slim in cream colored stockings, raised them to the white hands that were nervously tucking a handkerchief under the sash of

her dress, then I met her eyes squarely. They were lit with a fire that made me wonder at her spinsterhood. Could any man—

"Great!" I answered, "I'll have the car ready in a jiffy."

It was several minutes before I returned, two freshly cut roses in my hand, and a box of chocolates under my arm. Aunt Lenna was waiting at the window, a black lace shawl thrown about her shoulders and a blue velvet cape over her arms.

"I thought it might be cool coming home," she told me as I tucked the cape beside her.

"Yes, don't you want to wear a hat?" Common sense got the best of me.

"Oh no, Judith never does, and it's quite warm."

We rode on in silence until, as we took the road to town, Aunt Lenna spoke.

"Yes, he's a splendid player."

"He's an old player, isn't he?" I asked, hoping that I was following her thoughts.

"Oh no—yes, I suppose he is—twenty—thirty—yes he has been acting a long time. He used to say he'd never grow old—do have another chocolate, Alice."

There was no more said about Irving Driscoll on the way over. It was a sad play, but Aunt Lenna's eyes were dry, her lips parted as the curtain was lowered for the last time.

"He hasn't changed a bit," she murmured half to herself and half to me, as we rode home. "Dark hair—that smile—I wonder if he's forgotten? Oh, Alice, aren't the stars glorious? Can't we drive a little faster?"

"In a hurry to get home?" I asked.

"Oh, no! But Judith and Stanley—"

"Bother Judith and Stanley! They won't be in for hours." And I swung around on the lake road. It was midnight when we reached home. The house was in darkness.

"It's been perfect, Alice!" She leaned a bit heavily on my arm as we unlocked the door and climbed the stairs.

"Not tired?" I asked.

"Not a bit." She reached the top

breathless. "Goodnight, dear. Remember, not a word—and Alice—" she stood in the doorway of her room. "You may have the rest of the chocolates. I'm not supposed to eat them, you know."

Laughingly, she passed me an empty box and closed the door, and this is the end of my story. The next day I telegraphed to the Martins, and at five o'clock Aunt Lenna died. A tired heart, the doctor said.

A few weeks later I heard Judith say to Stanley:

"Mother found the loveliest old dress up in Aunt Lenna's trunk—pale yellow with dead flowers pinned to the sash! Do you suppose she ever wore it?"

"Why not?" I asked, coming into the room.

"Well, I don't know," Judith hesitated. "But, somehow I can't imagine Aunt Lenna in a pale yellow evening dress."

"I can," I answered and left her wondering.

Some day I'm going to interview Irving Driscoll.

D. BLEVINS, '26.

THE SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION FROM THE NON-BUSINESS END

Have you been on your first trip yet, minus parents, an automobile and the knowledge that you're going somewhere familiar? If you have, I'm sure of your appreciation, if you haven't just imagine yourself suddenly launched on a train (with thoughts of a boat before you), absolutely responsible for yourself, your suitcase, your money, and your behaviour. I felt rather shaky about the last two, knowing that our patient chaperones (it seems almost disrespectful to call them that—they were such good sports), would have their hands full making sure that there were always four girls and four suitcases in the party. However, I managed to hang on to all that needed hanging on to, and to look (at least I hope I did), as if riding to New York was an everyday occurrence. Once on the boat, however, all the

king's horses and all the king's men couldn't dampen my enthusiasm. The smell of the sea, and the motion of the boat, and the stars, all made me—though my companions may disagree—speechless. Every once in a while a box of cookies, or my silk stockings, which aren't the warmest things in the face of the wind, brought me back to the fact that I was *there*. Some day I'm going to be the captain of the New York boat—but I won't wear silk stockings.

Going into New York—well I can only say that, if we'd seen it, the Statue of Liberty could not have been more impressive to an immigrant. In fact, I felt very much like an immigrant—or is it emigrant? I guess both will do, for I was going in and coming out all the time—into dreaming out of reality, out of reality into dreaming, though the funny part of it is it didn't seem real.

There are only two more things I dare put down, for somebody's going to say that our trip was all play and no convention. They are both pictures.

Saturday morning we spent a few breathless minutes (so it seemed) in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. As we entered the back of the church, and faced a firm grey wall and a stained-glass window, a pigeon flew across the pane. It was such a graceful, shadowy flash against the warm-yellow glass that it left an indescribable picture in my mind.

From the sublime to the ridiculous! Another picture, and having to do with a window too! Our hotel window, and the window across the way form part of a right triangle with the building. Accustomed to fill my lungs with fresh air before retiring, I thrust my head as far as my neck would stretch out into the night, and encountered the shiniest, barest bald head that I've ever seen the top of, thrust out, I suppose, for the same purpose. Blinded for a moment, I hesitated, wondering if the moon had suddenly fallen in Times Square, then hastily withdrew, minus my deep breath, at precisely the same time that the head did.

Oh, but we did pay attention to the business side of the convention, and gained some valuable information concerning magazine editing and the publishing of a school paper but, since Dick has been so business like, I'm sure you'll all pardon the liberty I've taken in describing a bit of the other side of our trip.—D. BLEVINS.

FACULTY COMMENTS

"I was delighted to observe that the students behind the closed curtains at a recent assembly came to attention and joined with the school in the pledge of allegiance to the flag."

"I was delighted by this thought expressed by H. Hamm, '26, in a recent College Board Examination paper:

..... 'Sometimes it (the quality of leadership) is endurance, grit, courage, stick-to-it-iveness; but it is the unbreakable fibre of his character that sees a thing through to the bitter end. I remember a few years ago there was a slight and rather frail-looking boy who came out for the football team. His name was Don Jones. There is always at the beginning of the season a certain number of curious ones who come out for the team, but who drop out as soon as they see that there is hard work ahead. Don stayed with us long after those curious ones had left and, although he was not strong enough to make a regular position, we all admired the fine courage that kept him on the field day after day. Even though he was beaten and bruised he played with us until the end of the season.....Here was a just reward for his fine spirit, and the crowd sensed the situation. They rose and cheered when he ran on the field and again when he left. He had the heart of a leader, and he will never be forgotten by us. He was a better man than we were in many ways.'"

"I have been very much pleased with the way that the pupils have co-oper-

ated during the lunch period in keeping order and in observing the regulation about not dropping papers on the floor and out-doors. Considering the large number of pupils who go to the lunch room every day, there is very little confusion. Very few pupils are careless about dropping papers. And in the Assembly Hall the conduct has been very satisfactory. All of this seems to me to indicate the existence of the right sort of spirit and attitude in our student body."

ART DEPARTMENT NOTES

In the poster contest conducted recently by the National Safety Council, Prescott Baston was awarded a prize of \$1.00. Phillip Peirce and Esther Alden received honorable mention.

The pupils of the drawing classes of A. H. S. were asked to draw clowns, one of which was to be selected for a poster. Miss Edna Leauchter's drawing was chosen, and she was awarded a prize of \$3.00.

Exchanges

OUR NEW FRIENDS

Since the publication of the March issue, THE CLARION has added a number of new exchanges to its list, and it is interesting to note that over one-half are papers from states outside of Massachusetts. One way to get acquainted with the "manners and customs" of the various other parts of our great country is to sit down and read a few of these school papers. They are a revelation in themselves, and all very interesting. And a way to get better acquainted with the neighboring schools in our own state is to read a few of their publications. When you have finished, you will feel as if you were on intimate terms with the high school pupils of the nation. Go up to the library some day and introduce yourself to other school publications.

The Gastineau Breeze from Douglas, Alaska, was indeed a refreshing one. It just radiated school spirit with its peppy news items and sporting enthusiasm. As for the jokes—well, whatever comes now, we can never say that Alaskans have no sense of humor.

Our compliments to Shaw High School, East Cleveland, Ohio, for such a fine all-around paper as *The Shuttle*. The Exchange Column and Language Departments are the best yet, not to mention the cuts and photographs.

What is more, you have managed to make your magazine "newsy."

From Waxahachie, Texas, comes *The Wax Beacon*, without a question the best school newspaper we have yet to see, for it combines the interest of a newspaper with the literary qualities and department features of a magazine. One distinguishing feature is the splendid cartooning. Is it done by your own students?

The old friends of THE CLARION received since the last issue are:

The Abhis, Abington, Mass.

The Aegis, Beverly, Mass.

The Argus, Gardner, Mass.

The Beacon, Gloucester, Mass.

The Bulletin, Northeastern University.

The Chronicle, Haverhill, Mass.

The Colby Voice, Colby Academy.

The Crimson and Gray, Southbridge, Mass.

The Gazette, Lynn, Mass.

High Lines, Seattle, Washington.

The Orient, Bowdoin College.

Packer Current Items, P. C. 1., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Radiator, Somerville, Mass.

The Recorder, Mamoroneck, New York.

The Recorder, Winchester, Mass.

The Reflector, Woburn, Mass.

The Register, Burlington, Vermont.

The Roman, Rome, Georgia.

The Sassamon, Natick, Mass.

The Spaulding Sentinel, Barre, Vermont.

The Tauntonian, Taunton, Mass.

We have been much pleased to receive the following comments on THE CLARION and we thank each paper for its criticisms and interest.

The departments of your magazine are organized very well. The Yuletide Number contained many beautiful stories about Christmas and winter in general. Two unusual departments found in this publication are 'Class Notes' and 'Dr. Rosenberger's Question Box.'

—*The Shuttle*, East Cleveland, Ohio.

"With interesting editorials, articles, and poems, and well written exchange, athletic, and alumni columns, your paper is very interesting. However, why not have some stories in your magazine, and indicate the different classes

in the class notes which are so interesting?"

—*The Reflector*, Woburn, Mass.

"A fine paper with a complete and interesting literary department."

—*School Life*, Melrose, Mass.

"The editorials of your various departments ought to prove a source of inspiration to your contributors. The exchange column is carried off well and also the class notes."

—*Packer Current Items*,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"A really fine publication to be proud of is THE CLARION from Arlington, Mass. The excellent exchange column and the joke department are two of the features that help to make the paper the success it is. We are pleased to exchange with such a paper."

—*The Gustineau Breeze*,

Douglas, Alaska.

Poetry

SUNSET AND EVENING

Golden flecks in a mackerel sky and a
great red ball in the west;

Slowly it sinks o'er the crest of the
hill, silently sinks to rest.

Golden and red and purple its colors
crowning the western sky,

Till blending, they fade for more som-
ber hues, and slowly like embers die.

Then the moon comes up with its sil-
ver light and sends down a peaceful
ray,

So pale and cool and ghostly white,
unlike anything seen by day.

And it puts a calm on the troubled
earth with a cloak of deep, dark blue.
While the stars shine out in twinkling
mirth till the next day starts anew.

—ELIZABETH MULLEN, '28.

The poem "My Garden" was written
by one of our alumni, and with his

kind permission we are copying it from
the *Bourdoin Quill*.

MY GARDEN

I have within me deep, a long felt love
And longing for a garden with a wall;
A bit of heaven dropped from far
above

For me to hold communion in, and lo! I
About with a great sense of lasting
peace.

I picture to myself the joys 'twould
hold

Of moments taken there, away from
men;

I would be far from strife within its
fold,

Distant from sin and sordidness, and
then

I could go forth and better live, then
nor cease.

J. K., '23.



BASKETBALL

The basketball team ended a successful season with a double win on the evening of March 12 at the home gym. The first team won over Cambridge Latin 28 to 19 and the second team remained undefeated by beating the heretofore undefeated Brockton Seconds 22 to 16.

Joseph Donahue, a leading scorer throughout the season, has been elected to lead next year's quintet. The following men are to receive their letters:—Captain Francis Keefe, Captain-elect Joe Donahue, George Lawson, Ralph Stoker, Joe Crosby, William (Ike) Canty, William Lowder, and Manager Joe Downey.

HOCKEY

This winter saw the most unusual galaxy of hockey players and teams ever known among the high schools. This is proved by the upsets in the Round Robin series when Newton beat the Leary favorites, Melrose, and in turn snuffed defeat at the hands of Cambridge Latin, a team which played a 76 minute tie game with Arlington. Arlington had its share of stars, and in his first season Coach Coffey produced one of the best teams that has ever worn the Red and Gray.

The letter men are:—Captain Chamberlain, Harold Hamm, Arthur Lane, Chan Hilliard, John Buckley, Del Everett, Joe Donnelly, and Gerald O'Neil.

BASEBALL

The baseball candidates, including several veterans, were out the first week of April and, judging from the

material available, Coach Henriens will soon whip into shape another championship nine. The pitching staff is strong and when the holes in the infield are plugged the team will be all set for another good season. The veterans are Captain John Buckley, Francis Keefe, Harold Hamm, Ralph Stoker, Lefty Summer, and John Canniff.

TRACK

Track aspirants were also out the first week of April, among them a good share of veterans and many new men. Of the veterans Ike Canty should go well in the sprints and Captain Eldridge should add to his victories in the mile. The schedule arranged by Manager Dick Carroll is the hardest attempted in years, but "Doc" is capable of producing a winning team, and we know he will.

It is becoming rather an ordinary item that Arlington won this championship and that, but, quite true! So I shall merely add that the Girls' Basketball Team carried on the good work. At the close of their successful season, Norena Malatesta was elected the captain of next year's team.

As soon as the much anticipated "gym" exhibition is over, baseball will start. For all who may not understand why there is an exhibition (there probably are many) I shall endeavor to explain. For the benefit of relatives and friends of the pupils, there is held in the "gym" every spring this so-called exhibition. The pupils who have struggled during the long months show what adepts they have become in dan-

cing, gymnastics, the handling of Indian Club, and also the art of "doing dumb-bells." The latter is really easy.

There is an added attraction in a special basketball game by the champions!

Alumni Notes

Emily Hickey, '23, represented Radcliffe in a spelling match which was part of the program of the Modeltown Exposition at Horticultural Hall.

Joe Farrington, '23, is a Junior at Boston College, and John Sullivan, '23, is a Sophomore at the same college.

Ethel Hamilton, '24, is working in the Town Hall.

Muriel Moody, '24, is at Jackson and Pauline Berry, of the same class, is at Miss Leslie's School.

Elizabeth Cain, '25, is enjoying her course at Leland Powers School of Oratory.

Curtis Elie, '25, is attending Stone Academy now, and intends to go to B. U. later.

Kenneth Call, '25, is studying at the Conservatory of Music.

Engagements recently announced are those of Alice Fianella, '23, to Charles Fredericks, '21; Evelyn Crosby, '20, to Harold Bennett, and Helen Hastings to Frank Hutchinson, both students of the Arlington schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Eaton, the former of the class of '23, and the latter, Marjorie Tinkham, '24, have a son, born the latter part of March.

Mrs. William Farley, nee Edna Younie, '24, is the proud mother of a baby girl.

Two of our alumni have been elected captains of college hockey teams for next winter—Joe Forest, '24, of the M. A. C. hockey team, and "Sykes" Hardy, '21, of the Dartmouth team.

Arthur Landers, '24, made his debut to the musical world a short while ago by accompanying Marjorie Moody, a singer, at Jordan Hall.

INFORMATION FOR TRAVELLERS

Don't lock your suitcase until you are sure every thing is in it. Then you will have to open it only five or six times to put in the absolutely essential articles.

Be sure to hold your suitcase sideways when you go through the turnstile in the subway—you'll give the man behind you a chance to use his nicest (?) vocabulary.

According to the best rules of society, you should put your bag out in the aisle in the subway train, for people to trip over—they need the exercise.

When you get to the South Station, walk boldly up to the information desk and ask for a time table. You'll insult the man there if you tell him where you're going. He's supposed to be a mind reader—anyway, it's none of his business.

By this time, no less than fifty porters will want to carry your bag. You'll show your ill-breeding if you slight any of them, so open your bag and distribute the contents.

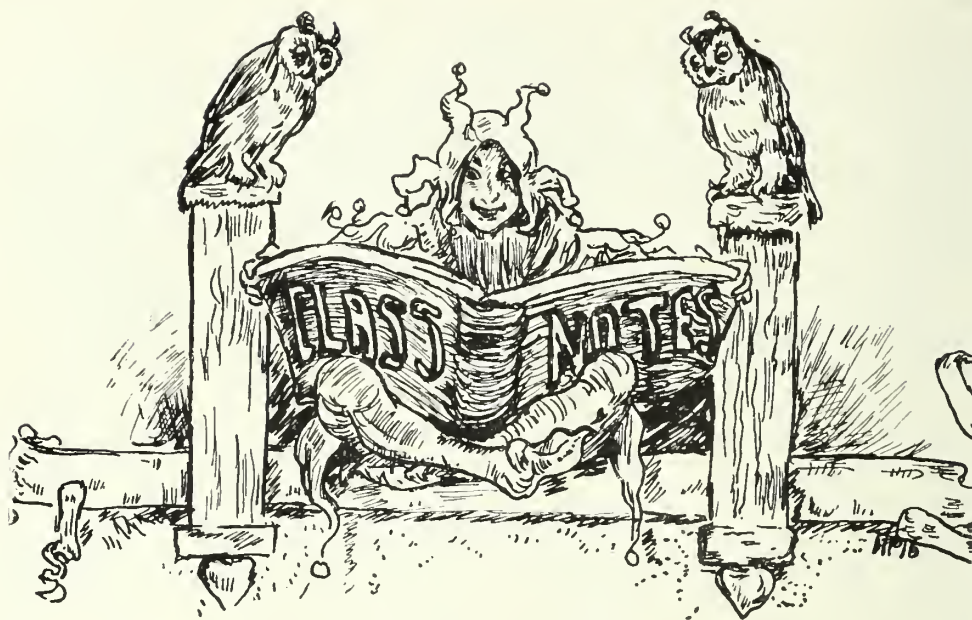
In the train, balance your bag carefully on the edge of the rack so it will be sure to fall down; then the second time you put it up you'll be sure to put it far back—so far back you won't be able to get it at all.

If you see any honeymooners on the train, don't stare at them. They don't mind, but it might embarrass you.

It is the custom to ask the conductor at intervals of five minutes how soon the train gets in. Then by the time you get there he'll gladly assist you getting off.

STELLA McREAVEY, '27,

FLORENCE YOUNG, '27.



MAY

Thru the vision of my eye,
I see the sunny trees and flowers,
The clear and bright laughing sky,
And pretty birds in leafy bowers.

'Tis in this wonderful month of May
The beautiful Goddess Tinkle-Bell
Came down, I've often heard them say,
And made a wish beside the dell.

"I wish that all may happy be,
The flow'rs that bloom, and the bees
that buzz,
And song-birds heard from up in the
tree,

And all the time the sky blue above."
Because of this wish, this is the month
When all our life should be glad
And there should not be another month
When one would be less sad.

—B. C. O., '28.

Teacher: "Sargent was a great artist. With one stroke he could change a smiling face into a sorrowful one."

Johnny: "Aw, that's nothing; my mother has done that to me several times."

"What kind of a game is this?"
asked the restaurant diner tasting his meat.

"JUST A FEW"

Gaskill, Roberts, Hamm, and Dale,
Good-natured fellows, fat and hale,
Crosby, Buckley, Beasley, Lane,
Where will such be seen again?
Stoker, Keefe, and Donahue,
More be like them, never few.
Eldridge, Cauty, Vaughn, and Pierce,
Will never go from bad to worse.
Caniff, Summer, Lowder, Woods,
Are the boys that have the goods.
Mahoney, Everett, Lawson, "Tim,"
Hilliard, and Babbitt, very slim,
Are just a few of our athletes
Gaining victories—few defeats.

R. Livingston (to Mr. Boynton):
"May I take the punch, please?"

Mr. Boynton: "I'll give any one the punch who comes after school for it."

THE LADDER OF SUCCESS

0% I won't.

10% I can't.

20% I don't know.

30% I wish I could.

40% What is it?

50% I suppose I should.

60% I might try.

70% I think I can.

80% I can.

90% I will.

100 % I did.

? DR. ROSENBERGER'S? QUESTION BOX

By popular demand we have consented to continue this column. All questions that have not been printed will appear in the final issue.

DR. ROSENBERGER, D. D.,
(Dumb Dora).

* * *

Ques. Kind and Sweet Doctor: Where did you find the population the most dense? M. CARLTON.

Ans. From the neck up.

* * *

Ques. Estimable Doc: I am interested in public speaking. Could you get me Senator Butler's Evacuation Day Address? D. SWEETSER.

Ans. The Senator's Evacuation address is as follows:

Sen. William M. Butler,
Municipal Building,
South Boston, Mass.

* * *

Ques. Honorable Doc: I am perplexed. I do not know which girl to marry. I am in love with a poor girl who rather likes me. A rich girl, whom I do not love, wants to marry me. What'll I do? R. STOKER.

Ans. By all means follow your heart's desire. Marry the girl you love. By the way, you could oblige me by sending the rich girl's address.

* * *

Ques. Are you going to the coming fights at the Arena?

INTERESTED.

Ans. I regard pugilism as a low and degrading form of sport, and people who encourage and promote it are doing a moral wrong. Besides those robbers want \$6.60 for a good seat.

* * *

Ques. Dear Doc: What is misery?

C. O'CONNOR.

Ans. When E. Chamberlain has some important news to tell and she has no one to tell it to. That's decided misery.

J. A. HATTIE

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WHO'S WHO AND WHAT OF IT

Bachrach, the school photographer remarks that he has never seen such a bevy of beauties. Four out of every five.

* * *

Most of the girls would have sold the State House for a nickle after they were told what a wonderful picture they would take.

* * *

The favorite saying among the Seniors is, "May I have one of yours?"

* * *

Ambrose Babbitt says that he has had his picture taken and is open to all offers. The line forms on the right, girls.

* * *

With the coming of May most pupils will have to wipe the dust off their books and begin to study for the Final Exams.

* * *

It will be a FINAL exam for the Seniors.

* * *

The X in eXamination doesn't look very encouraging.

* * *

It's all right in a way, but it doesn't weight much.

* * *

Schonler Court looks very picturesque with its many autos. Why, 'Tis Spring!

* * *

On a recent bulletin, it was stated that there would be a *short* teachers' meeting.

* * *

What could have been more appetizing in the Senior Frolic than Hamm and Coffey?

* * *

Many pupils have met a much greater defeat at the hands of Caesar than the Gauls ever did.

* * *

It has been called to the attention of this writer that Wilbur Silverstein has big ideas. He asked Miss Arling for a dance at the Glee Club Banquet. He is recovering as well as could be expected.



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TO EMBLEMS

AL'S LETTER

Dear Bud:

Perhaps you don't remember, but I wrote to you last fall—if you are in doubt, just dig up your Christmas number of *THE CLARION* and reassure yourself.

Do you remember Mr. Hatch—his radiant smile? He is still a glowing member of our faculty and besides being Manual Training Instructor, he is the Official Manual Bouncer of the Chorus periods. By O. M. B. I mean the one who assists the inattentive and mirthful from the assembly hall.

Did you not take law last year? I think this will amuse you!

A young foreign born was being tried in court, and the questioning by the lawyer of the opposite side began:

"Now, Lasky, what do you do?"

"Ven?" asked Lasky.

"When you work, of course," said the lawyer.

"I work."

"I know," said the lawyer, "what at?"

"At a bench."

"Ah," groaned the lawyer, "where do you work at a bench?"

"At a factory."

"What kind of factory?"

"Brick."

"You make bricks?"

"No, de factory is made of brick."

"Now, Lasky, what do you make in that factory?"

"Four dollars a day."

"No, no! What does the factory make?"

"A lot of money, I tink."

"Now listen: What kind of goods does the factory produce?"

"Ah," said Lasky. "Good goods."

"I know, but what kind of goods?"

"De best."

"The best of what?"

"Of dos goods."

"Your honor," sighed the lawyer, "I give up."

Well, Bud, the following are a few important things to remember:

1. All men may be liars, but all liars aren't men.

2. If a shoe pinches, buy a larger size.

3. A man may have a poker face and be ignorant.

4. Anybody with money can buy a limousine, but it takes practice or genius to look bored in one.

5. Yesterday ended last night.

Yours till Niagara Falls,

ALLOYSIUS.

WILLIAM DAVIS, '27.

Miss Conway: "If Caesar were alive today, would he be as famous as he was?"

G. Merrill: "Sure. He'd be famous for his old age."

* * *

"Are you going to the fair today?"

"What fair?"

"Why, it said in the paper 'Fair today and tomorrow.'"

* * *

Mrs. Jones: "We are keeping William from returning to college this fall. He is so young, you know."

Mrs. Brown: "Yes. My son flunked, too."

Miss Wakefield: "You all have a chance to become President."

Cohen: "I'll sell my chance for a quarter."

* * *

"There is not another boy in town like my Ambrose."

"Go on; how's that?"

"Well, look at those two chairs. My Ambrose made them out of his own head, and he had enough wood left to make an armchair."

* * *

Whiter: "Drink — drank — drunk, doesn't sound right."

Miss Riley: "Well, maybe you haven't used the forms."

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We, the Class of '26
dedicate this issue
to
Mr. Gammons
with respect and gratitude

Arlington High School Clarion

Volume III. ARLINGTON (Boston), MASS., JUNE, 1926 Number 5

The Clarion is published during the school year by The Students of
The Arlington High School
Entered as Second-Class Matter November 9, 1917, at Boston (Arlington
Branch), Mass., P. O., under the Act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103
Acts of October 3, 1917, authorized June 6, 1919

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EDITORIALS

We have dedicated this issue to Mr. Gammons, not as a matter of formality, but as a true expression of our feeling toward a man so influential in the molding of our characters. In Mr. Gammons we see only those qualities of a gentleman and friend that we all hope to attain.

THE QUESTION

It would be fitting that tonight as we leave this school, we should relate with pride the accomplishments of our class on field and in schoolroom. This would seem to us a just reason for spending our time here.

But it is the parents and the taxpayers that we are addressing this evening and since the most natural in

quiry of a taxpayer is "How much is a High School Education Worth?" it is for us, the graduates of your High School, to answer.

By actual tabulation it is found that the material earning capacity of a high school graduate is greater than that of a boy or girl who has not received a diploma, but the training of a high school pupil, with a few exceptions, is not of an intensive nature but, rather, of a general nature.

I remember that in the grades everything was learned by rote. The A. B. C.'s and the multiplication tables were recited in a singsong monotone and the substance of all our arguments was "Tis" and "Tisn't." Gradually our primary tasks grew more difficult, and

before long we were wondering how so much "book learning" could be of value. Little did we realize that this was the humble birth of independent reasoning. Many doubts have evolved from that original one, and now we openly discuss our misgivings. We are skeptical,—we are "From Missouri," if I may use the term. Such an attitude, however, should not be the cause for alarm, because we realize we have much to learn. An unprejudiced and receptive mind is of prime importance as the foundation of our education.

To question is a characteristic of human nature, and at our age we hold a monopoly on that characteristic.

If curiosity should be stifled, our desire to learn would be killed. We should grow sterile. Here at school we have been encouraged to ask questions and, if we have begun to receive an education it is because we have asked for it and not because it has been forced upon us.

It was inevitable that we should be able to answer our own questions in time. Such is the growth of mental power. If we are given the facts, can we use them? Can we set them in their proper relationship to see what is true? Our youthful ignorance limits the use of our knowledge to discover the truth. We can see only a small portion of the truth as we stand before you tonight, but that little is our means of perceiving more, of developing into a greater understanding.

We must occupy your places some day and take up your work. It is with your ideals and with your understanding that we must work. Can we use them to go higher? Can we leave better ideals and a better understanding for those who come after us to work with?

If we can develop into a greater understanding, if we do bring ourselves nearer the truth than you have done, we shall have answered your question

of "How much is our High School Education Worth?"

HAROLD HAMM.

STUDENT COUNCIL

From our Class President you have just learned some of the thoughts and ideals of the youth of today. You, the parents and friends of the graduating class, will probably be interested in the training of modern youth in school. Of course, you know what training is received in the courses of the regular curriculum as you see it outlined on the courses of study you receive each year. The school today, however, is not all studying and striving for high marks, the extra-curriculum training having been proved in many ways as valuable as that of the regular curriculum, broadening the student's mind and providing opportunity for the use and development of natural talents. There are many extra-curriculum activities to consider, each offering useful training in its field: notably, athletics, the Dramatic and Glee Clubs, the orchestra, the school paper, and the Student Council. Most of you know what is being done in each of these organizations with the exception of the Student Council, so, as President of that Council, I shall take this opportunity to tell you what our form of Student Government is and why we have it here.

Here in Arlington Student Government does not mean that all authority is vested in the students; it merely means that the students are given the privilege of helping to make and to enforce the laws which control the conduct and discipline of the school. Moreover, the students have an opportunity to discuss fully any question which students or faculty may bring before them and then determine, with the aid of that open discussion, a course of conduct. This gives the students actual training in citizenship and at

the same time tends to bring about close co-operation between students and faculty.

Now let us consider why we have adopted Student Government in Arlington. Three years ago several of the Arlington students, feeling that pupils and faculty were not co-operating as much as was possible, conceived the idea of trying a form of Student Government here. A rally was held, with the approval of the faculty, bringing the subject to the attention of the student body. After due consideration, the school unanimously voted to adopt Student Government in some form. A constitution was drawn up by a committee of students and teachers which visited other schools then having Student Government and selected the best features of the systems in force there. This constitution provided for a body of students, elected by their classmates, to meet once a month to enforce the laws made by it and to discuss any matters of importance that might arise. The principal and several members of the faculty automatically became members of this council, thus providing an opportunity for them to obtain the reactions of the student body to any suggestions or advice. This body has been functioning regularly since it was incorporated, meeting once a month and doing its appointed work. For example; the filing and the lunchroom have been supervised by council members; rules and regulations for the proms have been drawn up; and many small matters of discipline attended to.

The Council itself is divided into three bodies: the Traffic Squad, which has charge of filing and discipline; the Publicity Committee, which advertises all school affairs; and the Social Welfare Committee which takes care of such things as the neatness of the school and the condition of the lunchroom.

It can be readily seen that work such as this develops the student's sense of responsibility and fits him for citizenship in any community. It makes him self-reliant and is actually a course in citizenship. I think you will all agree that what the United States needs more than anything else is more citizens who have a sense of duty to law and respect for government.

Student Government is, of course, not a new idea, many schools having had it for several years, and many others just recently adopting it. That it is a widespread movement is shown by the fact that in February of this year a convention of all the Student Councils in Massachusetts was held in Holyoke for the purpose of forming a permanent association. Arlington sent delegates to this convention and is now a member of the organization, which is expected to include all the councils in New England in a few years.

Thus far Student Participation in the government of our school has been a success both from the viewpoint of the faculty and students. The faculty has to spend less time on discipline and the faculty has a clearer idea of what the students need. On the other hand, the students have the satisfaction of having a voice in making the rules of the school. They have a distinct responsibility and are gradually assuming more. We, as students, realize its value to us as training for the important work of being good citizens, knowing that if in school we practice the fundamentals of self-government we shall acquire self-reliance and shall later become successful men and women.

GEORGE LAWSON.

THE CLASS ORATION

Every year, about this time, as the various classes leave the school rooms to enter new fields of endeavor, there

come the same old talks on the necessity of these young graduates realizing the importance of the step they are taking and the need of living up to certain principles and ideals in order to make a success of life. We often wonder if these talks are necessary, if they are not getting a little out of date, and if they accomplish anything worthwhile.

The talks themselves may not be very inspiring, many graduates who have had to sit through them will testify, but the basic idea is sane and unassailable. Certain ideals and certain principles must be set up and maintained if a person wishes to make a true success of life. By success in life I do not necessarily mean success in a material way; that is, by making a lot of money and obtaining quantities of worldly goods. This success is very desirable and much to be sought after but may be and often is obtained without regard for either the laws of God or man. By a true success in life, I mean living according to certain standards well known to us so that you may keep the respect and esteem of your friends and neighbors and your own self respect. You may lose the respect of your friends and neighbors and still feel in your heart that you have done the right thing as you saw it, and so still retain your pride and confidence. But as soon as you lose your self respect, you lose the quality that puts you on an even footing with everybody, and which you cannot afford to be without. You cannot escape from yourself and so it is best never to do anything that might cause you to lose this invaluable possession.

You all know the ideals which we should strive to maintain because, after all, they are not strangers to us. Certain moral qualities such as honesty, straightforwardness and integrity of character, qualities with which we have been made acquainted from

childhood, through the home, the church, the school, and through life itself, are ones with which we are thoroughly familiar, but which at times are apt to be forgotten because of their very familiarity.

Some of the older folk say that the present generation doesn't know the difference between right and wrong and that if they continue in their present ways, the downfall of civilization is certain. Of course, this is not true, and no one believes it except a few of the older generation who view with suspicion all that youth does anyway. It's the same old story that has been told ever since there has been a younger generation and an older one to criticize it. The older generation should realize the futility of attempting to regulate the affairs of youth with the rules of age, but rather should strive to imitate the virtues of honesty, frankness, and openmindedness which are so apparent in the younger generation and which forecast a wonderful future for it.

We read in the newspapers and magazines day after day criticisms of present day youth. Some are favorable, many are adverse. You may pick up a magazine or paper and read the opinions of two different college professors on the youth of today. One will say they are degenerate; the other will contend that the present generation is on the highest plane ever. And so it goes; highly intelligent and well educated men and women cannot agree as to whether the youth of today are all right or all wrong. Those who say they are all wrong make the following assertions. They say that modern youth has no ideals besides those of pleasure and amusement; that they have no respect for authority; and that they know too much of the ways of the world.

The thousands of boys and girls who graduate yearly from high school and

college and then take their places in the world are living proofs that the modern generation does not put too much stress on pleasure and that they do respect authority. The assertion that the present generation is worldly wise should not occasion any alarm but rather should be considered to their credit. They will come face to face with many problems in later life and it is better that they should have learned now to recognize them and how to deal with them.

And so you see, there is no problem to deal with in connection with modern youth. Youth has improved as time has gone by, until today it is on a pinnacle from which it will move only to attain greater heights.

FRANCIS KEEFE

Arthur Duoropolis has been chosen to lead the Clarionites in the coming year. May he lead them to heights never before attained by any Clarion staff. With Walter Atkinson as business manager we expect to see a successful paper from a financial standpoint, also.

THE AMERICAN LEGION CUP

Another goal has been provided for the students of Arlington High School to reach. This time the American Legion, Post 39, is the promoter and a silver cup is the goal, or rather the inscribing of one's name on the side is each student's goal, since the cup is a permanent possession.

Early in April the American Legion, Post 39, announced an essay contest for the students of the high school, the subject of the essays being, "The Significance of Memorial Day." Material could be collected anywhere, but to insure that each essay might be original, it was to be written during an English period without notes of any kind. The limit was placed at 1000 words.

Under the auspices of the Legion the two prize-winners read their essays in the Memorial Day Assembly. Each was awarded with a medal and the silver cup was presented to the school. To every student winning in the contest, which is to be an annual affair, will be given the honor of having his name inscribed on the side of the cup. There are at present two names to be found there, that of Miss Laura Harlow, 1928, and Miss Ruth Hopkins, 1926. The American Legion, Post 39, through Commander Fallon, expressed the hope that the perpetual reminder of a person's honor in winning the contest would be an incentive towards greater efforts in the writing of the themes and thus continually bring to mind the significance of Memorial Day.

The students of the school deeply appreciate the interest of the Legion in the affairs of the school and the effort which it has made to form a closer contact between the school and the organization, and for its efforts toward calling to mind the significance and spirit of the day.

W. T. A., '27.

Finals followed by college boards are too much of a good thing. One has from five to seven finals to take. Each one of these tests is at least two hours long. The sum total of time spent in the examinations is from ten to fourteen hours. If one is also taking college entrance board examinations, the chances are that he or she will have three to six, two and three hour tests. Herein is consumed another ten to fifteen hours. The strain caused by preparing for finals and college boards too, is great. One may say that the finals will be merely practice for the board exams. That may be true for some people. But this practice lasting fifteen anxious hours, just a week or less before some very highly important exams lasting equally as long, and

with a great deal depending upon them, is nerve-wracking in the least. Many a one is sure to be distracted and wrought up for the board exams, at the very time when coolness and systematic thought is necessary. Shall one be kept out of college simply because his school's finals have been too great a strain upon him? Even if nothing can be done this year, we beg that those higher up may see fit to abolish the finals for those taking board exams. Come on, nineteen twenty-seven, show your spirit!

THE FUTURE

When one is young the future is one's whole life. The future is a golden land beyond a dim and misty horizon. It has the lure of the unknown, and draws with a promise of a fulfillment of dreams. It is a country beyond the sunset, rich with life and hope, veiled by the dusk. We who are mounting the hill press on eagerly to the top, hoping soon to see all the future in one magnificent sweep. Yet each glimpse shows but another hill—more mists and more uncertainty.

The future is life. What is past is dead, but the way ahead is still waiting, still to be lived. We cannot help going forward, but we do not wish to help it. We want to see, to know, what life has for us. We only ask to hurry along the passing years. We want the stream of life to flow more swiftly. Fulfillment is the promise of the future. Fulfillment of life, of hope, of dreams. It is because the future means life and fulfillment that we, the youth, try to hasten the current of life.

HONOR NIGHT

"Now a bit of praise isn't much to give.

But it's dear to the hearts of all who live;

And there's never a man on this good old earth

But is glad to be told that he's been of worth;

And a kindly word when the work is fair

Is welcomed and wanted everywhere."

The value of achievement is not only in success. Man would lose his desire for conquest if there were no loving support behind him as an incentive to greater feats. Back of every man are loyal ones who glory in his triumph, and it is this thought that drives him daily to do his best.

The cheering of our friends, the faithful support and sincere interest of the townspeople are an inspiration in themselves. To have our names on the Honor Roll or to win a letter in athletics doesn't seem a great accomplishment to those who have earned them. It may have meant staying home from parties once in a while, or giving up an auto trip to work for the team in the afternoon; but when the large organizations of our town co-operate to express their appreciation of High School work as they did on Honor Night by a banquet and entertainment, it makes our little sacrifice seem worthwhile.

Down at the Town Hall on June first there was a spirit of good will and kindness in the atmosphere besides the savoury evidences of the more realistic show of generosity. The chief aim of those in charge was to see that everyone was happy, and all who participated are ready to testify how successful they were. No better way could have been chosen to give the students a good time.

It was the pride in us and the appreciative support of those who made Honor Night possible that make the prize worth having and the achievement worth the effort.

We sincerely appreciate the interest shown in us and we wish heartily to thank

The American Legion, Post 39
The Middlesex Sportsman's Association
The Kiwanis
The Woman's Club
The Rotary Club
The Community Club
The Arlington Lodge of Elks.

F. YOUNG.

WHY NOT INSTITUTE DEGREES FOR GRADUATES?

It seems to me that pupils who graduate should receive some recognition for their various courses pursued. For instance, I believe that a pupil who completes a college course should receive some degree to distinguish him from a pupil who has received his points in the easy courses. A pupil, for example, who is prepared for college, might receive the degree P. C., meaning "Prepared for College;" one who is fitted for an office could receive the degree P. B. or "Prepared for Business."

It may be such a novel scheme as to be impractical, but I believe that it would be received favorably by the student body, in particular, those who have completed a course requiring much work.

Indeed, this might be carried to fine lengths; we might give Dr. Rosenberger the title "P. H.," signifying "Physician of Humor." To Eldridge we might give the degree "L. L.," meaning "Lionel Legstrong."

All this is just a hint of what might be done in this line in the future if the idea should prove acceptable to all concerned.

DRAMATIC CLUB

When the Dramatic Club was started last October, one hundred and seven members enrolled. Since then there have been about sixty active members attending the club.

The Dramatic Club has given free

plays before the school, which were very well presented, those taking part receiving much credit and applause.

On the evening of May 21, the club gave its public performance. This consisted of two one act plays. They were: "Three Pills in a Bottle," by Rachel Field, and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," by Sir James Barrie.

The attitude of those taking part in any of the plays, and also of those who were asked to help behind the scenes in anyway, was that of hearty co-operation for the success and growth of the club. Every one was eager to help, and this was one of the reasons why the club succeeded so well this year.

Miss Sydnor, who for the last five years has had charge of all the Dramatic Club plays, resigned, and then we secured the services of Mrs. Matthews, to whom we all feel indebted for helping us to put on our public performance so well.

All the members of the club disliked to see Miss Sydnor leave. We all enjoyed working with her and have had many good times with her, but we all know that we are going to enjoy working with Mrs. Matthews also.

Robert Sproul, who has been president of the club for two years, has been reelected for president next year. He is a president any club would feel proud to have. He is not only a fine president but a good actor as well, and has played leading parts in many of our plays.

On Monday, June 21st, the Dramatic Club members are having a picnic at Nantasket Beach. We are all planning to have a fine time. This will be our last meeting together until next September, when we hope to start the club again with the hearty co-operation of all.

Respectfully,

CLARA McBay, *Secretary.*

Graduation Programme



PROCESSIONAL MARCH ENTRANCE OF CLASS OF 1926

"Tannhauser" March *Wagner*

INVOCATION REV. CHARLES TABER HALL

YOUTH — THINKING HAROLD L. HAMM

President of the Class of 1926

"The Lost Chord" *Sir Arthur Sullivan*

SENIOR CHORUS

YOUTH — TRAINING SVEN GEORGE LAWSON

President of the Student Council

"The Heaven's Resound" *Beethoven*

"On, O Thou Soul" *SERBIAN FOLK-SONG*

Adapted by *Tschaikowsky*

SENIOR CHORUS

SPEAKER B. LORING YOUNG, ESQ.

Ex-speaker of the House of Representatives

YOUTH — DREAMING ELINOR ADAMS HUNT

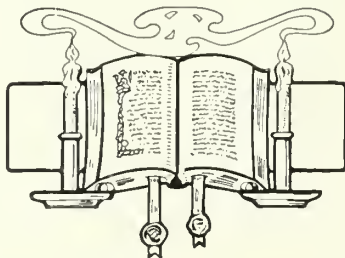
CLASS SONG — "Youth" Words by *Louise Bradley*

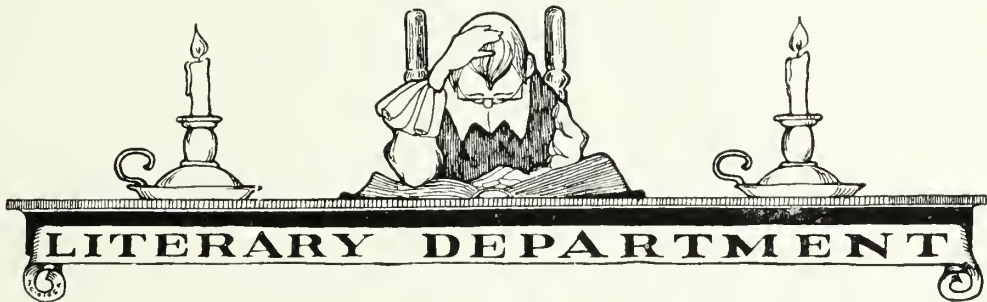
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS ALEXANDER H. RICE

Chairman of School Committee

RECESSIONAL MARCH

Triumphal March from "Aida" *Verdi*





CLASS HISTORY

As I think back to the days of our infancy the fact comes to me that never have we, the class of '26, been given that disrespectful name of freshmen, for the three-year-junior-high plan was first introduced in 1922, and we were forced to remain three years in the Center and Western Junior High Schools. We gained, by that extra year, the knowledge of the entire poem, "Snowbound," and with the "mute and ominous prophecy" of the sun that brief December day o'er shadowing our eager hearts, we entered the swinging doors of the Arlington High School coat-rooms, as sophomores, in the fall of 1923. We brought with us a vast supply of intelligence and athletic ability, and soon became famous for the latter under the excellent supervision of Miss McCarty and Mr. Henrius. (I might add here that Miss McCarty first began her work as physical instructor in this school that year.) Mrs. O'Neil also entered as school matron, and our girls have appreciated her services both in school and on the athletic field.

Our first year was brought to a close with Griffith Roberts as class president, and Miss Hadley as class adviser.

There were many additions to our school our second year. A girls' club, with Helen Stokes as president, was carried successfully through the season; a Student Council, started the year

before, under the leadership of Billy Andres, was enlarged in scope and power; our girls were given chances to compete with would-be Babe Ruths in interscholastic baseball; and we were honored in assemblies, while we suffered silently in contemplation of the coming year. And, speaking of contemplation, can we ever forget the wonderful Junior Prom that was so completely a failure?

Except for the death of Kenneth McMahon, whose loss was deeply felt and truly mourned, the year ended successfully with Rachel Crosby as president, and Miss Bullock as class adviser.

In September, 1925, we reached the highest degree of superiority possible in the A. H. S. by becoming Seniors. Harold Hamm was elected president, and because of our affectionate confidence in her, Miss Bullock was re-elected class adviser.

In honor of our rise to pre-eminence a new lunch and dining room was established by the august school committee, mid-year exams were abolished, and lockers were placed in the "gym" to hold the slight equipment that had not mysteriously disappeared our first two lockerless years.

As Seniors we have had the opportunity to accomplish more for the benefit of our under-classmates. The Student Council has come through another successful year under the leadership of George Lawson; the work of

THE CLARION has been carried on by us, with Griffith Roberts as editor-in-chief, in true appreciation of the task which the class of '25 accomplished; assemblies have been improved by our oratorical talent; athletic victories have been ours, for did we not earn a name for ourselves in 1923 and '24? And now, having accomplished much, we stand ready to help carry on the affairs in the bigger world to which we go.

Statistics show that our number has decreased since 1923 from 291 to 151, that 44 of this number are planning to go on studying, and 104 are to follow a business career or venture on the sea of matrimony (for the last I suggest a crate of water-wings); that the tallest is 6 feet 2, the shortest 4 feet 10, the heaviest 185 pounds, and the lightest 98. We have chosen as the most brilliant and studious, Louise Bradley; for the most poetical, Joe Downey—who could forget his masterpiece, read at one of our assemblies? For the most artistic we have Esther Alden, whose posters are a delight; for the most beautiful, Arthur Gaskill, who rightfully won the title of Miss Arlington in a recent beauty contest. Elsie Gates and Virginia Hunt will have to toss up for the right to be called the cleverest actress; Fred Rosenberger is, without doubt, the most popular musician, both in his ability to sing and drum. For the most ardent woman-hater we have Tom Taylor; and for the most athletic we name our president, Harold Hamm, the only four letter man in 1925.

These are just a few examples of the talent in our class, and now I wish to all health, wealth, and prosperity, and express the desire that some day we may reunite in this hall, grey heads and bald, as the class of '26, for, today,—

We have reached a turn on the winding road,

A bend on the broad highway,
And we fearlessly wait for the time
to come
To be stirring and on our way.
Yet we linger awhile on familiar
ground
For a glad and a sad good-bye,
For a hand clasp here, and a hand
clasp there,
And a smile at the end of a sigh.
For some will follow the narrow road,
And others will drift away,
And some will blaze on trails unknown,
While others drop by the way,
And some will still walk, hand in hand,
With a steadfast friend and true,
And others travel the way alone,
(May the last be but a few) !
But whether we climb, or whether we
fall,
Or our lives be sad or gay,
Or whether we find that the way is
hard,
As we make the turn today
May the light of the Truth we've found
herein,
Tho we wander near and far,
Guide us back some day, friends and
classmates all,
Thru the gate that stands ajar.

—D. BLEVINS.

FOG

A cold, grey, bank of dripping fog hung over an oily sea. A ship's bell tolled three times as the great throbbing lines slowly felt her way along. The burly figure of the Orion's master, Captain Breck, with forty years' service to his credit, leaned watchfully over the bridge rail. His deepset, steel-blue eyes, protected by shaggy eyelashes, centered on the opaque wall and strained to discern what lay beyond the misty bow.

A bell had just tolled on the star-board bow marking Crawford's Ledge. Dead ahead the throaty growl of a steam siren signaled the approach of

another vessel, and a shrieking tug with its barges had been following them for some time. Suddenly in answer to the Orion's siren, a whistle sounded almost dead ahead and quite near at that. No hesitation here, a curt order from Captain Breck, and the wheel spun to port. As a last desperate chance the engines commenced to throb at full speed. Five seconds later a dull, dark blotch, the hull of a loaded coal barge, drifted slowly by. One close call and still the captain, bundled in his Navy Reefer, leaned on the bridge rail, a muffled figure of worry and responsibility.

Once again another throaty growl seeped through the fog bank. This time on the quarter and coming fast. The engines of the Orion ceased, and the ship drifted forward, her whistle sending warnings intermittently. Another answer from the oncoming ship, this time unmistakably directly in the path of the Orion. The huddled figure on the bridge rail sprang to life belaboring orders right and left with wonderful precision, the wheel spun once more, the propellers churned in reverse till every timber shook, and turbines raced under tremendous steam pressures. A ghostly shake, the blunt nose of a loaded oil tanker grew out of the misty wall, ploughing forward with tremendous force like a wallowing sea mammoth hurling itself on its helpless prey. The distance grew astonishingly less, the captain of the tanker was leaning on his elbows in the open pilot house window, calmly smoking his pipe, and seemed to be figuring just where the crash would come. A few seconds, then the rending crash throwing everyone to the floor, followed by an ominous silence, broken by the creaking and groaning of timbers as the tanker reversed her engines to clear the crash, and backed off leaving the stricken ship to sink. After the first general confusion the

work of lowering the lifeboats went forward smoothly.

Captain Breck supervised the work from the bridge, and every passenger was safely transferred to the lifeboats in good time. A smooth windless sea made the operation much easier and more successful than usual. Captain Breck stayed with his ship, of course, to prevent salvage claims if she floated, and if she didn't, well it made no difference to him anyway.

Two days later the vessel was safely beached and the bearded captain was relieved of his lonely vigil. He left his ship with a slow and heavy tread, a broken man, no longer to lean over his bridge rail in his blue reefer, to guide his ship safely along.

*One of the stories from A. H. S.
for the*

TRAVELER SHORT STORY CONTEST

(Printed in the "Boston Traveler")

A TWO-FOR-A-DIME NOVEL

by

CHARLES T. ATWOOD

(Senior, Arlington High School)

The insidious thing about it was—well, not exactly halitosis but bashfulness. Richard Robert Wright was not bashful with boys, but with girls he missed on all eight. He hadn't had a chance anyway. His three sisters were all brothers, and not at all girlish unless you count hair-cuts. He was not at all a villain and when he could spare time from his brothers and the general destruction of house-keeping he could sometimes be found eating his dinner, studying or brushing his teeth.

Richard, as his mother called him, was 18, and a senior at Sing Sing High School. He had been to a few dances before our story begins where he had learned that "Ladies' choice" meant a rest for him; and that the fox trot was in reality a walking excuse for

a gang of self-styled musicians to do their stuff; but he was by no means a dance hall fiend or ladies'-man.

Now in the class of 1926, Sing Sing High School, there were many girls and few boys. Dick knew all of the boys but few of the many girls. No girl was known as his "girl," yet he had a secret desire to be admired by one of the fairest of these. Of course, he had never dared to tell her and he doubted if she had ever guessed it, but just then Ruth Franklin was his heroine and idol.

When class pictures were received in May, Dick swapped with his friends, but he saved one. He plotted, planned, and contrived to find a way to swap one with Ruth, but his thoughts answered, "not a chance." He didn't have much time to fool around town the way some of the fellows did, because he was attempting to prepare for college, and perhaps this is why he was so bashful. He finally decided that the only thing to do was to go up boldly and ask her for one.

Easier said than done, however. He steeled himself several times to beg this favor, but each time he lost his nerve. At last he determined that he would do it that day or die. No chance presented itself during classes so he waited after school, hoping for a chance to see her after the rush. After an interminable period of time she came out of her room. He stepped up beside her as she started down the corridor. "Could you do all of your algebra today?" he said. "Uh-huh, kind of easy, weren't they?" "Say, Ruth—" and then Bill stepped out of his room just ahead. Dick felt much as the unhappy seniors do when speaking at assembly. His face burned and his heart leaped—down. "Uh-Goin' down, Bill?"

The golden opportunity was lost, and what did she think of him? Crazy? Why had Bill come out at

that critical moment? Bill ought to be shot. But perhaps that wouldn't do any good. Bill didn't even know that he had done anything. Bill didn't mind girls at all; in fact, he rather enjoyed them.

That night he lay awake a long time. His defeat only served to make the picture more desirable. He hoped that she would not make a fool out of him by telling of his downfall, but he also resolved that he would at least ask for a picture. His chances of success seemed to have waned and grown remote, but he repeated to himself the old adage about try, try, try, try, etc.

Next day much of his courage was gone and he went out of his way several times in order not to meet Ruth face to face. A week passed and he had not spoken to her. He was beginning to get anxious because the subject of pictures was commencing to get stale and he was afraid hers would all be gone if he ever got up spunk enough to ask her for one. He would have to utilize the next time he saw her or it would be all over. He thought of the last time and shivered. He thought of the approaching time and shook. Some one dropped a pencil and he gave a start, feeling rather foolish.

For the second time he waited after school at the same momentous spot. He heard a desk cover slam. His heart was pounding so that his knees were knocking double time. A girl came out, but as he jumped he saw it was not she. Then Ruth appeared. Again he fell in beside her as she started down the corridor. "Say! How did you like the physics test? Uh-huh! Say, Ruth, will ya—will ya swap pictures with me?"

Drifting in through the open window of his air castle he heard "Why didn't you ask me before? Of course I will. I have been saving one for you and it is in my desk now. Come with me while I get it."

"Thanks. Gee, that's great!" and another Napoleon had won his first victory.

THE END

CLASS WILL 1926

In consideration of the fact that our High School career is drawing nigh to a state of decrepit old age, and since it is quite fitting and proper to do this, we, of the class of 1926, of the Arlington High School, of the town of Arlington, in the country of Middlesex, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, of the New England States of the United States of the continent of North America, Western Hemisphere of this great old World, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and considering the uncertainty of this life, and being desirous of settling our worldly affairs while we have the strength and capacity to do so, do make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament:

1. To Mr. Gammons, our leader and friend, we bequeath our deepest affection and sincerest hopes that his future will prove to be as successful as his past.

2. To Mr. Moody, our superintendent, we leave our deep appreciation and good will.

3. To the Juniors we leave the chance to be the second best class that ever graduated.

4. To the Sophomores we leave our dignified study room, 14, to take the place of the children's playroom, 15.

5. To the dear little ignorant incoming infants we solemnly bequeath many snaky coils of stout rope with which they may annex themselves to the upperclassmen as a precaution against their being lost. May they, however, not lead the aforementioned upperclassmen astray.

6. To the Dramatic Club we leave

much and expensive scenery so that hereafter plays may be staged in palaces rather than hovels.

7. To the Glee Club we leave Miss Pierce. We believe that she is all that it needs.

8. To Miss Currie we leave an assistant to share her popularity.

9. To Mr. Hatch we leave a private garage located at the very rear of the building. May others not molest it.

10. We leave a fund to a committee to make plans for having the gym made into a double-decker, so that while eating is taking place on the main floor, dancing may be staged above.

11. In our years of observing and experiencing we have been inclined to pity our poor commercial students. We, therefore, leave a supply of carts in which they may carry their many books.

12. We leave a large amount of money to be used to install in every home an apparatus to be connected with the main whistle. This will make it possible to have again the no-school signal.

13. We leave to our athletes the crystal waters of the little pool behind the school for use as a swimming tank, and we likewise give to them full permission to take advantage of the "April Showers." May they not be mist.

14. Upon careful investigation we have decided upon the reason for the great desire some boys have to go on errands to the center. Accordingly, we leave a troop of errand boys who are not school pupils to keep the above mentioned students from their studies (?).

15. In view of the fact that the coat rooms are to be made into classrooms, we have a bit of money to provide for pupils' desks to be enlarged and fitted up as wardrobe cabinets.

16. To Billie Riviera, Dick French, and Wilbur Silverstein we leave a

book by Phil Pierce on "How I Attained My Height, Grace, and Slenderness."

17. After considerable consideration the girls have decided to make their club "co-ed" so we leave the suggestion that Frank Foster and William McNamara be the first to suffer the hardships of initiation.

18. To Jack Derby we bequeath Joe Ennis' marcel—it is more lasting than his.

19. To those not inclined to contribute to THE CLARION we leave Dot Blevins' ability to write.

20. To Radney Gott and Henry Spang we bequeath Hammie's football ability.

21. With Joe Donnelly's kind consent we leave his new red kiddie car to Proctor Michelson to insure his arriving at an early hour every morning. His car doesn't seem to be speedy enough.

22. Some machinery is now under construction for the school which, at certain intervals (usually the wrong intervals), will let into each and every room a great amount of dump fumes and black smoke. This we leave to be thoroughly enjoyed by all.

23. To the boys we leave a grandstand so that they may witness and fully enjoy the girls' gymnastic and dancing exhibitions.

24. To Gerry O'Neil we leave a pair of rubber heels.

25. To our leaders of athletics we leave much of the credit for the great victories of our teams.

26. To Mrs. Moffat, our dean, we leave a private office where she may say a comforting word to love-sick swains.

27. To Miss Bullock, our class advisor, we bequeath our hearty good wishes and sincere thanks for her help and guidance along the rocky but thrilling path of our senior year.

28. To all the faculty and students

with whom we have worked and played we leave our best wishes for their happy years to come.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the class of 1926, the testator above named, as and for its last will and testament, in our presence, and we, at its request, and in its presence, and in the presence of each other have hereby, herein, and herewith subscribed our names as witnesses on Wednesday, this twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six.

HERMAN GAMMONS,

Principal of A. H. S.;

CHESTER A. MOODY,

*Superintendent of
Schools;*

MARTHA S. MOFFAT,

Dean of A. H. S.;

SARAH J. BULLOCK,

Class Advisor;

HAROLD HAMM,

Class President;

RICHARD BLASDALE,

*Chairman of Law and
Order Committee;*

PHYLLIS BLAKE.

ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP

A friend is an oasis in the sands of life, a haven to which we return in times of adversity and whose thoughts and advice are ever cooling and refreshing. Acquaintances are transient in every person's experience, fair and flitting as a summer cloud; but a friend is like the sparkling water from the fountain of joy. A real friend asks no return but that his friend will religiously accept and wear and not disgrace his apotheosis of him. Each should cherish the other's hopes, and be kind to each other's dreams.

Through friendship rays of light come to us in such a curve that those we love appear to be greater than they really are. This friendship while it is beautiful to the friend, makes our

character more beautiful, although we may not be aware of it. Friendship, if it is true, causes us to overlook faults and disagreeable traits in our friend. A friend is one whom we can associate with our choicest thoughts. A person with whom we can feel at ease to tell our ideals and aspirations with no fear of ridicule or misunderstanding.

One does not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with the roughest courage we can, because in that way we find out whether they are real friendships or just glass threads, broken by mere words. If they are real, they are the solidest thing we know, and I think the greatest element of true friendship is fidelity, a manifestation of the strength of human character. Are we not continually dreaming that *our friends* are *our friends* and that we are *our friend's friend*?

Henry Thoreau classes a friend with all of nature's most beautiful things. His statement is to me, the most adequate of a true friend. "As I love nature, as I love singing birds, gleaming foliage, and flowing rivers, and morning and evening, and summer and winter, I love thee my friend."

DADDY AND PERSONAL EFFICIENCY

According to Dad, Personal Efficiency is, next to Christianity, of the greatest benefit to mankind. From that you will probably surmise that he is an ardent advocate of this movement. And you will surmise correctly, for Daddy is Efficiency from head to toe—and that means six feet of it—one hundred and eighty-five pounds of Standards, Records, Plans, Schedules, Standardized Operations, Ideals, Common Sense, Competent Council, Discipline, Memory Training, Efficiency Rewards, and Efficiency Essentials. I haven't progressed any farther than

"Standards," but just wait until I reach the end of it! I'll be so efficient I'll be able to write an essay of five hundred words in a quarter as many minutes—and not worry and ponder for days, trying to hit upon a possible subject. It certainly is *not* efficiency to begin Sunday afternoon to write an essay due Monday morning. But when an inspiring thought refuses to enter one's head, what can one do? I usually depend on my own brains for composition subjects—but this time they failed me absolutely. And when one's brains cease to, or refuse to function, one must borrow thoughts from some one else's brains. That is what I did. It was about two hours after the family's return from church when I "popped" the question:

"Daddy, I must write an essay of five hundred words. *What* can I write about?" and the words were not out of my mouth before I would have given half a dollar to be able to swallow them again, for I should have realized that his answer would be "Personal Efficiency." Anyway, that *was* his answer. I protested, saying the subject was much too serious for *me* to write on. He then suggested that I give my ideas of the cause of the crime wave. Worse, and more of it! I decided to tackle Personal Efficiency.

Efficiency is the ability that finds the best, easiest, and quickest way of doing things. For instance, the easiest and quickest way to write an essay for English is to copy one written last year that was given the thrilling mark of A. But that isn't the best way. Therefore, it is not efficiency.

Efficiency teaches one to take short cuts, which require knowledge and training. The previous illustrations will suffice for this statement also. The short cut to writing an essay would be to copy one written and graded the year before. I possess the *knowledge* that this is so, but have not

the *training* to do it. Therefore, it is not efficiency. It is not even proficiency.

Efficiency equips you with the experience of the ages and makes your ultimate success a certainty instead of a gamble. Doesn't that sound wonderful? Oh no, they are not *my* words! But just think of what I have to look forward to! If only my patience will stay with me through the twenty-three lessons to follow my first one on Standards!

Efficiency gives you a short direct route to the things you desire most in life. Well, Daddy's desire is to see his family thoroughly trained in Personal Efficiency. And his family is doing its part, applying itself diligently, and studying—although the two young brothers find it rather difficult. But they have their Dad's promise that they'll never regret the time spent in the study of Personal Efficiency.

VIRGINIA B. HUNT, '26.

SO THIS IS AMERICA!

Can it be possible that one is still in America, when after having wandered from Main Street through a narrow alley, bordered on either side by houses, which are really nothing more than shacks; in front of them bare-foot children playing in the dirt, when one finally arrives on a wharf? A schooner from the "Banks" has just come in port and the men of a ruddy and tan hue and stubby stature, dressed in gayly colored jackets, odd round skull caps and rubber boots reaching to their hips, are unloading a cargo of halibut. Any moment one expects to see a knife drawn from the captain's waist and stab the man who has the red bandanna, but no, these men are Portuguese and the captain is perfectly agreeable, but is giving orders. A rosy-checked fat Irishman is very much excited in giving orders as to where the fish should be

placed in the ice plant, of which he is manager, and which is located on this wharf. A number of little Italian and Portuguese boys are gazing with pleading eyes at the men for some fish for their morning, noon, and evening meals.

At anchor on the opposite side of the wharf is a square rigged salt vessel from Italy. They are most picturesque with their oil stained sails. These boats from Italy are the only square riggers in the harbor. Next to this salt ship is a most beautiful yacht, with shining brass, varnished deck, and neatly uniformed deckhands.

A private speed-boat has just docked and the extravagant regalia of those landing, and the attendants awaiting remind one of a Royal family, and is a severe contrast to the poorurchins.

We are not the only ones watching this scene, for on the right is a woman with a large sombrero, coyly cocked on one side, a smock and an easel in front of her. She is one of the many artists who seek artistic subjects. Places where they have opportunity to paint dark brown masts orange, ice, blue, with streaks of orange, and green water, peacock blue.

After having spent an hour or more watching the sights, we walk once more up the little alley and arrive on Main Street to assure our convictions that this is what one sees on a Gloucester wharf in America.

LUCIA WOODWORTH.

FACULTY COLUMN

The importance of outside activities in the school curriculum may well be estimated by the following experience of one of our pupils, now one of the Alumni:

In his Freshman and Sophomore years he put all of his attention on his studies and ignored outside activities entirely.

In his Junior year he became interested in THE CLARION, then the Orchestra, and finally the Glee Club.

His first three years in High School had been full of plans for a career as an artist and he fully intended to train himself at Massachusetts Normal Art School.

In his Senior year (thanks to Miss Pierce and the Glee Club, and THE CLARION) he discovered that his talents

lay in business rather than Art.

He is at present fitting himself for a life in business, ever grateful to the outside activities that showed him he should change his course to a different goal.

Had it not been for outside activities, he might have followed his first plans and have been always unhappy and discontented—a right shoe on the wrong foot.

Poetry

TO MY CLASSMATES

There you stand, all in a row, and smile

At me from out of your cardboard frames—

My classmates! What can I say the while

I look back and slowly speak your names?

You have been good friends to me; I hope

We still shall be in all the coming years.

Times may change, we all shall have to cope

With old world doubts and with new world fears.

But your smiles, winsome and brave and gay,

I shall have; them time cannot erase.

I thank God that as you are today,
Forever young I still may see each face.

R. E. H., '26.

CLASS ODE

Soon in the far grey east,

The dawn will come,

And bear, on orchid wings,

News of a battle won;

And, as the first faint streaks appear
Of heather-pink and amethyst,

We'll rig our silver sloops, and, silently,

Set sail into a grayish mist

For we have anchored three long joyous years

Within the haven of a bounteous land,—

Now striving hard to win a worthy cause;

Now drifting in a balmy wind and bland,

Tonight we've won the hardest fight of all,

Have come victorious from the battle ground,

And, on the morrow, tho we're loath to part

With heartfelt friendship that we here have found,

We start on unknown water unafraid,
(For on the path of fearlessness we've often trod),

And each ship bears aloft the flag of Truth

And each has at its helm the pilot, God.

D. BLEVINS.

TO A LITTLE DOG, DEAD

He was only a dog, just a little dog

With the softest big brown eyes—

Why should I be sad, and shed silly tears

When it's only a dog that dies?

But his coat was so soft, and his head
 was so smooth,
 And he greeted me always with glee;
 His fluffy tail wagged, and his little
 feet danced—
 Why is it that death has to be?

He was only a dog, just a little dog,
 With the softest big brown eyes—
 But we loved him so much, we loved
 him so much—
 Ah—it's sad when a little dog dies.

Exchanges

THE WEATHERCOCK REPORTS

The weathercock was a very vain person—one who took much pride in the immense amount of wisdom stored up in his gilded crest. Perhaps he was excusable, for, since he occupied such a high position in life, he could see everything, and, since his especial mission was to tell which way the winds blew, he could glean from the obliging four brothers news from every corner of the globe. I admired the weathercock greatly, in spite of his conceit, and, what was more, I needed information. Who could better answer my questions—if he would? Accordingly, I approached the weathercock one day when the wind was blowing strong, and his beady eye was gazing far far away toward Boston Harbor.

"The wind blows east today," I began tentatively.

"Yes," said the weathercock.

"That means it is coming from the west?"

"Yes."

"Then perhaps you could answer a few questions....?"

"Yes," from the weathercock, as much as to say, "Of course!"

"Good! I wish to know your opinion on some western school papers. I know it will be reliable."

At this, the weathercock seemed touched. He veered around and, bending an affable glance in my direction, asked, "In what special papers are you interested just now?"

The Student Lantern from Saginaw, Michigan, is one."

The weathercock cocked his head. "Indeed? Well, I should say that *The Lantern* is a wide-awake paper representing a wide-awake school that evidently does things—such as the Spanish prom which was so well advertised and carried out. The humor is not only clever, but plentifully so. A few more editorials would add to the paper's literary quality."

"Thank you very much. Now what about *The Austin Times* of Chicago, Illinois?"

"Oh, my!" said the weathercock. "What shall I say? *The Times* is surely one fine newspaper distinguished especially by its cartoons, its very professional sounding news items, and its novel departments. You should be proud to include it on your exchange list."

"We are, of course. But I am wondering what your opinion is on *The Green and White*, published by La Salle College in Manila, P. I."

The weathercock coughed. "Ahem! Er—I'll ask Zephyr....." A pause. Then: "The commencement number of *The Green and White* was a real masterpiece, and defies comparison with any eastern publication. The literary department lacks neither material nor originality. The exchange department seems to be considered one of the most important of the paper, and its editor should be commended for his long, interesting, and helpful comments."

"Quite a bouquet, but La Salle deserves it all, I'm sure. Now one more, from the South this time: *The Tiger*, Farmerville, Louisiana."

"*The Tiger* has a very vicious and optimistic motto, and seems to live up to it quite successfully, especially when it comes to 'Wit and Humor.' Note with satisfaction that it prints its exchange notes."

"I did. Thank you very much, Mr. Weathercock. You have helped me a great deal. Be sure to tell all my exchange friends not to forget me next year. Good-bye!"

"Wait a minute," called the weathercock. "If you like, I can give you a

few comments on your own paper, *THE CLARION*."

"By all means. I am always glad to 'see *THE CLARION* as others see it.'"

"*The Spaulding Sentinel* of Barre, Vt., says: 'A sense of humor is well developed in *THE CLARION*. A cut at the head of each department would add to the appearance of your magazine.'"

"*The Brocktonia* says: '*THE CLARION* has some editors who surely know their stuff. The piece, 'A Slight Exaggeration,' was good!'"

And, after thanking him again, I left the weathercock and his great wisdom, still gazing out over Boston Harbor.

Alumni Notes

We find that the members of last year's graduating class are very busy.

Marie Capelli has returned from a trip abroad. While in Europe she visited Paris, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. She is now studying costume designing in Boston.

Helen Irwin is working in the Federal Reserve Bank in Boston, while her sister Frances is working for the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Edith Patterson and Mary Flynn are both studying at the Salem Normal School, and Lillian Dunn at the Hyannis Normal School.

Evelyn Hickey and Signe Pihl are both working at C. F. Hovey's. Signe plans to go to Radcliffe next fall.

Gertrude Travers, Helena O'Connell, and Lillian Mullen are studying at Burdett.

Helen Bowman is working in the Boylston Street Office of the Edison Electric Company.

Claire Purcell is taking a course at Bryant and Stratton.

Hazel Waugh is studying music at the New England Conservatory.

Edith Baker is going to Sargent, and Ethel MacMillan to Simmons.

Josephine Jerardi, Constance Childs, and Roy Maynard are taking courses at B. U.

Arthur Lindaw and George Rider are studying Chemical Engineering at Northeastern University.

Randall Snow has finished a course at Huntington and plans to enter Dartmouth next fall.

Grace Rosenberger is employed as a stenographer in a shoe concern in Boston.

Joe MacConologue is at the Suffolk Law School learning all the tricks of a lawyer.

Paul Fitzgerald is down in Florida learning to be an aviator.

Gladys Surles is working in the Shawmut Bank in Boston.

Edith Cutter is working in Dr. Yale's Office.



TRACK

The track team began its schedule by winning the Boston College Interscholastic Track Meet on May 1.

"Jim" Kelly won the half-mile in the excellent time of 2m. 44.5sec., incidentally winning a gold medal. In the 100 yard dash, Babbitt came through for second place and in the mile "Ross" Eldridge ran second to Walter Folsom of Corina Union Academy, who covered the distance in 4m. 39.3.5s. The total of eleven points thus gained was sufficient to bring the title to our school.

On May 7 the Everett track warriors were scalped by the Red and Gray tracksters, the score being 55 to 17. Every first place but one, that being the shot put, was won by Arlington runners who found the going easy. Babbitt, winner of the 100 and 200 yard dashes, was high scorer.

The Quincy meet on May 11 was not so easy, but "Doc's" charges came through again, the score being 52½ to 19½. In the mile Eldridge led most of the way, but Shultz jumped him on the last lap and, although hard pressed, kept his lead and breasted the tape before Arlington's captain. The half-mile was another thriller when Chapman beat "Jimmie" Kelly to the finish. "Jim" set a fast pace for two laps but could not stave off Chapman's final rush. Canty was high scorer, winning first in the shot put and second in both the sprints.

Summary

100 yard dash—first, Babbitt; second, Canty; third, Foye (Q). Time, 10 4.5 seconds.

220 yard dash—first, Babbitt; second, Canty; third, Minot (Q). Time, 24 2.5 seconds.

440 yard dash—first, Lawson; second, Wood; third, Minot (Q). Time, 55 3.5 seconds.

880 yards run—first, Chapman (Q); second, James Kelly; third, Everett. Time, 2 minutes, 5 seconds.

One mile run—first, Shultz (Q); second, Eldridge; third, McLean (Q). Time, 4 minutes, 48 3.5 seconds.

Broad jump—first, Revel; second, Piconi; third, Minot (Q). Distance, 18 feet, 2 inches.

Shot put—first, Canty; second, Haum; third, Sansone (Q). Distance, 39 feet, 6½ inches.

High jump—first, Vaughn; second, Crofts (Q); third, tie between Bacon (A) and Reading (Q). Height, 5 feet, 3 inches.

The track team "flivvered" down to New Haven and won fourth place in the Yale Interscholastic Meet on May 22. Babbitt was third in the hundred; James Kelly second in the mile, with Eldridge fourth; Canty finished fifth in the quarter. The fellows had a fine trip.

BASEBALL

St. Mary's School of Waltham defeated Arlington 4 to 3 in the first

game of the season. Errors and weakness in batting caused Arlington's defeat. Joe Donahue occupied the box for Arlington and only allowed the visitors four hits.

The first league game was won 8 to 3 by Arlington with Woburn as an opponent. Except for the third inning, when Arlington got to the opposing pitcher, knocking Carroll out of the box and scoring five runs, the contest was evenly fought. "Tim" McNamara made a pretty one-handed catch in the third and "Frankie" Keefe was the leading "sticker," making three hits out of five trips to the plate.

Winchester was beaten 4 to 1 on May 4. Keefe hit a homer in the first inning. In the sixth Hamm was hit by the pitcher with the bags loaded, thus forcing in a run. Then Dale hit to center scoring Caniff and Sumner. In the fourth Winchester collected a lone tally. For Arlington, Joe Donahue pitched well, as did Harrimen for Winchester.

On May 12 at Wakefield, Arlington had an easy day, winning 14 to 4. Likewise on the 15th Melrose was defeated 9 to 0, Joe Donahue pitching a no hit no run game.

On May 19 the Red and Gray team played errorless ball against Brookline while Stoker held the opponents to four hits, one a home run polled out by McGrath. The score was 6 to 1.

At Woburn May 22 a loosely played game was won by Arlington 8 to 7. Errors were plentiful throughout the game. Arlington scored three runs in the first and three more in the sixth when McNamara hit a homer, bringing in two men. In the Woburn half of the sixth they collected four runs, and added three more in the seventh. Joe Donahue who had pitched well for five innings was replaced by Stoker in the sixth. In the ninth Arlington made two more runs, the last being on a Woburn error. Sumner was the

leading batter, getting three out of five.

ATHLETICS 1925-1926

Two championships were brought to the school in the fall by the Cross Country and Football teams. The undefeated barriers won the New England Interscholastic title, while the football team again won the Mystic Valley Championship. In the winter the Basketball team turned in a successful season and the Hockey team lasted until the finals at the Arena. This spring has seen the track team remain undefeated in dual meets and winner of three titles, namely: the Boston College Interscholastics, the Mystic Valley Championship, and the State Championship. The baseball team is leading the Mystic Valley League, having won eight games and lost one.

The school teams have been very successful throughout the year and have maintained their reputation for fair play and good sportsmanship.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

To the history of Arlington High School Athletics, the girls, as well as the boys, have added gloriously during the past year. In the fall the Field Hockey team won the championship of one division of the Greater Boston League, and in the winter, the Basketball team was the outstanding group around Greater Boston, and, of course, the champion team. Now the baseball girls are playing. At present, they are quite even with the world, after winning from Wellesley a return game, by the same score that had caused their earlier defeat.

BILLEE SMITH.

"Ike" Canty won the distinction of being the all-around Mystic Valley track man at the recent Melrose races. Arlington won the medley relay at Melrose, also.



"Doctor, what can you give me for the grippe?"

"Bring it in and I'll see what it's worth."

Use the word faith in a sentence.
Your faith looks familiar.

Un Petit Français

He: "I guess I'll go back to the hotel. It's dinner time."

She: "Oui."

He: "Who invited you, anyway?"

"Did you make a sorority in college, little girl?"

"Yes, I'm a Sigma Sigma Sigma."

"That's all right, but I heard you the first time."

GUESS WHO CONTEST

The persons guessing the correct answers to the following puzzles will receive ().

Guess who? If you find out, keep quiet.

1. A tall, handsome lad, with dimples, winner of a recent beauty contest. (Two guesses on this one.)

2. She has a wonderful smile and her nickname is the second note of the scale. (Not fish.)

3. One of our four lettered athletes with ocean hair (wonderful waves). His nickname reminds us of a deer.

4. She has sparkling teeth and a wonderful voice. She is called Arlington's songbird. We hope she gets a Blake Book.

5. This lad is also a four lettered athlete. He usually goes with eggs.

6. This lad has a fondness for pennies. He had a great head for coppers.

7. He is good looking. He dresses well. I don't see why some girl doesn't *winn* him.

There was a High School in our town
And there we went to study;
We worked and worked and shirked
and shirked
And now we're through with worry.

Now this dear High School we have
left

Long may its memory last;
But soon we shall be old and gray
And all our youth be past.

—F. CARPENTER, '26.

FRIENDS

Another year has passed us by,
 Another year's to come;
 And other friends we'll meet or make
 To call a pal or chum.
 But we can't forget the old ones
 No matter what we do;
 There'll always be a memory
 Of loyal friends and true,
 Who have made our school days happy,
 Who have stuck thru thick and thin;
 Who always found a cheery word,
 A look, or happy grin.
 These are the forget-me-nots
 To put in our bouquet,
 They have the sweetest fragrance
 And they never fade away.

Teacher: "What's the most common impediment in the speech of American people?"

Pupil: "Chewing gum."

FADEOUTS FROM THE SENIOR

The high school will sadly miss her beauty contest winner, Miss Natalie Gaskill.

From a multitude of beauts she was picked as the most promising Venus.

As a token of our appreciation, Miss Arlington received a Henry Ford loving cup (a shaving mug) which should prove to be useful.

If one will remember right, she needed it that day.

However, another person has cast his shadow on the horizon to succeed Gaskill in the person of Sid Hegh.

At the Honor Night Banquet he was very flowery.

"How about some nice horseradish?" said the grocer to the bride.

"Oh, no, indeed. We keep a car."

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? DR. ROSENBERGER'S ? QUESTION BOX

As we leave this school we realize how much this column has helped us. The perplexing problems of life have been solved and many have been raised from despondent depths to the heights of happiness. As the twilight rays settle on our school life we bid good-bye to its cheerful influence.

Dr. Rosenberger signing off. Stand by for further punishment.

Good-bye,

DR. ROSENBERGER.

Dear Doc: Why are the Scotch such great swimmers?"

Ans. Swimming became the national sport in Scotland when they built toll bridges.

* * *

Dear Doc: Do you believe in the story about the Heights of Abraham?

Ans. No; it's a bluff.

* * *

Dear Doc: What is two and one?

Ans. Shoe Polish.

* * *

Dear Doc: What is the greatest nation in the world?

Ans. Examination.

* * *

Dear Doc: What should I take when I am rundown?

Ans. Take the license number.

* * *

Dear Doc: Who was Ponce de Leon?

LOUIS KAPLAN.

Ans. He was the guy who discovered that lots could be made from Florida water.

* * *

Dear Doc: What's Greek for boiled water?

Ans. Soup.

* * *

Dear Doc: I hear that astronomers have started something new. They are making an attempt to weigh light. Is that true?

Ans. That's nothing new. Grocers have been doing it for years.

Edgar Allan Poe, the champion
catch-as-catch-can fisher, immortalized
the fish in one of his famous poems:

Little fishes in a brook;
Daddy caught them with a hook;
Mother fried them in a pan;
Baby ate them like a man.

A person in order to be a good fish-
erman must also be a good story tel-
ler.

It's queer how fishes change. I
caught a mackerel last summer and
when I got home it was smelt.

I never smelt a smelt that smelt
like this smelt smelt.

Many men are poor fishermen, but
they throw a good line.

Do not get the impression that you
have to take a course at Fisher's to
master this art.

One man caught a fish and he swore
it weighed 10 pounds. But I think
the scales were off.

Teacher: "Johnny, make a sentence
with a conjunction in it."

Johnny, after thinking: "The cow is
tied to the fence with a rope."

Teacher: "Why, Johnny, where is the
conjunction?"

Johnny: "Rope—It connects the cow
and the fence."

THE CLASS OF '26

You might think that the class of
twenty-six

Was nothing but a big bunch of hicks;
You might think our love for learning
Was drowned by a great yearning
To get out and with the world to mix.

You might think that the Senior girls
and boys

Were nothing but a lot of laughs and
noise;

You might think we abhorred books
And would soon turn into crooks—
That we had neither brains nor poise.

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But we've been here for three long
yearsAnd although we may not burst into
tears

We'll hate to lose each friend

And all our studies end,

So we'll give our school three cheers.

We have worked hard here at school
Each one of us has broken some rule;
Yet fond memories will stay

As each one wends his way;

And we'll always remember our school.

—CHARLES T. ATWOOD.

"How far have you studied, Johnny?"
inquired the teacher."Just as far as the book is dirty,
ma'am."Roberts (at a Clarion meeting):
"We will now cast the votes."D. Blevins: "But we're not *all here!*"Once a man had water on the brain.
One winter it froze and everything
slipped his mind.Miss O'Neil: "Some men talk so that
you can't understand them."Miss Murray: "Oh, after you get
used to your man, it's all right."*Long Live the G. A. R.*E. Brown: "All stand while the
guests *pass out*."Mr. Fowler: "We and all other
forms of animals need salt."Miss Taber: "I will give you one
day to pass in the theme."Danskin: "Fine, how about the
fourth of July?""Lady, could you give a starving man
a bite."

"Sure. Sic him. Fido."

SOPHS AND JUNIORS*Read this and weep*We, of the Junior Class wish the
Seniors good luck, and hope that we
may fill their places as well as they
did. We hope that we may make as

fine a Senior Class as you have made. The Senior Class has been a credit to the school, and I am sure that all of its members will be missed by the faculty as well as by the students.

E. NORRIS, '27.

Bill: "I was down town yesterday and I fell over a hundred feet."

Mike: "Gee, didn't you even get hurt?"

Bill: "No, I was going out of a crowded street car."

Consistent

"Can I have the five pounds I lent you?"

"You can have it next week."

"You told me that last week."

"Yes, do you think I am a man to say one thing one day and another the next?"

A TOUCH OF SPRING

As Our Fathers See it

Gay hats—laughing capes—new dresses
Clear hose—dainty shoes—soft tresses
All these new things and many more
such,

Make a father wonder much:—

Thinks he, "I wonder why it has to be
That each spring this feeling comes to
me.

Why do I feel so ill? You know?
I pay the bills for all the show!"

—E. SMITH, '27.

Boy: "Can a person be punished for something he hasn't done."

Teacher: "Of course not."

Boy: "Well, I haven't done my history."

Several students have been wondering who rode home from the banquet with Joe Donnelly on his "Kiddie Kar" and who pushed Louise Bradley home in her "Doll" carriage?

He won't have to walk to school now.

It was also noticed that he was in school earlier than usual the next morning. How does it ride, Joe?

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 Popular Music

It has been called to the attention of this writer that Kay Twombly is going to be a cook. As her Blake book, she chose the Count of Monte Crisco.

Hard hearted Brownie had no regards for the guests on Memorial Day. And on such a day at that!

Another interesting Blake Book would be Lorna Doone by the National Piscuit Company.

At a recent assembly Mr. Gammons said that the pupils filing out the rear door at Fire Drills should refrain from throwing stones at cans. I think it better to move the automobiles.

FIVE MINUTES WITH THE EDITOR

As the summer approaches, one's thoughts turn to fishing.

That is a sport which every true blooded American boy and girl should engage in.

The most interesting part of this sport is, if you do not catch fish, you usually catch something else.

A fisherman usually knows where he can get his fish if he doesn't catch them. I've worked in Fish Markets Ask Rosy; he knows.

"There, I made a hole in one," said the golfer as she changed her stockings.

"Come boy, kiss your auntie."

"Aw gee! I ain't done nothing bad, Ma!"

Freddy: "Ma, didn't the missionary say that the savages didn't wear any clothes?"

"Yes, my boy."

Freddy: "Then why did papa put a button in a missionary box?"

You remind me of Germany
 Your marks are so low.

Among the sophomore "leaping lenas,"
Who hope to some day be "dignified"
seniors;

We have Caritno, Andress, and Hall
Who are rather small,
Hager, Cannal and Turner
Who help to win our athletic honor
Woodworth, Vaughn, and Gersnre
To answer most of the English recita-
tions;

Sanger, Rivera, and Silverstein
Who are growing slow but sure;
Lane, Donahue and Foster
Who are amongst the "bigger;"
And Harlow whom they all say
Won first prize for her "memorial"
essay.

—L. NELSON, '28.

"Where are you from?"

"Saskatchewan."

"Bad cold you got there, boy."

WHEN JULIUS SEES HER

A One Act Play

BY LAFAYETTE MULLIGAN

Scene I.

The balcony seen from the Capitol
Theatre.

Enter Julius Sneezer (played by
Bob Spronl): "Alas, 'tis dark without."

A voice within: "Without what?"

Sneezer: "Without a light, candle."

Angry mutterings from within, then:

"Ah! 'tis cold without."

Sneezer: "Without what?"

Within: "Without a shirt."

CURTAIN

Hero *carried off* amidst jeers.

The Persians are a rugged people.

"Give a sentence with the word
wreath in it?"

"For wreath a jolly good fellow."

Teacher: "When I was a little boy I
could name all the presidents off by
heart."

"Yeah—but there was only a couple
of them then."

My brother won first prize in a
saxophone contest. They gave him a
trip to China.

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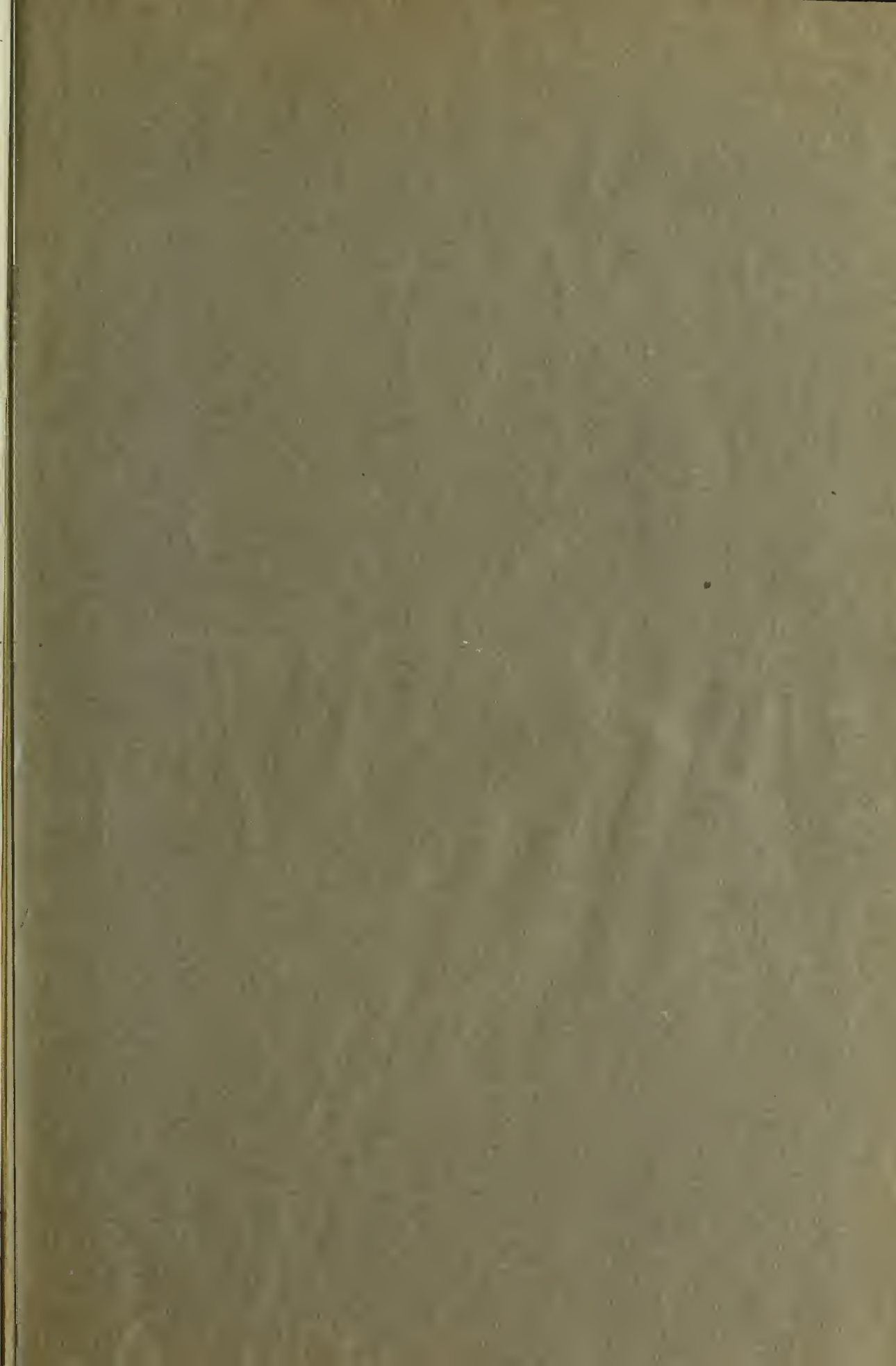
Lunches

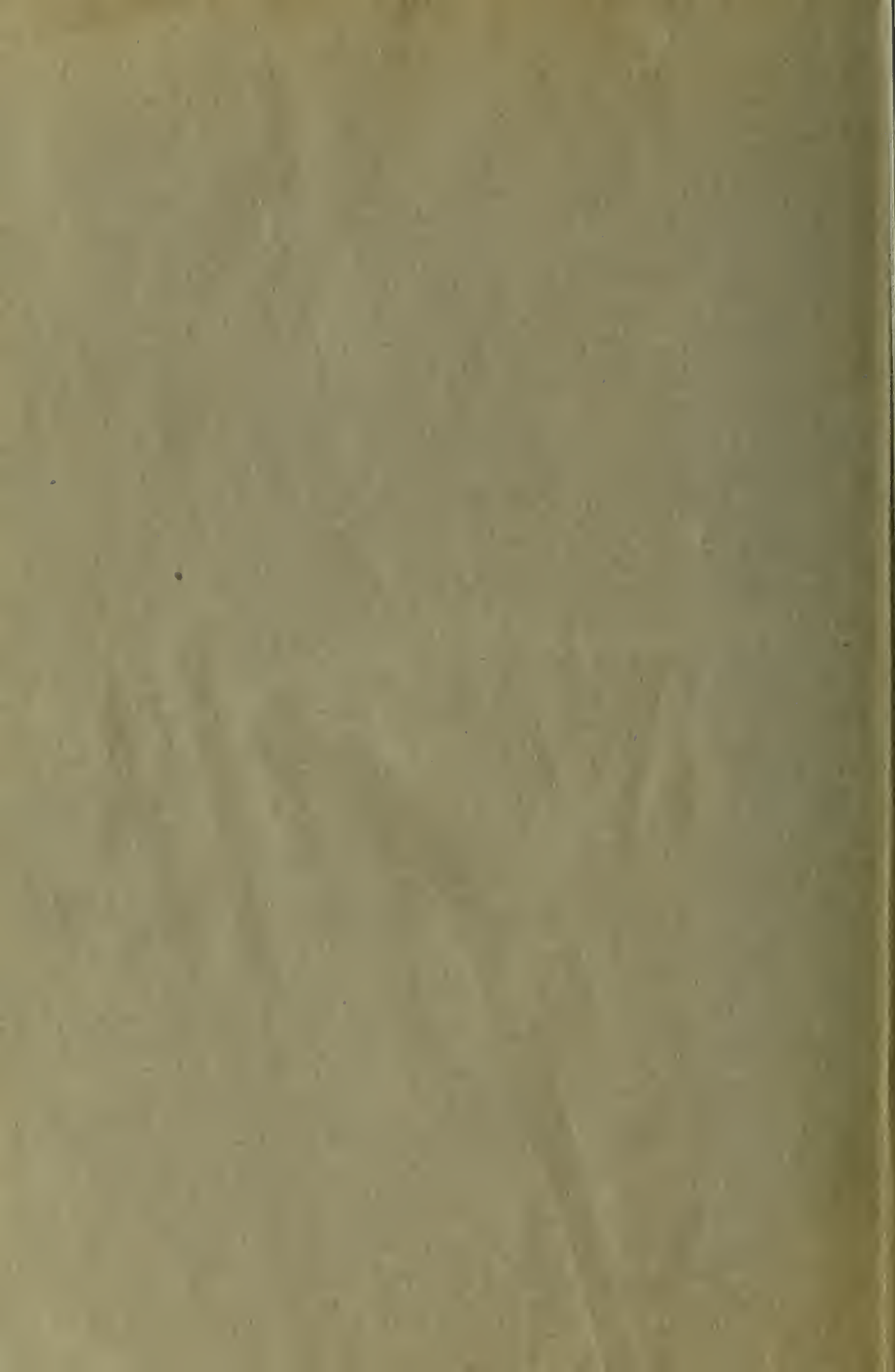
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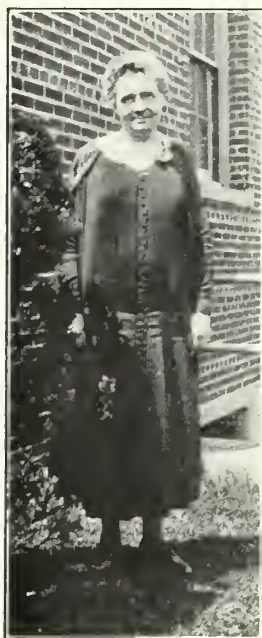
Clarion Supplement

ARLINGTON

'26

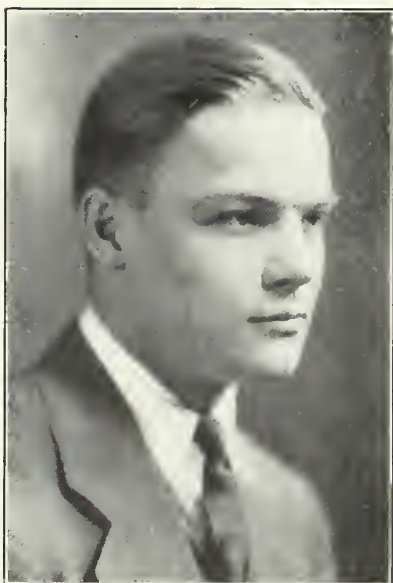
Year

Book



SARAH J. BULLOCK
Senior Class Advisor

Class of '26



HAROLD HAMM
President



ROSWELL ELDRIDGE
Vice-President



JOSEPH ENNIS
Treasurer



JOSEPH DOWNEY
Secretary

Class Poem

Is this a breathless chase for pleasure
Or do we seek a higher goal?
Is this the end, or will ambition
Exact from us an unknown toll?

Idle hopes, like empty shadows,
Thoughts which spread with the speed of light,
Great ambitions,—which are ours?
We grope in the labyrinth of Wrong and Right.

Thrilled with thoughts of new adventure
That toss restless on the mind,
Unaware of what awaits us,
We press onward—yet look behind.

Within these walls we fain would linger
Where happy youth will never die;
We bravely smile, but hearts are heavy
As the time draws near to say good-bye.

Again new dreams awake within us
And we no longer hesitate,
But eagerly seek our New World;
Opportunity flings wide the gate.

The future now gleams bright ahead,
Tomorrow we no longer fear;
Our destinies, safe in the hands
Of Him above, Who holds us dear.

—VIRGINIA B. HUNT, '26.



FANNIE ADOLPHSON

Dramatic Club

"We call it only pretty Fannie's way."



AGNES AHEARN, "Bunny"

Dramatic Club

"Brains + Sweetness = our Bunny."



GLADYS AKERSTROM, "Chinky"

Dramatic Club

"I shook the dust of China from my sandals, and roamed afar."



ESTHER ALDEN

Band, Orchestra, Clarion

"Painters and poets have equal license in regard to everything."

ROSA BEATTIE

"From labor health, from health contentment spring."



ELEANOR ANDERSON, "Al"

Glee Club

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

CHARLES ATWOOD

"A scholar, and a ripe good one."



BERYL AUSTIN, "Barrel"

Glee Club

"The secret of fashion is to surprise
and never to disappoint."



CHARLOTTE BECKER, "Charley"
 "And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts."

RICHARD BLASDALE, "Dick"
 Student Council, Business Manager
 Clarion
 "The busy business man."



ETHEL BELYEA, "Peggy"
 Honor Roll, Student Council
 "A beautiful and happy girl
 With step as light as summer air."

DOROTHY BLEVINS, "Dot"
 Clarion
 "She could songs make and well
 indite."



ADELINE BERRY, "Peg"
 Hockey, Dramatic Club
 "Heaven send them good luck."

*Best of luck
 always, Alvin*

MABEL BOYNE, "Peter"
 "The fair, the chaste, the unexpres-
 sive she."



PHYLLIS BLAKE, "Phyl"
 Glee Club
 "Cupid hath not in all his quiver's choice
 An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

LOUISE BRADLEY
 Honor Roll, Student Council
 "You speak as one who fed on
 poetry."





DOROTHY BRENTON, "Dot"
"A good reputation is a fair estate."



ANNA BURNS, "Nan"
"She who has red hair will have red hair 'til she dyes."



ELLSWORTH BROWN, "Brownie"
Student Council, Cross-country, Track
"For several virtues I have liked several women."



FRANCIS CALLAHAN, "Eke"
"A chapter of accidents."

LAURA BROWN, "Infant"
Glee Club
"Laugh? Yes, why not?
'Tis better than crying a lot."

ANTHONY CAMARANO, "Tony"
"Energy and determination have done wonders many a time."

JOHN BUCKLEY, "Buck"
Football, Baseball, Student Council
"He's in for every kind of game
As you can plainly see;
Of hockey, base, or football
He's as fond as he can be."

VERA CAMERON, "Ve"
Dramatic Club
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."





JOHN CANIFF, "Bottle"
Football, Baseball
"They shall not pass!"

DOROTHEA CATTON, "Dot"
Glee Club, Dramatic Club
"If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for
being."



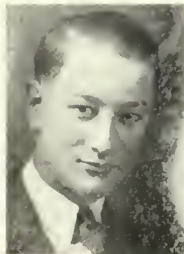
FRANCES CARPENTER, "Polly"
"Blushing is the complexion of virtue."

EDITH CHAMBERLAIN, "Pete"
Student Council, Glee Club
"She's all fun."



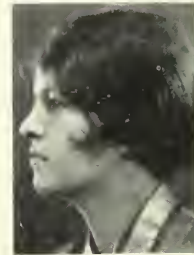
JOHN CARR, JR., "Johnnie"
Glee Club, Baseball
"Energy and determination are but
two of his characteristics."

CORNELIUS COLLINS, "Connie"
"Work is alone noble."



PHILIP CARTER, "Nick"
"Men of few words are the best men."

KATHLEEN COLLINS
"She has two eyes, so soft and
brown. Take care!"





EVANGELINE CONNELL, "Vange"

Baseball

"Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me."

SATENIG DADEKIAN, "Jipo"

"Life is real! life is earnest!"



PAUL CORCORAN

President Boys' Glee Club, Quartet, Football

"Richer than Croesus; for you are today

The heir of good wishes and fast friends."

EUGENE DAVIS, "Chick"

"It must be right; I've done it from
my youth."



WILMA CORCORAN, "Billie"

Student Council, Field Hockey, Basketball

"Born for success, she seemed."

RUTH DAVIS

Glee Club

"She has all the royal makings of
a Queen."



RACHEL CROSBY, "Ray"

Vice-President Student Council, Clarion

"With generous speech to all, and
gladsome looks."

HOMER DAVIS, JR.

"Though modest, on his unembarrassed
brow Nature had written, 'Gentle-
man.'"





DOROTHY DELAY, "Dot."

Dramatic Club

"Friendship is constant in all things."



HELEN DELAY

"Speech is silvern, silence is golden."



ESTHER DEWING, "Etta"

Glee Club

"As good be out of the world as
out of the fashion."

FRANCES DOHERTY

"Wee modest, crimson tipped flower."

FLORENCE DRAPER, "Florie"

Honor Roll

"In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."

FRANCIS DONAHUE, "Frank"

"Much study is weariness of the flesh."



JOSEPH DONNELLY, "Joe"

Student Council, Hockey

"As we're merry, may we still be
wise."

JOSEPH DOWNEY, "Joe"

Student Council, Manager Basketball,

Secretary Class '26

"That human, humorous mouth."





LOUISE EASTON, "Lou"
Student Council, Chairman, Publicity
Committee, Mandolin Club
"Grace was in all her steps."



MARGARET FERNALD, "Peg"
Glee Club, A. A.
"Peg o' my heart."



ROSWELL ELDRIDGE, "Ross"
Vice-President Senior Class, Cross-
Country, Track
"—Men wish in vain,
When I have run past on winged feet,
To catch me e'er again."



ELIZABETH FITZPATRICK, "Betty"
"Whatever she did was done with so
much ease,
In her alone it was natural to please."

JOSEPH ENNIS, "Joe"
Glee Club, Quartet, Treasurer Class '26
"Sing away trouble, cast away care."



ROSE FITZPATRICK, "Fitzie."
"Do don't like to flatter,
But this is so:
What could we do without Rose?"

MARY FARRINGTON
"Too true to flatter,
Too kind to sneer."

ALICE FLOYD, "Al"
Dramatic Club
"Generous to high and low."





FRANCES FRAZER, "Frannie"

"Where she met a stranger,
There she left a friend."

ELSIE GATES

"That tho' she was on pleasure bent,
She had a frugal mind."



DORIS GALLAGHER, "Dot"

Glee Club

"Summer and winter are one to me,
And the day is bright, be it storm
or shine."

DOROTHY GILES, "Dot"

Mandolin Club

"At all times quiet and demure."



HELEN GAMAGE

Field Hockey, Dramatic Club

"I live and love; what could you
do more?"

CLARE GODDARD

Honor Roll

"Her heart is like a garden fair
Where many pleasant blossoms
grow."



ARTHUR GASKILL, "Art"

Football, A. A.

"Farewell, a fond farewell, to all my
friends."

GLADYS GOODWIN, "Glad"

"A little body doth often harbor a
great soul."





MICHELINA GRECO, "Micky"
"The mildest manners, the gentlest heart."



AGNES HALLISEY, "Aggie"
Glee Club, Dramatic Club
"As merry as the day is long."



JOHN HAWKINS, "Arry"
Basketball Manager, '25; Dramatic Club
"Faithful unto the end."



ERNEST HARDY, "Ernie"
"Still waters run deep."

RUTH HOPKINS
Student Council, Clarion, Orchestra
"Sweetest sound in orchestra heard."



WILFRED HARRISON, "Will"
Football, Student Council



HAROLD HAMM, "Hammie"
Athletics, Class President, '26
"The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs."



MARY HICKEY, "Hickles"
"A breezy, treesy, beesy maid,
Too sweet for anything."





CHARLOTTE HORTON, "Sharlie"
Secretary Glee Club, '26, Orchestra
"I never stood on ceremonies."

AURELIA HYMAN
"No church-mouse is she."



ETHEL HUGHES, "Et"
Orchestra
"A maiden not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

FRANCIS KEEFE, "Frannie"
Athletics, Student Council
"A warrior bold."



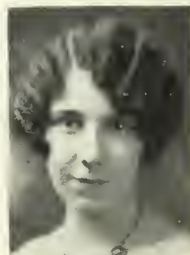
ELINOR HUNT
Honor Roll, Clarion
"Her mind her kingdom."

PEARL LANE, "Gerry"
Orchestra, Glee Club
"Tho' modest and retired, she rules
her own mind."



VIRGINIA HUNT, "Jinna"
Student Council, Dramatic Club
"The applause! delight! the wonder
of our stage!"

GEORGE LAWSON
President Student Council, '26; Bas-
ketball, Track
"A great mind becomes a great
fortune."





ALICE LEARY, "Lefty"

Dramatic Club

"Do something—do good if you can,
but do something."



MARY LEARY, "Smily"

"There's fun in everything she meets,
The greatest, worst and best."



DAVID MAHONEY, "Dave"

"The great end of life is not knowledge,
but action."



MARION MAHONEY, "Hon"

Honor Roll, Glee Club

"Always a-grinning, always a-winning,
Always a-feeling fine."

HELEN MORAN, "Nell"

"It is the tranquil person who accom-
plishes much."



CHARLES MILLER, "Jake"

Orchestra, Glee Club

"A tall, frisky lad, sometimes good
and sometimes bad!"



HELEN MITTON

Dramatic Club

"She ought to be honored and es-
teemed by all good men."



ARTHUR MOLLOY, JR.

Dramatic Club

"Suit the action to the word, the
word to the action."





FRANCES MORGAN, "Fran"
 "Lover of all things alive,
 Wonderer at all she meets."

MABEL CARLTON, "Miggles"
 "She is quiet on the outside,
 In the classes she's quite prim;
 But when you come to know her,
 She's the best sort of girl within."



FREDERICK ANDREW, JR., "Ted"
 Public Speaking
 "Gently comes the world to those that
 are cast in gentle mold."

MARY NEWMAN, "Dolly"
 Dramatic Club
 "A merry heart doeth good like a
 medicine."



ETHEL MULGREW, "Et"
 Treasurer Dramatic Club
 "A quiet tongue shows a wise head."

CLAIRE O'CONNOR, "Okey"
 Dramatic Club
 "Not a flower, not a pearl, but just
 a regular, all-round girl."



DORIS MUNROE, "Dorry"
 Glee Club, Clarion, Dramatic Club
 "They who love and laugh
 Must sure do well."

ELIZABETH O'NEIL
 Basketball, Student Council
 "Knowledge comes
 Of learning well retained,
 Unfruitful else."





MARY PAPOULEAS, "Pappy"

Honor Roll

"There is a majesty in simplicity which
is far above the qualities of wit."

EDWARD PICONE, "Ed"

Track, Dramatic Club, Orchestra

"Young fellows will be young girls."



LILLIAN PEARSON, "Bobs"

"Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl."

LOUISE PIERCE, "Lou"

"She was the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary."



PHILLIP PEIRCE, "Phil"

Student Council, Manager Football, '25,
Basketball

"Your hero always should be tall,
you know."

MARGUERITE REARDON, "Peg"

President Girls' Club

"And she is fair, and fairer than
the word."



ESKIL PETERSON

Student Council, Clarion

"We never heard him speak in haste."

GRIFFITH ROBERTS, "Griff"

Class President, '23 and '24; Football,
Editor Clarion, '26

"Worth, courage, honor."





FREDERICK ROSENBERGER, "Rosie"

Dramatic Club, Clarion

"I shall ne'er beware of mine own wit
Until I break my shins against it."

ISABELLE SOUSTER, "Buzz"

Glee Club

"Her temper never out of place."



JOSEPHINE ROSS, "Joe"

Dramatic Club, Glee Club

" 'Tis something to be willing to commend,
But our best praise is, that we are
your friends."

RALPH STOKER, "Lefty"

Football, Baseball

"A full rich nature, free to trust."



DOROTHY SCHOLES, "Dot"

Vice-President Dramatic Club, Glee Club

"If you would be happy, learn to
please."

ARLENE STORY, "Dot"

Dramatic Club

"Whimsy, not reason, is the female
guide."

Handwritten signature: "Hawfou... ally"



BARBARA SEARS, "Babs"

Student Council

"Tell truth and shame the devil."

FRANCES STRAPP, "Fran"

Honor Roll

"Her good nature—'twas her saving
grace."





JOSEPH SULLIVAN, "Sul"
"I feel an army in my fist."



DOROTHEA SWEETSER, "Dot"
Secretary Student Council, '26
"There be none of Beauty's daughters.
With a magic like thee."



ALICE THOREN, "Al"
"Like a gleam of sunshine on a cloudy
day."



WALTER TAFT, JR., "Tacy"
Clarion
"Silence is wisdom."

MARION TRASK
Student Council, Glee Club, Dramatic
Club
"Her voice is ever soft, gentle,
and low."

GRAFTON TARLETON, JR., "Tad"
"He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires."

CATHERINE TWOMBLY, "Kay"
Honor Roll
"Of her bright face one glance will
trace
A picture on the brain."





ROBERT VAUGHN, "Bob"
Track, Basketball
"Endurance is the crowning quality."



BERNICE WALKINSHAW, "B"
Dramatic Club, Honor Roll
"A hand that follows intellect can achieve."



CHARLES WENZELBERGER, "Charlie"
"Of their own merits modest men are dumb."



ARDIS WHITWORTH
Dramatic Club
"Here she comes, there she goes,
everybody's dear."

WILLIAM MOORE, "Hank"
"Modesty becomes a gentleman."



DOROTHY WOOD, "Dot"
"Mild as the summer breeze."



ALICE PRAY, "Polly"
"Demure and soft of speech,
and well aware of what she says."



FLORENCE SEVOIAN
"There's a very modish woman, and
her smile is very bland."





KENNETH YOUNG, "Youngie"

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
So say the long of us, the short of us,
So say we all of us."



MARY SEXTON

Glee Club, Baseball

"I am young, and I am fair,
and I have not a single care."

AUDREY BENTING, "Aud"

Dramatic Club

"Quiet and true, a good friend to you."

CARL BINNIG, "Bin"

Glee Club

"Music hath charms—"

MARIAN BROWN, "Molly"

"Our character is our will, for what we will, we are."

JAMES CAMPOBASSO, "Timber"

"Contentment gives a crown."

EDWARD CHEATLE, "Ed"

"He that hath knowledge spareth his words."

ARLENE CONNORS, "Connie"

"She's not noisy, loud, or gay,
But enjoys life in a quiet way."

FRANK DURLING, "Mut"

"Frank hope and countenance."

LILLIAN HEANEY

"She is gentle, sweet, and modest."

DOROTHEA HOIER

"Of quiet mien and gentle soul."

FRANCIS HINES, "Hinesie"

"Variety is the spice of life."

MARY KEARNEY, "Dolly"

"Prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root."

HELEN LANE

Field Hockey, Basketball

"Why, she is a lass of mettle,
tall, straight, and vigorous!"

KATHRYN MAHEGAN

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall."

PAUL McCULLOUGH, "Mac"

Student Council

"No man is wiser for his learning,
Wit and wisdom are born with a man."

CLARK MORROW, "Dutchy"

"A man of few words, not easily provoked,
and soon pacified."

ALICE MURRAY, "Al"

Dramatic Club

"True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."

RUTH REARDON, "Ruthie"

"Secure in the hearts of her friends."

FRANK RUSSELL, JR.

"A man is but what he knoweth."

CARLTON SILVA

"I know the gentleman
To be worth and worthy estimation
And not without desert so well reputed."

ALICE WEEKS, "Al"

Dramatic Club

"A winning way, a pleasant smile,
Dresses neatly, quite in style."

GEORGE WOOD, "Chuck"

"A closed mouth catches no flies."

Class Song, 1926

Youth

Down the misty ways of all the cen-
turies
The burning flame of youth has leaped
apace:
Singing it will conquer dark eterni-
ties
And wheel again, and flash through
endless space.
Its ways are beautiful, for by its
light
The world from dismal blackness up-
ward grew,
And by its torch new ages see aright
And struggling grasp its gifts anew.

This is our trust:—protect its sacred
flame,
The stars above will bend to hear our
song,
And carol all the arches of the uni-
verse along
In joy and wonder at its magic name:
But after they have sweetly sung,
Will cease, and know, for God himself
is young!

—LOUISE BRADLEY, '26.

Autographs

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